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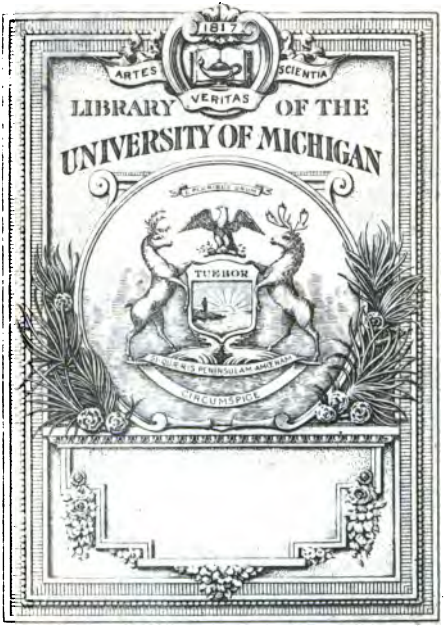
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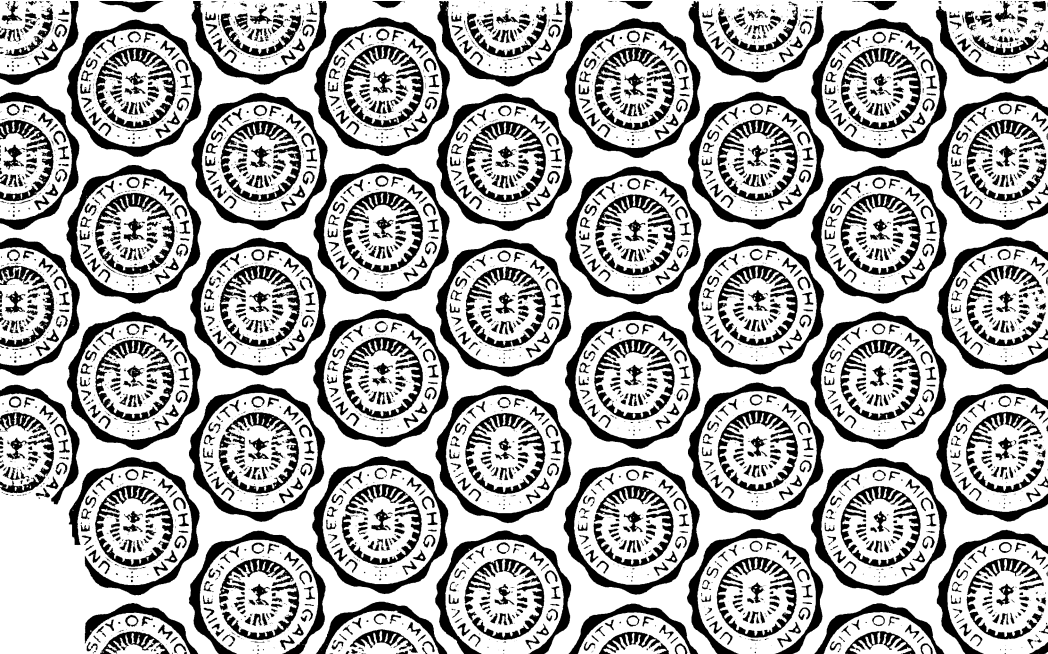
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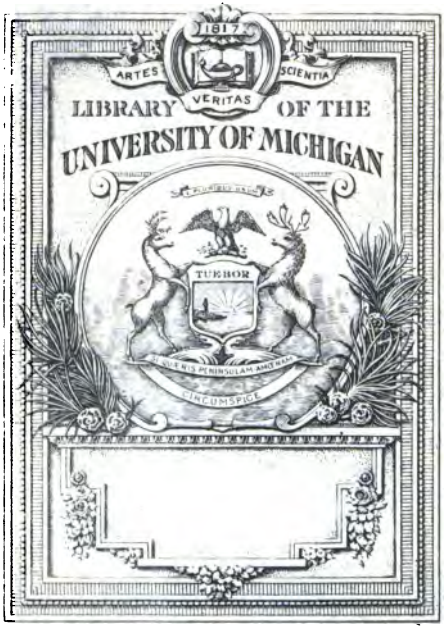
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CUMBERLAND'S

BRITISH THEATRE,

WITH

Remarks, Biographical and Critical.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPIES,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL, LONDON.

VOL. IV.

KING JOHN.
KING HENRY IV. PART I.
THE WONDER.
HAMLET.
TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.
THE ROAD TO RUIN.
THE GAMESTER.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. MACREADY;

AND SEVEN ORIGINAL WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

1826.

KING JOHN:

A TRAGEDY,

In Five Acts,

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF

MR. MACREADY, AS KING JOHN.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

REMARKS.

King John.

KING JOHN is founded on an old play, entituled, "*The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge: also, the Death of King John at Swinstead-Abbey.* Imprinted at London, for Sampson Clarke, 1591." Doctor Farmer conjectures that *Rowley* was the author of this piece; but Malone, with greater reason, assigns it to *Marlowe.* A subsequent edition, printed in 1611, has the letters W. Sh. inserted in the title-page; but this is evidently the trick of a fraudulent bookseller, to foist it on the public as the genuine production of Shakspeare. But, as Pope justly remarks, the acknowledged play of Shakspeare is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it.

The hero of this tragedy belongs to a period of British history that can never be forgotten—the wrestling of *Magna Charta* from a treacherous and cruel tyrant, and thereby confirming the rights and liberties of the English nation. Whether, in this bold achievement, the barons had in view, independent of their own immediate interests, the welfare of future generations, it is not our purpose to inquire. *Magna Charta* is unquestionably the most valuable legacy that a rude and barbarous age ever bequeathed to posterity.

The plot of King John is from the English historians: on this foundation Shakspeare has raised a superstructure of great variety and beauty. If the towering majesty that distinguishes some of his grander productions be not always discernible in this, there are certain parts that bear full evidence of the master's hand: and terror and pity, two of the most powerful attributes of tragedy, are excited in no ordinary degree by the unrelenting cruelty of John, and the maternal sorrows of Lady Constance.

The portrait of King John is maintained with historical truth. He has all the ferocity of Richard, without any of his bravery—cruel, fickle, and treacherous—irrresolute, save in the commission of evil—and then pursuing his dark purposes without pity or remorse; for, in the scene with Hubert, where he reproaches his minion with the death of young Arthur, and impatiently exclaims—

> "It is the curse of kings, to be attended
> By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
> To break within the bloody house of life"—

it is not compunction for the deed, but dread of the consequences, that wring from him those passionate expressions. The incursions of France, with a powerful army into his dominions—the unexpected death of his mother—the desertion of his most attached courtiers—have broken down his spirit: added to these disasters, his superstitious fears are awakened by signs and wonders equally mysterious and alarming:—

> "My lord, they say *five moons* were seen to-night:
> Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
> The other, in wondrous motion.
> ——— Old men, and beldams, in the streets
> Did prophesy upon it dangerously."

In the vain hope of appeasing the wrath of man—and the still vainer one, of heaven—he becomes reconciled with the Romish church; and, if the authority of history may be relied on, falls by the treachery of one of that communion, into whose arms he had thrown himself for pardon and protection.

There is no character in the writings of Shakspeare that bears stronger evidence of his peculiar manner than the Bastard Faulconbridge. He is a singular compound of heroism, levity, and—if his accommodating himself to the spirit of the times deserve so harsh a term—servility. He is, in truth, a soldier of fortune; acknowledging no law but that of honour, which, in a military sense, has somewhat of an equivocal signification. He compromises his own interest, and his mother's fame, for the proud distinction of being esteemed the base-born son of the Lion-hearted Richard; and enlists himself under the banners of a tyrannical usurper, for the vaunted display of personal prowess against the injured and unprotected. Yet, with all these blemishes, Shakspeare has painted him in such bewitching colours—he has given him such nobleness of spirit—so much candour and frankness—such exquisite powers of wit and raillery—that his very errors are turned to good account, and, like the irregularities of *Falstaff*, form the most seductive parts of his character. To reconcile such seeming incongruities, is one of the many triumphs of Shakspeare. He knew that character consists not of *one*, but of *various* humours; and to blend them skilfully, without violating nature or probability, was an art that he left for the study and emulation of all future dramatists.

But the great charm of this play, is the Lady Constance: a character conceived with Shakspeare's profoundest art, and finished with his utmost skill. Every feeling of her bosom—every emotion of joy or sorrow—have their origin in *maternal tenderness*. In that all-powerful passion every thing is centered: her anxious solicitude—her bitter reproaches—her phrenzy—her despair. Can indignation and contempt borrow stronger terms than her reply to Austria:

> " O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
> That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward:
> Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
> Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
> Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight,
> But when her humorous ladyship is by
> To teach thee safety!
> Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
> And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs."

Where is sorrow depicted with greater pathos, than her distraction for the death of Arthur; and grief unutterable and past consolation, never produced an image more solemn and majestic than the following:—

> " To me, and to the state of my great grief,
> Let kings assemble———
> ——————— Here I and sorrow sit
> Here is my throne—bid kings come bow to it."

The belief that those whom we have loved, and have been beloved by, on earth, shall meet, and recognise each other in a happier state of existence—a belief, glorious for the consolation that it affords, and perfectly consistent with our ideas of immortality—is thus pathetically alluded to by Lady Constance, in her reply to Cardinal Pandulph:—

> " O, father cardinal, I have heard you say

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again."

There are two scenes of superlative excellence in this play: the one, where John discloses his dark purpose to Hubert; the other, where the horrible imaginings of Hubert are defeated by the artless innocence and pathetic entreaties of the unhappy Arthur. Indeed, the latter is almost too powerful a trial for our sensibility: the effects are so truly distressing, that to render them bearable is the strongest test of dramatic skill.

The language of this play is for the most part dignified and impressive. All that belongs to Lady Constance is of the highest mood of sentiment and poetry. The gaiety of Faulconbridge, though occasionally running into freedom and extravagance, is bold and characteristic, and might be allowable in an age when thoughts and words bore less palpable constructions. The incidents are deficient in connexion and continuity, and embrace a considerable portion of time: the scene is alternately laid in England and France.

The assumption of Lady Constance by Miss O'Neil, taught us, by comparison, rightly to estimate the wonderful powers of Siddons. To a just conception of the character, Miss O'Neile added grace, dignity, and true feeling; but the electric fire that Mrs. Siddons infused into the "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," of Shakspeare, fairly drew the line betwixt superlative excellence and absolute perfection. The braggart Austria stood annihilated beneath her contemptuous reproaches; and, when she pleaded her wrongs, and poured forth her sorrows, every heart was bowed in subjection, and—

"All was silence, sympathy, applause."

So great was Lord Byron's admiration of Mrs. Siddons, that he could never be persuaded to see Miss O'Neil, lest she should disturb his recollection of her: this was the homage of kindred genius. For ourselves, we must behold some effort far beyond any thing that we ever conceived of acting, to disturb *our* remembrance of Siddons.*

Sheridan, the father of our great dramatist, played King John, to Garrick's Faulconbridge. A sort of rivalry existed between these two actors, in this play, similar to that between Quin and Garrick, in Horatio and Lothario. Garrick was full of fire and impetuosity—something too much so in the opinion of George the Third, who preferred Sheridan in the king. This was conveyed by some good-natured friend to Garrick, whose awakened jealousy stopped the successful run of the play. Indeed, we have the best authority for Sheridan's excellence, in Churchill, who, though niggardly of praise to every other actor but Garrick, makes this honourable exception in favour of Sheridan, in the character:

"Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can."

* Of the *successors* to Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil, in this character, we decline speaking. Like the Irishman's blanket, that was too long at the top, and too short at the bottom, various have been their *dis*qualifications. Which produced the strongest caricature, and misunderstood the author most effectually, let other critics decide. We cannot, as Johnson says stop to settle the point of precedence betwixt a *louse* and a *flea*.

Mr. Kemble played the king with his accustomed skill. His scene with Hubert, and the death of John, in the orchard of Swinstead Abbey, were equal to any thing that we remember of him. Mr. Young's King John ranks second to his Hamlet; and Mr. Macready, in the part, seems to have some glimpse of the author's meaning—which is not often the case when he attempts *Shakspeare*.

Mr. Charles Kemble *topp'd* the character of Faulconbridge. Were *such* performances rendered more familiar to us, we might as heretofore—

> "To the well-trod stage anon,
> If Jonson's learned sock be on,
> Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
> Warble his native wood-notes wild."

☞ D——G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

MEMOIR OF MR. MACREADY.

MR. WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY is the son of the actor and dramatic writer of that name, and was born in Charles Street, Fitzroy Square, on the 3rd March, 1793. He completed his education at Rugby School, and had some thoughts of making the bar his future support; but his love of the drama prevailed, and at the age of seventeen he made his *début* at the Birmingham Theatre, in the character of Romeo.

How far a youth of seventeen might be able to give the text of Shakspeare with even tolerable effect and grace, we may be permitted to doubt; but it seems Mr. Macready's performance satisfied the Birmingham critics, and their applauses stimulated him to further efforts, and confirmed him in the choice of his profession. His subsequent exertions were at Liverpool, Dublin, Bath, and Newcastle. His first appearance in London, was at Covent-Garden Theatre, on the 16th September, 1816.

For some years he continued a member of that establishment; when, on some misunderstanding, he removed to Drury Lane. At the latter theatre, he has particularly distinguished himself in *Virginius*, *Caius Gracchus*, and *William Tell*: other characters he has attempted with less success. His best *Shakesperian* performance is King John.

Costume.

KING JOHN.—Crimson tunic, and purple velvet robe, richly embroidered, armour on the arms and legs, gauntlets, and coronet.
PRINCE ARTHUR.—Light blue dress, white satin pantaloons, and white plumes.
PRINCE HENRY.—Scarlet dress, richly embroidered.
EARL OF SALISBURY.—Light brown ancient English dress, with white satin puffs, embroidered.
EARL OF ESSEX.—Blue dress, &c. same as Salisbury.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.—Black velvet dress, black satin puffs, &c. richly embroidered.
FAULCONBRIDGE.—Fawn-coloured old English tunic, buff satin trimming, buff pantaloons. Second dress.—Mail armour, and a mantle of scarlet and gold.
ROBT. FAULCONBRIDGE.—Brown ancient English dress, pantaloons, trimmed with light blue.
JAMES GURNEY.—Brown old English dress, trimmed with light satin.
ENGLISH HERALD.—Buff dress, trimmed with silver, and a herald's coat.
AUSTRIA.—A complete suit of mail armour.
KING OF FRANCE.—Fawn-coloured robe, trimmed with gold and ermine, light blue mantle, with fleurs-de-lis.
DAUPHIN.—White dress, trimmed with silver. Second dress.—Complete armour.
CARDINAL PANDULPH.—Scarlet robe, trimmed with point lace, scarlet hat.
FRENCH HERALD.—French gray dress, herald's coat.
QUEEN.—Purple velvet dress, trimmed with gold, mantle, scarlet and gold.
CONSTANCE.—Black velvet dress, embroidered.
BLANCH.—White satin dress, trimmed with point lace.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.—Gray satin dress, trimmed with black.

Cast of the Characters at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

John, King of England	Mr. Macready.
Prince Henry	Master C. Parsloe.
Earl of Pembroke	Mr. Mears.
Earl of Essex	Mr. Horrebow.
Earl of Salisbury	Mr. Connor.
Hubert	Mr. Bennett.
Faulconbridge	Mr. C. Kemble.
Robert Faulconbridge	Mr. Parsloe.
English Herald	Mr. Jefferies.
Philip, King of France	Mr. Egerton
Lewis, the Dauphin	Mr. Abbott.
Prince Arthur	Miss Boden.
Archduke of Austria	Mr. Comer.
Cardinal Pandulph	Mr. Chapman.
Chatillon	Mr. Baker.
French Herald	Mr. Hunt.
Queen Elinor	Mrs. Vining.
The Lady Constance	Mrs. Ogilvie.
Blanch of Castile	Miss Foote.
Lady Faulconbridge	Mrs. Sterling.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

King John.

K. John. Do'st thou understand me?—
Thou art his keeper.

Act III. Scene 3.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*England.—The Palace.—Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

KING JOHN, *upon the throne*, QUEEN ELINOR, ESSEX, SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, HUBERT, CHATILLON, *English and French Gentlemen, and English Guards, discovered.*

K. John. [*Seated.*] Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Cha. (L.) Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty, of England here——

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Cha. (L. C.) Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother, Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Cha. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Cha. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him; and so depart in peace
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For, ere thou can'st report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard;
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;
Hubert, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON, HUBERT, *and the French Gentlemen*, L.

Eli. [*Seated* L. *of the throne.*] What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, L., *who whispers* ESSEX.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you and me.

Ess. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.—

[*Exit* ENGLISH HERALD, L.

Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.—

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, *with* PHILIP *and* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, L.

What men are you? [*Exit* ENGLISH HERALD, L.

Faul. (L.) Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-Lion, knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. (L.) The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.
Faul. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Faul. (L. C.) I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine:
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pounds a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Faul. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee,
I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.
K. John. Why, what a mad-cap Heaven hath lent us here!
Eli. [*To the King.*] He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some token of my son
In the large composition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much;—
Faul. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy

To Germany, there, with the Emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time:
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives—
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no use,
To dispossess that child, which is not his?

Faul. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Faul. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding rods;
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Bob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well:—Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Faul. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance!
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;

Yet sell your face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Faul. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Faul. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name, whose form thou bear'st;
Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Faul. Brother, by mother's side, give me your hand,
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!
Brother, adieu:—good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge! now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
[*Exit* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, L.
come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt* L. *all but* FAULCONBRIDGE.
Faul. (R.) A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:
"Good den, Sir Richard"—"God-a-mercy, fellow!"
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names.—
But who comes in such haste!
What woman post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me, it is my mother.

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* GURNEY, L.

How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?
L. Faul. (C.) Where is that slave, thy brother? Where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Faul. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

L. Faul. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Faul. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. (L.) Good leave, good Philip.

Faul. Philip?—sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* GURNEY, L.
Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; marry, (to confess)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

L. Faul. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Faul. Knight, knight, good mother:—Basilisko-like!—
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.—
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land:
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father:
Some proper man, I hope:—Who was it, mother?

L. Faul. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Faul. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

L. Faul. King Richard Cœur-de-Lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed;
Thou art the issue of my dear offence:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!

Faul. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly!
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,

May easily win a woman's. Ah, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.—
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*France.—The Walls of Angiers.—Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

Enter PHILLIP, *King of France*, LEWIS, *the Dauphin*, ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, *the* ARCHDUKE *of* AUSTRIA, FRENCH HERALD, GENTLEMEN, *a* TRUMPET, *and* GUARDS, R.

K. Phil. (c.) Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave;
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. (R. C.) Heaven shall forgive you Cœur-de-Lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. (R. C.) Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love:
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in Franc
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
Ev'n till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Con. (R. C.) O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of Heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phil. Well, then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash hate so indirectly shed.

[*A Trumpet sounds*, L.

K. Phil. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived—

Enter CHATILLON, L. *and French Gentlemen.*

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
Chatillon, speak.

Cha. (L.) Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, hath given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
With him along is come the mother queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humours of the land:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.—
[*A March at a distance*, L.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.
K. Phil. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
[*French all retire*, R.

A March, L.

Enter KING JOHN, FAULCONBRIDGE, ELINOR, SALISBURY, BLANCH, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, HUBERT, ENGLISH HERALD, GENTLEMEN, *a* TRUMPET, *and* GUARDS, L.

K. John. (L.) Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
K. Phil. (R.) Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!—
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of Heaven,
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest?
K. John. (L. C.) From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?
K. Phil. (R. C.) From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phil. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Con. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Con. His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of Heaven and earth!

Aust. (R. C.) Peace!

Faul. (L. C.) Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faul. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

K. Phil. King John, this is the very sum of all—
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.

K. Phil. Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

[*The French Trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter CITIZENS *upon the Walls.*

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself;
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—
K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For your advantage;—therefore, hear us first.—
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.
K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand,
Stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys;
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?
Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed—
Faul. Bastards, and else.
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phil. As many, and as well-born bloods as those—
Faul. Some bastards, too.
K. Phil. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.
Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.
K. John. Then heaven forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phil. Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt French,* R. *English,* L. *all but* AUSTRIA *and* FAULCONBRIDGE.
Faul. (L.) Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback, at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aust. (R.) Peace! no more.
Faul. O tremble! for you hear the lion roar.
[*Exeunt* AUSTRIA, R., *and* FAULCONBRIDGE, L.

Alarums.

Enter FRENCH HERALD *with a Trumpet, who sounds a Parley,* R.

F. Her. (R. C.) You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground!
While victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,

To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king and yours.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD *with a trumpet, who sounds a Parley*, L.

E. Her. (L. C.) Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows:
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

A Charge.

Enter The two KINGS *with their Powers, as before.*

K. John. (L.) France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?

K. Phil. (R.) England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France:
Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead.

Faul. (L.) Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. (L. C.) Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phil. (R. C.) Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Cit. [*On the Ramparts.*] The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.

Faul. By Heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, Kings;
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

K. Phil. Let it be so:—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunders from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faul. O prudent discipline! from north to south
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:—
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings: Vouchsafe a while to stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound,
Persevere not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is near to England: Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates:
Without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Faul. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas:
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord: and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, *and* BLANCH, *talk apart.*

Faul. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blan. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well:—Young Princes, close your hands.
Now, Citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made.

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS *from the ramparts.*
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?

Lew. She is sad and passionate, at your highness's tent.

K. Phil. Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady?

[*The* CITIZENS *open the gates, and enter, to present the Keys of the Town.*

K. John. We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedy messenger; bid her repair
To our solemnity. [*Exit* SALISBURY, L.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt at the gates in* C. *all but* FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As Heaven's own soldier), rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity—
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,

To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say—there is no vice, but beggary;
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain be my lord: for I will worship thee. [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*France.—The French King's Tent near* R. U. E.

Enter ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, *and* SALISBURY, *through the Tent.*

Con. (C.) Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch! and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
I have a King's oath to the contrary—
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true?

Sal. (R. C.) As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That gave you cause to prove my saying true.

Con. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight.

Arth. (L. C.) I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Con. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim, ugly,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content:
But thou art fair; and at thy birth—dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Con. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let Kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up; here I and sorrow sit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Throws herself on the ground.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, AUSTRIA, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, CHATILLON, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, HUBERT, ENGLISH HERALD, FRENCH HERALD, ENGLISH *and* FRENCH GENTLEMEN, *and* GUARDS, *through the Tent.*

K. Phil. [*Attendants*, R.] 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival;
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Con. [*Rising.*] A wicked day, and not a holy day!—
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phil. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Con. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and tried,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you Heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, Heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me! [KING PHILIP *sits.*

Aust. (R.) Lady Constance, peace.

Con. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward:
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight,
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety!
Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

[*Retires,* R.

Aust. (R. C.) O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Faul. [*Behind* KING JOHN'S *Chair*, L.] And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faul. [*Advancing*, C.] And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. [*Seated*, L.] We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

A Trumpet sounds, L.

Enter CARDINAL PANDULPH, *attended*, L.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pan. (L.) Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven!—
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan Cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force per force,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name,
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and, from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more;—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,

Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pan. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to a heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Con. O, lawful let it be,
That I have leave with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

Faul. [*Behind* JOHN's *Chair.*] And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. [*Behind* PHILIP's *Chair.*] Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Faul. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pan. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pan. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
O, let thy vow
First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
If not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee,
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Faul. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Lew. Father, to arms!
Blan. Upon my wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
O husband, hear me;—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
Con. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven.
Blan. Now shall I see thy love: What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Con. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pan. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phil. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall from thee.
Con. O fair return of banish'd majesty!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
Cousin, [*To* FAUL.] go draw your puissance together
[*Exit* FAULCONBRIDGE, L.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood of France

K. Phil. Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms, let's hie!

[*A Charge.—Exeunt, French* R. *English* L.

SCENE II.—*France.—A Field of Battle.—Alarums.*

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, L.

Faul. (L.) Now, my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. [*A charge.*

Enter AUSTRIA, R.—FAULCONBRIDGE *and* AUSTRIA *engage—*FAULCONBRIDGE *drives* AUSTRIA *off the Stage,* R. *and presently re-enters with the Lion's skin in his Hand.*

Faul. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes. [*A Charge.*

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, *and* HUBERT, L.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy;
[*Exeunt* HUBERT, *with* ARTHUR.
Philip, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Faul. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not;
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.
[*A Charge.—Exeunt,* R

SCENE III.—*France.—Another Part of the Field.*

A Retreat sounded.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, HUBERT, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, ENGLISH HERALD, *and* GUARDS, L. U. E.

K. John. (C.) So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, [*To* ELINOR.
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:
[*To* ARTHUR.

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. (L. C.) O, this will make my mother die with grief.
K. John. Cousin, away for England; haste before:
[*To* FAULCONBRIDGE.
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprison'd angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon.
Use our commission in his utmost force.
Faul. (L.) Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness: Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your faith safety; so I kiss your hand.
Eli. (R. C.) Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewell.
[*Exit* FAULCONBRIDGE, L
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*Taking* ARTHUR *aside to* R. U. E.
K. John. [*After musing in front,* L. C.] Come hither, Hubert. [HUBERT *advances, and stands* L. *of the King.*] O, my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say.—But let it go;
The sun is in the heaven: and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;—
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah! I will not: yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st?—
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way:
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough—
I could be merry now.—Hubert, I love thee;—
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.—
Remember.—[*Going,* L.] Madam, [*To* ELINOR] fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

[*Exeunt* ELINOR *and English Gentlemen,* R.

K. John. For England, cousin, [*To* ARTHUR] go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty.—On, towards Calais, [*To* HUBERT] ho!—
Hubert, remember.—

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt* KING JOHN, HUBERT, ARTHUR, *the* LORDS, GENTLEMEN, HERALD, *and* GUARDS, L.

SCENE IV.—*France.—The French Court.*

Enter LEWIS, KING PHILIP, *and* PANDULPH, R.

K. Phil. (C.) So, by a roaring tempest in the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pan. (L. C.) Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er bearing interruption?—
Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:

Enter CONSTANCE, L.

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Con. (L.) Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace!
K. Phil. Patience, good lady! Comfort, gentle Constance!
Con. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O, amiable, lovely death:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!
K. Phil. (R. C.) O fair affliction, peace.
Con. (L. C.) No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation

Pan. (L.) Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
Con. Thou art not holy, to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance: I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost;
I am not mad;—I would to Heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
K. Phil. Bind up those tresses.
Con. To England, if you will.
K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.
Con. O, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat his bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit:
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pan. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Con. He talks to me, that never had a son.
K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Con. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure.
[*Exit* CONSTANCE, R
K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit* KING PHILIP, R

Lew. (R.) There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught, but shame and bitterness.
Pan. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure, most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall.
Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pan. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his imprisonment.
Pan. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him.
Go with me to the King: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: Let us go;
If you say, Ay, the King will not say, No.

[*Exeunt the* CARDINAL *and* LEWIS, R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*England.—A Room in a Castle.*

Enter HUBERT, L. *with Irons in his Hand, and Two* EXECUTIONERS, *with an Iron Pot.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me:—
Be heedful:—hence, and watch.
Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you:—look to't.—
[*Exeunt* EXECUTIONERS, L.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR, L.

Arth. (L.) Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. (L.) Good morrow, little Prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. (C.) Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. [*Following him.*] Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not: and I would to Heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom:—
Read here, young Arthur.— [*Gives him a Warrant.*
How now, foolish rheum!—
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: Do, and if you will:
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him: no tongue but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth.—
[HUBERT *stamps, and the Executioners enter,* L. S. E. *with the Irons and Cords.*
Do as I bid you.
Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
[*Executioners seize* ARTHUR.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb:
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you may put me to.

Hub. Go stand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exit Executioners*, L.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to your's.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O, Heaven! that there was but a moat in your's,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert,
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O spare mine eyes;
Though to no use but still to look on you!—
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief;
The breath of Heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame at your proceedings, Hubert.

Hub. I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more;

Your uncle must not know but you are dead.—
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*England.—The Palace.—Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

KING JOHN *upon his Throne*, ESSEX, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and English Gentlemen, discovered.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. (R.) This once again, but that your Highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. (R.) Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
Meantime, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well;
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Sal. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
Request,
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restrain'd
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction.—

Enter HUBERT, L.

[*The* KING *quits his Throne, and goes to meet* HUBERT.]

Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. (R. C.) This is the man should do the bloody deed.
The image of a wicked, heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast.

Sal. (R. C.) The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience.

K. John. (C.) We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
[*Exit* HUBERT, L.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Ess. (L.) Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd either here, or hence.

K. John. [*Going*, R.] Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.
[*Exeunt* ESSEX, PEMBROKE, *and* SALISBURY, L.

K. John. (C.) They burn in indignation: I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.
[*Exeunt* KING JOHN *and English Gentlemen*, R.

SCENE III.—*England.—A room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, R. *meeting the English Herald*, L.

K. John. (R.) A fearful eye thou hast! Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
How goes all in France?

E. Her. (L.) From France to England.—Never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them,
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arrived.

K. John. (C.) O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

E. Her. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before.

K. John. What, mother! dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

E. Her. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.——

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, L.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news; for it is full.

Faul. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

[*Going*, R.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faul. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

K. John. O, my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Faul. The French, my lord: men's mouths are full of it;
Besides, I met Lord Essex and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as a new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again.
Bring them before me.

Faul. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no subjects enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faul. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit* FAULCONBRIDGE, L

K. John. Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he. [*Exit the English Herald*, L
My mother dead!

Enter HUBERT, L.

Hub. (L.) My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night;
Four fix'd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. (L. C.) Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,

That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with those fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advised respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt Heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.
Hub. My lord,———
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me;
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name—

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reign
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful notion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child
Young Arthur is alive.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? Oh, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy features; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.——
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.

[*Exeunt* KING JOHN, R. *and* HUBERT, L.

SCENE IV.—*England.—The Gates of a Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR *on the Walls of the Castle*, L. U. E.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not;
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[*Dies.*

Enter SALISBURY, *with Letters*, PEMBROKE, *and* ESSEX, R.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's Bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. Count Chatillon, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
Ess. To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, L.

Faul. (L.) Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The King by me requests your presence straight
Sal. (R. C.) The King hath dispossess'd himself of us;
We'll not attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:
Return and tell him so; we know the worst.
Faul. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Ess. (L. C.) Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Faul. (L. C.) But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Faul. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. [*Retiring toward the Castle.*] This is the prison:—What is he lies here? [*Seeing* ARTHUR.
Pem. O Death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
Ess. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard—or could you think—
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see?—This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Faul. (C.) It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the King:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Our souls religiously confirm thy words

Enter HUBERT, L.

Hub. (L.) Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Draws his Sword.*

Faul. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. [*Draws.*] Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By Heaven, I think my sword as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence:
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Sal. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none:—Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

[PEMBROKE *and* ESSEX *draw*

Faul. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Faul. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Sal. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Salisbury, I am none.
Sal. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. (L. C.) 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those canning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
[*Exit* SALISBURY, R.
Ess. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
[*Exit* ESSEX, R.
Pem. There, tell the King, he may inquire us out.
[*Exit* PEMBROKE, R.
Faul. (C.) Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. (L. C.) Do but hear me, sir:
Upon my soul——
Faul. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want pangs enough to torture me!
I left him well.
Faul. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amazed, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the King:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt*, FAULCONBRIDGE, L. HUBERT *remains bending over the dead body of* ARTHUR—*Curtain slowly descends.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*England.—The Palace.—Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

KING JOHN *kneeling before* PANDULPH, PANDULPH *seated, in his hands a Cushion with the Crown on it, his Attendants, English Gentlemen, and* HERALD, *discovered.*

K. John. (c.) Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pan. Take again, [*Gives* KING JOHN *the Crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word; [*Gives the Crown to the English Herald*] go meet the French;

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches.

Pan. [*Leaving his chair.*] It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.

[*Exit* PANDULPH, *with his Attendants*, R.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, L.

Faul (L.) All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faul. (L. C.) They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Faul. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away: and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he comes so nigh.

K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.
Faul. O, inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms;
Sweep off these base invaders from the land:
And, above all, exterminate those slaves,
Those British slaves, whose prostituted souls,
Under French banners, move in vile rebellion,
Against their king, their country, and their God.
K. John. Have thou the ordering of the present time
Faul. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*England.—The Dauphin's Camp at St. Edmund's Bury.*

Enter LEWIS, CHATILLON, *a Parchment in his Hand*, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, ESSEX, FRENCH HERALD, *and* GUARDS, L.

Lew. (C.) Let this be copied out, Chatillon,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. (L.) Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
Lew. Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Enter CARDINAL PANDULPH, *attended*, L.

Pan. (L.) Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this—King John hath reconciled

Himself to Rome; (L. C.) his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome;
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be property'd:
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart:
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me!
I, by the honour of my marriage bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.
[*Trumpet sounds*, L.
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *and English Gentlemen*, L.

Faul. (L.) According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pan. (R. C.) The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite
And will not temporise with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faul. (L. C.) By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king:—
For thus his royalty doth speak in me;—
He is prepared, and reason too he should,
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,

That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And, like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame!

Lew. We grant, thou canst out-scold us; fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a babbler.

Pan. Give me leave to speak.

Faul. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faul. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
That shall reverberate as loud as thine:
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder:—for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is, this day,
To feast upon whole thousands of the French

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faul. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt French*, R., FAULCONBRIDGE *and his Train*, L.

SCENE III.—*England.—A Field of Battle. Drums and Trumpets, Shouts, &c.*

Enter HUBERT, KING JOHN, *English Gentlemen, and Guards*, R.

K. John. (R.) How goes the day with us? O tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: how fares your majesty?

K. John. (C.) This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me:—O, my heart is sick!

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, R.

E. Her. (R.) My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. (C.) Tell him toward Swinstead, to the Abbey there.

E. Her. Be of good comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
[*Exit* ENGLISH HERALD

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.
[*Drums, Trumpets, &c.—Exeunt,* L.

SCENE IV.—*England.—The French Camp.—Alarums.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, *and* ESSEX, R.

Ess. (R.) I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pem. Up once again: put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. (C.) That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. (C.) They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter CHATILLON *wounded, and led by two French Gentlemen,* L.

Cha. (L. C.) Lead me to the revolts of England here

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is Chatillon.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Cha. (C.) Fly, noble English! you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,

He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Cha. Have I not hideous death within my view?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east;
But even this night,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire.—
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king:
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.
Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends!

[*Drums and Trumpets, &c.—Exeunt, leading off* CHATILLON, L.

SCENE V.—*England.—A different part of the French Camp.—A retreat sounded.*

Enter LEWIS, *French Gentlemen, and Guards*, R.

Lew. (R.) The sun of Heaven, methought, was loth to set;
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measured backward their own ground,
In faint retire: (C.) O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,

After such bloody toil, we bade good night
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter FRENCH HERALD, R.

F. Her. (R.) Where is my prince the Dauphin?
Lew. Here:—What news?
F. Her. Chatillon is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
F. Her. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.
[*Drums, Trumpets, &c.—Exeunt*, L.

SCENE VI.—*England.—The Entrance to Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, *meeting* HUBERT.

Hub. (L.) Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly.
Faul. (R.) A friend:—What art thou?
Hub. (L. C.) Of the part of England.
Faul. Hubert, I think—What news abroad?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Faul. (R. C.) Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil.
Faul. How did he take it? who did taste to him
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the King
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Faul. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? The Lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Faul. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,—
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.—
Away, before! conduct me to the King;
I doubt he will be dead, or, e'er I come.

SCENE VII.—*England.—The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter ENGLISH GUARDS, *with Torches*, PRINCE HENRY, *and* ESSEX, L.

P. Hen. (C.) It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter SALISBURY *and* ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, *with a couch*, L.

Sal. His highness yet doth speak: and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. Hen. Doth he still rage?
Sal. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Enter KING JOHN, *attended by* PEMBROKE *and* ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, L. S. E.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up:

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. [*Falling on the couch.*] Poison'd—ill fare; dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parch'd lips,
And comfort me with cold.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprevable condemned blood.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *and* HUBERT, R.

Faul. [*Kneels in front of the couch.*] O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye;
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faul. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, Heaven he knows how we shall answer him:
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The* KING *dies.*—PRINCE HENRY *falls on him.*

Pem. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king—now thus!

Faul. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Ess. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.
Faul. Thither shall it, then;
And happily may you, sweet prince, put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
[PRINCE *rises.*
To whom, with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make.
To rest without a spot for evermore. [*All kneel.*
P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.
[*Prince kneels.*
Faul. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it did first help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

King Henry IV. Part I.

Falstaff. **There's honour for you!**

Act V. Sc. 3.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

A TRAGEDY,

In Five Acts,

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

To which are added,

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JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

REMARKS

WHEN the Roman satirist laid down his rules for dramatic poetry, he could never have anticipated that in after ages there should arise so splendid an exception to them in the genius of Shakspeare. The ancients had no idea of tragi comedy; hence the question of Horace

> "Suppose a painter to a human head
> Should join a horse's neck, and wildly spread
> The various plumage of the feather'd kind
> O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join'd:
> Would you not laugh such pictures to behold?"

Voltaire, of whom it would be difficult to say whether he ranks more contemptible as a critic or a philosopher, has, with one sweeping censure, condemned the tragi-comedies of Shakspeare. But Voltaire was a Frenchman, imbrued in no ordinary degree with the fustian and frippery of the French school: he was a literary coxcomb, who, with infinite complacency,

> "Gave his little senate laws,
> And sat attentive to his *own applause*;"

proud to rank amongst his worshippers a motley group of kings, princes, statesmen, fiddlers, atheists, and buffoons.

Leaving, therefore, "the brilliant Frenchman" to enjoy the merit of censuring what he possessed neither the candour nor ability to appreciate, we have the authority of the best critics, at the head of whom we place Dr. Warburton, for pronouncing the First Part of Henry IV. to be equal in excellence to the most admired dramas of Shakspeare: for, though it be not distinguished for those sublimer attributes of tragedy which shine so pre-eminently in Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear, it possesses an heroic spirit and a dignity of sentiment, that elevate it in a very high degree. If to these we add its accurate delineation of character, its dramatic incident, and exquisite comic humour, where shall we find a drama in which these peculiar excellences are so admirably combined?

Dryden considered "The Spanish Fryer" as the happiest of all his productions, from its skilful union of two distinct plots, and its natural transition from tragedy to comedy: but if Gomez be comical, what is Falstaff?

The action of this play commences at an interesting period of English history. Henry IV., declining into the vale of years, broken with sickness, and agitated with remorse, resolves to expiate the murder of his sovereign by a crusade to the Holy Land. From this resolution he is, however, diverted, by the sudden incursion of the Welsh under Owen Glendower, and the revolt of some of his principal nobility, particularly the powerful house of Northumberland, at the head of whom is Harry Percy, the renowned Hotspur. From these events arise all the tragic incidents of the drama; while to "the nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of Wales" we are indebted for our introduction to those joyous companions of the Boar's Head,—those minions of the moon, Poins, Peto, Gadshill, Bardolph, and the inimitable Falstaff.

The characters of the King and the Prince of Wales possess all the

merit of historical truth. In the first scene we are presented with a faithful picture of King's Henry's mind, in his reply to the Earl of Westmoreland:—

> "Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
> In envy that my Lord Northumberland
> Should be the father of so blest'd a son;
> Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
> See riot and dishonour stain the brow
> *Of my young Harry.*"

But what a noble contrast does the first scene in the third act present, where the prince, having shaken off his dissolute habits, like "dew-drops from the lion's mane," propitiates his father by a vow of filial duty and obedience! There is no part in the writings of Shakspeare where the language is more flowing and majestic, the sentiments more dignified and appropriate, and the characters represented with more masterly effect.

Hotspur is indebted for some of his most entertaining qualities to the imagination of Shakspeare; for, to his acknowledged lofty, heroic, and generous spirit, the poet has added a ludicrous impatience, a petulant and caustic humour, which vary the character, and render it highly dramatic and entertaining. Mark his reply to Worcester:—

> "He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
> Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
> But I will find him when he lies asleep,
> And in his ear I'll holloa—Mortimer! Nay,
> I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
> Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
> To keep his anger still in motion."

We remember the late Mr. Kemble's performance of Hotspur, a few nights previous to his retirement from the stage; and, if there was any one part of it that pleased us more than another, it was the way in which he pronounced this speech. When he came to the word "*Nay*," he suddenly dropped his voice, and, as it were, catching his breath, gave the remainder in an under tone with the utmost rapidity of utterance. Those who are acquainted with the peculiar manner of that great actor will immediately know what we mean. A similar instance occurred in Leontes, in the Winter's Tale: "*Is whisp'ring nothing?*" Those who are not, must be content to imagine it.

The character of Falstaff is so rich a compound of various humours, that to take the whole length and breadth of him would require an essay of itself. His many glaring and positive vices are so softened down and rendered neutral by his abundant agreeable qualities, that we lose sight of them in the merriment they provoke; and, instead of turning from him as the voluptuary, the profane jester, the coward, and braggadocio, "we are ready to hug him, guts, lies, and all, as an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry and humour." The compounding of this extraordinary character required all the art and address of Shakspeare. To excite mirth from such dangerous materials as lying, drunkenness, and sensuality, was an attempt hazardous in the extreme; and, with any other genius but Shakspeare, would have been hardly justified by its success. The Tucca of Ben Jonson, and the Cacofogo of Fletcher, are disgusting representations of mere cowardice and brutality; but the wit of Falstaff is so delightfully re

dandant—his joke and repartée so racy and inexhaustible, that we go even further than Prince Hal when he says,

"I could have better spar'd a *better man.*"

We would rather spare the whole dramatis personæ than abate one tittle of this sweet creature of bombast,—this immortal buffoon!

With all the fat rogue's inordinate love of sack, he is never exhibited in a state of inebriation, but is always made more than a match for the prince and Poins; and, when seemingly driven to his wit's end, and at an absolute stand for invention, after the adventure at Gadshill, he fairly gets rid of his opponents by that sort of ready wit and ingenuity which Johnson attributed to Foote:—That when you had driven him into a corner, and thought you had him, he made his escape by running between your legs, or leaping over your head. The companions of Falstaff are admirably well calculated to illustrate their great original, and draw forth his humours. We have that bombastical coward, ancient Pistol; the taciturn Corporal Nym; the swaggering Poins; and the knight of the burning lamp, Master Bardolph, his "*memento mori*" and cup-bearer: indeed, we bear an inherent veneration for a flaming proboscis, out of pure regard for the fiery *trigon*. Nor is the household of the Boar's Head less characteristic and entertaining,—the "puny Drawer," Francis; and "Dame Partlet, the hen," Hostess Quickly. Can comedy go further than the scene in which Falstaff complains of his pocket having been picked; not of his bill of fare—"sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.; anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.; bread, a halfpenny!"—but of more valuable spoil, "Three or four bonds of forty pound a piece; and a seal ring of his grandfather's!" This accusation produces some recrimination on the part of the hostess; who reproaches Falstaff with having run in her debt four and twenty pounds "for diet, by-drinkings, and money lent;" to say nothing of "a dozen shirts bought to his back,"—not "filthy dowlas," but "holland of eight shillings an ell." The intervention of Prince Hal sets matters to rights, and Falstaff, with that ludicrous effrontery which forms the drollest part of his character, exclaims—"Go make ready my breakfast, love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find *me* tractable to any honest reason;" and dismisses her with a kiss.

The original Falstaff was the celebrated Lowin, a contemporary of Shakspeare; who, when treason and fanaticism desolated the land, retired to the "Three Pigeons" at Brentford, which he kept as a house of entertainment, in conjunction with Taylor, the original Hamlet, and there earned a precarious livelihood. The character, after the Restoration, was played by Cartwright, and then by Lacy, a favourite actor of Charles II. Betterton, in his declining years, relinquished the fiery Hotspur, to represent this mountain of mirth, which he did with the happiest effect. Booth, by the command of Queen Anne, played it for *one* night. Quin's excellence in Falstaff*

* Quin, for many years after he had retired from the stage, made it a point of coming annually to town, to play Falstaff for his friend Ryan's benefit. Having, in the year 1754, lost his two front teeth, he wrote the following laconic epistle:—

"My dear Friend,—There's no person on earth whom I would sooner serve than Ryan; but, by G—, I will *whistle* Falstaff for no man!"

as proverbial: he possessed many requisites for the character,—a commanding look and diguity, and an expressive eye; there might also exist a certain sympathy of *taste* between the character and the actor; if sugared sack and larded capons were the delight of one, we all know the other's predilection for venison* and claret. Love and Shuter successively attempted it; but these admirable comedians never soared beyond "honest *Jack* Falstaff." The mantle at length fairly lighted upon Henderson; than whom an actor of more various talents never existed,—Hamlet, Lear, Shylock, Benedick, and Falstaff,—in many parts dividing the crown with even Garrick himself; who never ventured upon "*lean Jack*." Cooke's Falstaff was not one of his happiest efforts; it wanted the high finishing and warm tints of Henderson. Mr. Stephen Kemble, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Bartley, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Dowton, and Mr. Charles Kemble have amused the public with *their* versions of the character. We remember, also, Mr. Young playing it for his own benefit to Mr. John Kemble's Hotspur; and Mr. Kemble himself advertised *his* "attempt" in the part; but he relinquished the idea, from an apprehension of the great fatigue attending it. We *know* what his *reading* of the character was; his acting, we conceive, would have partaken much of the dry sarcastic humour and dignity of Quin. Of these various representations, those of Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Dowton came nearest to *our* idea of the character; but this admission is only *comparative* praise. They were far, very far, from being the Falstaff of Shakspeare.

But we have him *at last* in the performance of Mr. Elliston. Little did the public anticipate, after the severe indisposition of this incomparable actor, that so rich a banquet of mirth awaited them; but Mr. Elliston possesses a stamina, a rallying power, that few but himself can boast. Wrap him in a blanket, and throw him into the Thames; he will come up in a new suit of clothes, with his hair powdered!—His Falstaff is the finest since the days of Henderson; and those who remember the performance of that wonderful comedian have pronounced it in many respects fully equal. Mr. Elliston *looks* Falstaff admirably: he has the height, breadth, and depth of him to a hair: his sly humour—his joyous chuckle—his roguish twinkle—indeed, all the hilarity and fun that play round this midnight reveller. Sir John is never thoroughly out of temper: no, not even when the stony-hearted villains remove his horse, or Francis puts lime in his sack! He is more a humourist than a coward, "by instinct;" if he look serious on one side of his countenance, a smile is seen breaking through the other,—the prelude to some new joke or droll repartee. All these peculiarities, these rich essences, are distinctly brought out by Mr. Elliston. His solemn gravity while relating the adventure at Gadshill is beyond description: his *four* men in buckram and their *eleven* points had nearly surprised even Bardolph into belief, though he had hacked his sword and tickled his nose with spear grass to make it bleed. But his "*By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye!*" is the very summit of the art. Falstaff complains that he had forgotten what the inside of a church is made of; company, villanous company, had been the spoil

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* Says epicure Quin—"Should the devil in hell
In fishing for men take delight,
His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
Indeed I am sure I should bite!"

of him: he therefore resolves to repent, and that, "suddenly;" but Bardolph, who knows the knight's humour better than any body else, touches the right key; away the old boy flies off at a tangent; and, however virtuously given a moment before, as "suddenly" relapses into his ancient habits, and calls for a song! Heightening the farce by a witty descant upon Bardolph's carbuncles. The whole of this scene was capitally acted. Were we to suggest any improvement, it would be in the soliloquy upon "honour;" which in force and colouring did not appear quite equal to the other parts of the performance. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Elliston, and the public *still more*, on Falstaff's restoration to the stage; and we should say, that if a performance so eminently distinguished by genius and study, so nearly perfect in all its parts, be not highly popular, there are neither taste, wit, nor "virtue extant."

Mr. Macready gave a spirited representation of the petulant and fiery Hotspur. His *reading* the letter was very good, but we do not approve of his *action*. Pacing the stage with an impatient and hurried step would have been more natural. Hotspur could never have continued in a *sitting* posture with the vehement action and strong mental excitation which Mr. Macready exhibited. Mr. Wallack, in the Prince of Wales, merits great praise: he was gay and volatile in the lighter scenes, and, in the more serious, pathetic and subdued.—Nor must we omit Mr. Smith, in our old acquaintance, Bardolph, with eyes glaring on each side of the *ignis fatuus* that burns between them. His by-play was excellent throughout; and, though we do not wish his face either in Falstaff's belly or our own, we hope to see it in Drury Lane Theatre for many nights to come.

☞D——G.

Costume.

KING HENRY.—Brown velvet robe, scarlet and gold trunks puffed with white satin, white silk pantaloons, white shoes, with scarlet roses, splendid hat, and white plumes.

PRINCE OF WALES.—Brown tunic, buff pantaloons, russet boots, drab-coloured hat, and black plumes. Second dress, white court-dress, richly embroidered with silver. Third dress, a complete suit of armour.

PRINCE JOHN.—Light blue jacket, white pantaloons, russet boots, round hat, and white plumes.

WORCESTER.—Crimson velvet dress, crimson and gold trunks, puffed with white satin, white pantaloons, russet boots, black hat, and white plumes.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Green velvet dress, with trunks, &c. (see Worcester.)

DOUGLAS.—Tartan plaid, kelt, bonnet, and breast-plate.

HOTSPUR.—Purple velvet jacket, richly embroidered, black satin mantle, scarlet pantaloons, russet boots. Second dress, complete armour.

WESTMORELAND.—Crimson old English dress, black hat, and white plumes.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.—Light blue old English dress.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.—Scarlet ditto.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.—Buff, scarlet, and white ditto.

POINS.—Common blue ditto.

RABY.—Light blue ditto.

FRANCIS.—Brown ditto.

BARDOLPH.—Dark brown, slightly trimmed with scarlet.

GADSHILL.—Brown. PETO.—Blue. Common dresses.

SHERIFF.—Scarlet gown, and gold chain.

LADY PERCY.—Plain white satin.

DAME QUICKLY.—Scarlet stuff petticoat, flowered gown, white apron, high and sharp crowned hat, trimmed with scarlet.

Cast of the Characters in the Tragedy of KING HENRY IV. Part I., at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (1826.)

King Henry	Mr. Archer.
Prince of Wales	Mr. Wallack.
Prince John of Lancaster	Miss G. Carr.
Earl of Worcester	Mr. Powell.
Earl of Northumberland	Mr. Thompson.
Douglas	Mr. Comer.
Sir Richard Vernon	Mr. Mercer.
Hotspur	Mr. Macready.
Earl of Westmoreland	Mr. Webster.
Sir Walter Blunt	Mr. Younge.
Sir John Falstaff	Mr. Elliston.
Poins	Mr. Browne.
Gadshill	Mr. Fenton.
Peto	Mr. Yarnold.
Bardolph	Mr. G. Smith.
Francis	Mr. J. Russell.
Lady Percy	Mrs. W. West.
Hostess	Mrs. Orger.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace in London.—Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*

KING HENRY, (c.) *seated on his Throne*, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR RICHARD VERNON, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and Attendants, discovered.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant.
Therefore, friends,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
To chase these pagans from the holy fields.
Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. (R.) My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did import.
On Holyrood day, the gallant Hotspur there,

Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of that contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. (*Pointing* L. *to Sir Walter Blunt.*) Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new-lighted from his horse,
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake, the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earls
Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Monteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, is it not?

West. It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so bless'd a son,
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—what think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps: and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake, Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, [*rising*] awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next, our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
But come yourself [*going* L.] with speed to us again;

For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*

[*Exeunt King Henry, Prince John, Sir R. Vernon, Sir W. Blunt, and Gentlemen,* L., *and Earl of Westmoreland,* R.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment belonging to the Prince of Wales.*

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L., *and* SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, R.

Fal. (*Both* R. C.) Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad.

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus—he, that wand'ring knight so fair. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as heaven save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none)——

P. Hen. (*Starting back to* R.) What! none?

Fal. (R. C.) No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. (*Returning to Fal.,* R. C.) Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are 'squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: and let men say, we be men of good government; being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

[*Pushing the Prince with his stick to* C.

P. Hen. (C.) Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most disso-

lutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance? [*Tapping Falstaff's belly with his cane.*

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddites? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a plague have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. [*Leaning on Falstaff's shoulder.*] Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due: thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch: and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. (R.) Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. [*Shaking his head and crossing to* C.] 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. (C.) Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. (R. C.) What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest—sweet young prince—but, Hal, I pr'ythee trouble me no more with vanity. I would to Heaven thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal—[*Turns to* R. *laughing*]—Heaven forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. [*Crosses to* R. C.]—I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. (C.) Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. [*After a short pause eagerly shakes hands with the Prince.*] Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS, L.

P. Hen. Good-morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good-morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? [*Crosses to Fal.* R.] What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? [*Going* L.] But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow-morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill—There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purse: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves: (L.) Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. (R.) Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. [*Crossing to* C.] Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; nor thou camest not of the blood-royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. [*Going* R.] Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. (L. C.) By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. (R. 3 E.) I care not.

[*Leaning thoughtfully against a pillar.*

Poins. (L. C.) Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting; that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed; (L) that the true Prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. [*Prince returns to* C.] Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. (L.) Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit Falstaff,* L.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there: and, when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. (L. C.) But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. (C.) Why, we will set forth before, or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we

'eave them; and I have cases of buckram, for the nonce, to unmask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper; how, thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me in Eastcheap: farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit*, L.

P. Hen. (R. C.) I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him. (C.)
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes:
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off (L. C.)
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*The Council Chamber.—Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*

KING HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, EARL OF WORCESTER, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, HOTSPUR, SIR W. BLUNT, SIR R. VERNON, *and other Gentlemen, Guards, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. (*Seated on the Throne*, C.) My blood hath been too cold and temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities.
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience; but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down:
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. (L.) Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. (R. *second from front.*) My lord,——

K. Hen. (*Hastily rising.*) Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory;
And majesty might never yet endure
The bloody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. (*Sits.*)
[*Exit Worcester*, L.
You were about to speak. [*Turning to North.*

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied,
As is deliver'd to your Majesty.

Hot. (R.) My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home:
He was perfumed like a milliner:
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
And still he smil'd, and talk'd:
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holyday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
To be so pester'd with a poppinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what:
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—(Heaven save the mark!)—
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said:
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. (L.) The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What he then said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendow'r:
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,

Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. (R.) Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: [*Nearer to the King.*] To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, [*Returns to the* R.] and three times they did drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And his crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly;
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.
K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, [*Rising*] thou dost belie him,—
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee, [*Advancing* C.]
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We will license your departure with your son:
[*Going* L.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt all but Northumberland and Hotspur,* L.

Hot. (L. C.) And, if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:—[*North. stands* R.] I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head. [*Going* L.

North. [*Following.*] What, drunk with choler? Stay
and pause awhile;
Here comes your uncle.

Enter WORCESTER, L.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. (R.) He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And, when I urg'd the ransom once again,
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. (L.) I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that is dead, the next of blood?

North. (R.) He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us heaven pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return,
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Hot. (C.) But, soft, I pray you: did King Richard
then
Proclaim my brother, Edward Mortimer,
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall't, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf
(As both of you, heaven pardon it! have done),
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off,
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's a foot, thou still lett'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think, we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see, already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell:—no further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
North. Farewell, good brother; we shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!
[*Exeunt North. and Hot.* R., *Wor.* L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Inn Yard, at Rochester.*

Enter a CARRIER, *with a lantern in his hand,* R. U. E.

Car. (C.) Heigh ho! A'n't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!
Ost. (*Within.* L.) Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another CARRIER, *with a lantern in his hand,* L.

2 *Car.* (L. C.) Peas and beans are as dank here as a

dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

[*Catches fleas, and examines them by the light of his lantern.*

1 *Car.* Like a tench? By the mass there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear! A'n't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged: hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL, L.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

[*Crossing to 2nd Car.*

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth'a?—Marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. I say, sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* (R.) Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they'll along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers,* L., *Gadshill,* R.

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gad's Hill.*

Enter PRINCE OF WALES *and* POINS, *disguised,* L.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

[*Both retire into back scene, among the trees.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *disguised*, L.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. Hen. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal:—what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Retires again into background.*

Fal. (L.) I am accursed, to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death, for all this; if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. (C.) If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both! Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. (R. C.) Eight yards of uneven ground, is three score and ten miles a-foot with me: and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another!—[*They whistle.*]—Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. [*Back scene.*] Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer.—What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted. [*Advances.*

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse;—good king's son.

P. Hen. (C.) Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. (C.) Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy

tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and a-foot too!—I hate it.

Enter POINS, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO, *disguised*, L.

Gads. (L.) Stand.

Fal. (C.) So I do, against my will.

Poins (L. C.) O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Gads Case ye, case ye: on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill,—'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all—

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Fal. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. (R.) Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises? [*Aside.*

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt the Prince and Poins,* R. S. E.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I! Every man to his business.—[*They put on their masks, and draw their swords.*

Enter four TRAVELLERS, L.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk a-foot awhile, and ease our legs.

Fal. &c. Stand!

Trav. Thieves! Murder! Help! (*The Travellers run across and exeunt,* R., *pursued by Bardolph, Gadshill, and Peto,* R.

Fal. (*Running about with his sword drawn.*) Down with them! cut the villains' throats! Ah! whoreson

caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them! fleece them! Young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure you, i'faith.

[*Exit*, R.

Enter PRINCE OF WALES *and* POINS, *from the background, in buckram suits.*

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men; now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming. *(Retire again into the background.)*

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO, *with bags of money*, R., *laughing immoderately.*

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. (FALSTAFF *repeatedly holds up his booty to survey it, and breaks out into sudden and violent fits of laughter. They sit down on the ground in a line across* C.) An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

HENRY *and* POINS *advance.*

P. Hen. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[*The Prince and Poins attack them; Gads., Bard., and Peto, run away*, L.; *and Falstaff, after a slight blow or two, runs after them, leaving the booty.*

P. Hen. (C.) Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. (C.) How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*Warkworth.—A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter*, R.

——"But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house."—He could be contented—why is he

not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house!—He shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake, is dangerous:" (C.)—Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I will tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself, unsorted; and your whole plot, too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."—Say you so? say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! By the lord, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid, our friends true and constant; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of next month? And are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this! an infidel!—Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY, R.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. (R. C.) O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often, when thou sitt'st alone?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed:

Cry, *Courage—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.
Hot. What, ho!—

Enter RABY, L.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?
Rab. (L.) He is, my lord, an hour ago.
Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?
Rab. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.
Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
Rab. It is, my lord.
Hot. That roan shall be my throne.—
Well, I will back him straight.—O *Espèrance!*
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Raby*, L.
Lady. (C.) But hear you, my lord.
Hot. (C.) What say'st thou, my lady?
Lady. What is it that carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprise; but if you go——
Hot. So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler. Love!—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips;
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. Gods me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not, then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And, when I am on horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But, hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman; and, for secrecy,
No lady closer; for, I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know:
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But, hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE IV.—*The Boar's-Head Tavern, in East-Cheap.*

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L.

P. Hen. (L. C.) Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINS, L. S. E.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the lord, so they call me,—and, when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penny-

worth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome;* with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, Sir,*—*Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time, till Falstaff come, I pr'y-thee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—*Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but—*Anon.* Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent. [*Exit Poins*, L. S. E.

Poins. (*Within.*) Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter FRANCIS, L.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. (C.) Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord. [*Stands close to the* L. *of the Prince.*

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to——

Poins. Francis! [*Calls at* L. S. E.]

Fran. [*Runs away.*] Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. [*F. returns.*] Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dar'st thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis?

Fran. [*Runs away.*] Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. [*Returns.*] How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. [*Runs away.*] Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gav'st me—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. [*Returning.*] O lord, sir, I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. [*Standing by the Prince.*] Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,——

Fran. My lord!

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch——

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvass doublet will sully; in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; dost thou not hear them call! [*Here they both call him: Francis stands amazed between them, and goes to neither.*

Enter HOSTESS, L.

Host. What! stand'st thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis,* L.] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone, awhile, and then open the door.—[*Exit Hostess,* L.]—Poins!

Enter POINS, L. S. E.

Poins. [*Advancing.*] Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. (c.) As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye: what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. (c.) I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of Goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. [*Without,* L.] Six and eight-pence.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north,—he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—"Fie upon this quiet life! I want work."—"O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?"—"Give my roan horse

a drench," says he, and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after, "a trifle, a trifle." I pr'ythee call in Falstaff. (R.) Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, *and* FRANCIS, L. *with a tankard of Sack.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—[*Sits* L. C.]—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—[*To Francis, on his* L.]—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—[*Poins goes to the* R.]—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. [*To Poins, leaning on his shoulder,* R.] Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan! that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

[*Pointing to Fal.*

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: [*Flings it into Francis's face*] there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, heaven help the while! A bad world, I say! A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. (*Crossing to him.*) How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son? If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter!

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there? [*Poins runs at him; Fal. rises and retreats,* &c.

P. Hen. (L.) Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. (L). I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned, ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. [*Prince crosses to* C. *Fal. following.*] You are straight enough in the

shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me; give me—a cup of sack;—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. (R. C.) O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Enter FRANCIS, *with Sack.*

Fal. (C.) All's one for that. A plague of all cowards still, say I!

[*Drinks—Francis takes the cup, and exit,* L.

P. Hen. (R. C.) What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? Here be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs:—(*To Gads. &c.* L.)—how was it?

Gads. (L.) We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. (L.) No, no;—they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Hebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. (L. *of Fal.*) 'Pray heaven, you have not killed some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me a horse—thou knowest my old ward—here I lay, and thus I bore my point: four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal—I told thee, four.

Poins. Ay, ay,—he said four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me: I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven! why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Aye, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I'm a villain else.

P. Hen. 'Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Aye, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so; for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. (R. C.) But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal Green, came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy, tallow-keech—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal Green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. (C.) Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the

strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I—

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—[*Crossing* L.]

Fal. [*Following.*] Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish—Oh, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck.—[*Still following.*]

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and, when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. (c.) Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. (c.) We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

[*Fal. hides his face with his Shield.*

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack—what trick hast thou now?

Fal. [*Peeping over his Shield.*] By the lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why—hear ye, my masters—was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? [*Throws away his sword.*] Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life: I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. [*Throws down his shield.*] But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content: and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. (c.) Ah, no more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me.

Enter HOSTESS, L.

Host. (L.) My lord, the prince—

P. Hen. (C.) How now, my lady, the hostess? what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you; he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. 'Prythee, do, Jack.

Fal. (L.) 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Hostess,* L.

P. Hen. (L. C.) Now, sirs: [*To Bardolph, &c.*] by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph; you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true prince; no—fie!

Bard. (L.) 'Faith, I ran, when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now, in earnest—how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. (L.) Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear, it was the blood of true men; I did that, I did not these seven years before, I—blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O, villain! thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away:—what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.
P. Hen. No, if rightly taken—halter.

Enter FALSTAFF, L.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. (L.) Mine own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into an alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—What a plague call you him?—

Poins. (R.) O, Glendower.

Fal. (C.) Owen, Owen; the same:—and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. (R. C.) He that rides at high speed, and, with his pistol, kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running.

Fal. O'horseback, ye cuckoo!—but, a-foot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackrel.

P. Hen. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidens, as they do hobnails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way:—But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world prick thee out three such ene-

mies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Enter HOSTESS, L.

Host. (L.) O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Hal, thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major:* if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff. [*Exit Hostess,* L.] Go, hide thee behind the arras; the rest walk up above.—Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.

Fal. (R.) Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, Gadshill, and Peto,* R. S. E.

Enter SHERIFF, *and several* TRAVELLERS, L.

P. Hen. (C.) Now, master sheriff—what's your will with me?

Sher. (L.) First, pardon me, my lord:—A hue and cry hath followed certain men into this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord: a gross fat man.

Trav. (L.) As fat as butter.

P. Hen. Sheriff, I do engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. Here are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so. If he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable: and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow—is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Travellers*, L.

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go call him forth.

Poins. (R. C.) Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath! Search his pockets.

[*Poins goes out*, R. S. E. *and searches his pockets.* What hast thou found?

Re-enter POINS R. S. E.

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be.

[*Reads.*] Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.
Item, sauce, 4d.
Item, sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
Item, anchovies and sack, after supper, 2s. 6d.
Item, bread, a halfpenny.
O, monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve score. The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Poins.

[*Exit*, L.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Presence Chamber.*

KING HENRY *seated* C., PRINCE OF WALES *standing* R., PRINCE JOHN, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *with other Gentlemen, Guards, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private conference: but be near
At hand; for we shall presently have need of you.
[*Exeunt all but the King and Prince of Wales,* &c.
I know not whether heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only marked
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven.
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
P. Hen. (K.) So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well, as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.
[*Advances a little nearer the King.*
K. Hen. Heaven pardon thee! Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied:
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me, in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wondered at:
That men would tell their children *This is he;*
Others would say—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
Not an eye

But is a-weary of thy common sight,
[*Prince turns away abashed.*
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth what I would not have it do—
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness. [*King weeps.*
P. Hen. (R.) I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.
K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas!
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once;
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our thrown.
And what say you to this: Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up. [*Prince advances.*
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?
[*Prince turns away.*
Thou—that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.
P. Hen. [*Nearer the King.*] Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And heaven forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me?
I will redeem all this on Percy's head;
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,

And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes! and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of heaven, I promise here: [*Kneels.*
The which, if he be pleas'd, I shall perform.
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
[*King rises, goes to the Prince and raises him.*
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT, L.

How now, good Blunt? Thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. (L.) So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word—
That Douglas and the English rebels meet,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offered foul play in a state.

K. Hen. (C.) The Earl of Westmoreland sets forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth; and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire.
Our hands are full of business; let's away:
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt,* L.

SCENE II.—*The Boar's-Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH, R.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely, since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. [*Sits* C.—*Bard. stands on his* R.] Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An' I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. (R. C.) Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced, not above seven times a-week; went to bordello, not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John. [*Fal. rises.*

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop*—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives, that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. When thou ran'st up Gad's Hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have

* Bardolph has an extremely large red nose.

maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; heaven reward me for it!

[*Sits again.*

Bard. 'Sblood,' I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter HOSTESS, L.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. [L. *of Sir John's chair.*] Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think, I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to; I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John: and now you pick a quarrel, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here, besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. [*Pointing to Bard.*] He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He! alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? [*Rising.*] Look upon his face: what call you rich? Let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O, I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How, the Prince is a Jack, a sneak cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L., *making signs of marching.* FALSTAFF *meets him,* L. C.

How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith?—must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. (L. C.) Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. (C.) 'Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. (C.) What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night, I fell aleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

[*Bardolph stands* R.

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? Three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. (L. C.) What! he did not?

Host. (L. C.) There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune: nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. (R. C.) What thing? Why, a thing to thank heaven on.

Host. I am no thing to thank heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast, why an otter.

Hen. An otter, Sir John? why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou say'st true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord: and said, this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million; thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph? [*Turning to Bard.*

Bard. (R.) Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say it is copper; darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but, as thou art Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an' if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, imbossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man: and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, [*Crossing* L.] I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast: love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to an honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified. Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Kisses her.—Exit Hostess,* L.] Now, Hal, to the news at court:—for the robbery, lad—how is that answered?

P. Hen. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; it is a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. [*Eagerly.*] Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? Oh, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, heaven be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. (C.) Bardolph—

Bard. (R. C.) My lord.

P. Hen. Go, bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
My brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.
[*Exit Bard.* L.
Jack,
Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall,
At two o'clock i'the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture. [*Going* L.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high:
And either they, or we, must lower lie. [*Exit,* L.

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast, come:—
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit,* L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Hotspur's Camp, near Shrewsbury.*

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, EARL OF DOUGLAS, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers with Banners, &c.* R.

Hot. (C.) Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,

As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world:
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to the word: approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.
Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter RABY, L.

What letters hast thou there?
Rab. (L.) These letters come from your father.
Hot. (L. C.) Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Rab. He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.
Hot. Sick! how has he leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Rab. (L. C.) His letters bear his mind, not I.
Hot. (C.) His mind!
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Rab. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And, at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited?
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. (R.) Sick now! droop now! This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp—
He writes me here—that inward sickness—
And his friends, by deputation, could not
So soon be drawn;—
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That, with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us: (C.)
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. (L. C.) Your father's sickness is a main to us.
It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike

Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. (L.) You strain too far:
I, rather, of his absence, make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. (R.) As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear. [*Trumpet*, L.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON, *and two Gentlemen*, L.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. (L.) 'Pray heaven, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, Prince John.

Hot. (L. C.) No harm, what more?

Ver. And further I have learned—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms:
All plum'd like estriges, that with the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours: (R.) come, let me take my horse
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales: (C.)
Harry to Harry shall—hot horse to horse—
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
Oh, that Glendower were come! (L.)

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. (R. C.) Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. (C.) What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day
Come, let us make a muster speedily;
Dooms-day is near; (R.) die all, die merrily.

(Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.)

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*The Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH, L.

Fal. (C.) Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack; [*Gives his flask*] our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Colfield to-night.

Bard. (R. C.) Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out,

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An' it do, take it for thy labour; and, if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. (R.) I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Pointing* L. *and laughing.*] If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild duck. I press me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE OF WALES *and the* EARL OF WESTMORELAND, L.

P. Hen. (L.) How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry your mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. (C.) 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time

that I were there, and you too: but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. (L. C.) I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack—whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush, man,—mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are exceedingly poor and bare—too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long. [*Exeunt the Prince and Westmoreland,* R.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exit,* R.

SCENE III.—*Another part of Hotspur's Camp.—(Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.)*

Enter HOTSPUR, EARL OF WORCESTER, SIR RICHARD VERNON, EARL OF DOUGLAS, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers with Banners,* R.

Hot. (C.) We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. (R. C.) It may not be.

Doug. (R. C.) You give him, then, advantage.

Ver. (R.) Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. (C) You do not counsel well.
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. (C.) Do me no slander, Douglas; by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come,—it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. (R. C.) So are the horses of the enemy
In general journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. (L. C.) The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For heaven's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

(Trumpet sounds a parley.)

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT, *two Gentlemen, and a Flag of Truce,* L. *All take off their hats.*

Blunt. (L.) I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. (R. C.) Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and 'would to heaven,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deserving and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!

[*Put on their hats.*

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears:
And—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home—
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And—when he heard him swear and vow to heaven,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently (C.) as greatness knows itself—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some straight decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; (L. C.) and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. (R. C.) Then to the point:——
In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,) to be encag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited: (L. C.)

Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismissed my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong
And in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance. [*Crosses to* C.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so, farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do!

(*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*)

[*Exeunt Sir W. Blunt, Gentlemen, and his Attendants,* L., *Hotspur, with his friends,* R.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*King Henry's Tent.—Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*

KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, *Gentlemen, Standards, and Soldiers, discovered.*

K. Hen. [*Seated.*] How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. (R. C.) The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

(*A Trumpet sounds a parley.*)

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER, SIR RICHARD VERNON, *and a Flag of Truce.*

K. Hen. How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: you have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crust our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't?

Wor. (L.) Hear me, my liege:—
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it, sir! how comes it then?

Fal. (R.) Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. [*To Fals.*] Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house:
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: you swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you—
What with our help, what with the absent king—
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,

Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but, with nimble wing,
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
Whereby we stand oppos'd by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and truth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changlings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly burly innovation;
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell mell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes—
This present enterprise set off his head—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, (R.) I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;
Yet this, before my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. [*Rising.*] And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee; [*Advancing.*]
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it:—no, good Worcester, no; (C.)
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he, and they, and you—yea, every man,
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester, Vernon, and Flag of Truce*, L.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur, both together,
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And heaven befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt the King, Prince John, Sir W. Blunt, Gentlemen, and Soldiers*, L.

Fal. [*Tapping the Prince on his back as he is going* L.] Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so: 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. (L. C.) Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. (L.) I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest heaven a death. [*Exit*, L.

Fal. (C.) 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter: Honour pricks me on. Yea; but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set-to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*Hotspur's Camp.*

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER *and* SIR RICHARD VERNON, L.

Wor. O, no; my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone:
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege;—
A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:—
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's: we did train him on:
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.
Ver. Deliver what you will: I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR, EARL OF DOUGLAS, *Gentlemen, Standards, and Soldiers,* R.

Hot. (C.) My uncle is return'd;—deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?
Wor. (R.) The king will bid you battle presently.
Doug. (R. C.) Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, then go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.
[*Exit,* R.
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? Heaven forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.
The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. (R. C.) O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads:
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his talking? seemed it in contempt?
Ver. (L.) No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly;
Unless a brother should a brother dare

To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double-spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies.
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS, R.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Hot. Arm, arm with speed!—
O, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And, if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die—brave death, when princes die with us!

Enter RABY, R.

Rab. I have a letter.

Hot. Away, I have not time to read them.

Rab. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale;
For I profess not talking: only this—
Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;

For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The drums, trumpets, &c. sound.—They embrace.*
Now—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on.
[*Trumpets, drums, &c.—Exeunt,* L.

SCENE III.—*The Field of Battle near Shrewsbury.*
(Alarums.)

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS, R. *and* SIR WALTER BLUNT, L.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.
[*Alarums.—They fight.—Blunt is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR, L.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnished like the king himself.
Up and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.
[*Alarums.—Exeunt,* R.
(Alarums.)

Enter FALSTAFF, L. S. E.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate. Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:—There's ho-

nour for you! Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead—Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragga-muffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, *with his sword broken*, L.

P. Hen. (C.) What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword.
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenged; lend me thy sword.

Fal. (R.) O, Hal, I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. (R. C.) He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword: but, take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me; what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?
[*The Prince throws it away, and exit*, L.

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not—if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath; give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Alarums, exit*, L.

Soldiers enter, R. U. E. *and bear off Blunt's body.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field of Battle.*

(Alarums.)

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, L., *and* HOTSPUR, R.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales: and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more;
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us: and would to Heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF, L.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS, L. U. E.; *he strikes at* FALSTAFF, *who falls, his head covered with his shield, as if dead, near* L. S. E.—*Exit* DOUGLAS, R. U. E.—*Hotspur is wounded, and falls near* R. U. E.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth;
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh:—
O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for——

[*Dies.*

P. Hen. [*Bending over him.*] For worms, brave Percy
Fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—this earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[*He sees Falstaff on the ground.*

What! old acquaintance! Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray;
Embowell'd will I see thee by and bye;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[*Trumpets and Drums sound twice—Exit*, L.

Fal. (*Falstaff makes several attempts to rise, but on hearing the drums drops under his shield again:—at length, getting on his knees, he proceeds.*) Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. [*Stands up*, C.] 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot, too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life, indeed. The better part of valour is discretion: in the which better part I have saved my life.—I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore, I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes; and nobody sees me; therefore, sirrah, [*Stabs Hotspur*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. (*Falstaff here makes a variety of fruitless attempts to take up the dead body of Hotspur; at length he sits down between the legs of the corpse, and, with one of its arms over each of his shoulders, he is attempting to get up.*)

Enter PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, *and four Soldiers*, L.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! what have we here?
Did not you tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
On the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? 'Pr'ythee speak:
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears;
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. [*Throws the body down.*] There is Percy. If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*Trumpet sounds a retreat.*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt P. Hen. and P. John*, L.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt Falstaff, and Four Soldiers, bearing Hotspur's Body*, L.

SCENE V.—*King Henry's Tent.—Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

KING HENRY, *seated*, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *Gentlemen and Soldiers, with* WORCESTER, VERNON, *and others, Prisoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death; and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exeunt Officers, Worcester, Vernon, and Four Gentlemen, guarded by Soldiers,* L.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day,
And, since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*

THE END.

Printed by G. M. Davidson, Ireland Yard, Doctors' Commons.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

The Wonder.

Lissardo. Here's a lying young jade, now! Pr'ythee, my dear, moderate thy passion.

Act III. Scene 2.

THE WONDER:

A COMEDY,

In Five Acts,

BY MRS. CENTLIVRE, 1667 - 1723

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A WOOD ENGRAVING,

By Mr. White, from a Drawing by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

REMARKS.

JEALOUSY has afforded subjects both for tragedy and comedy: since it is not in the *passion itself*, but the *mind* it has to work upon, that its effects are seen. The jealousy of *Othello* and *Alonzo* could produce none other but its terrific results. The same may be said for that of *Alicia*—

"Daggers and poison dread from Delia's rage."

But these characters belong to romance; and romantic ladies and gentlemen have a very different method of going about their business, to the domestic, matter-of-fact people in ordinary life. *Lady Restless* and *Mrs. Oakley* are of the latter class; and *their* weapons, though less dangerous, are scarcely less annoying. The whole artillery of sighs, tears, and reproaches, is drawn out in fearful array against the unhappy husband; nor is an armistice decreed, until the assailants are exhausted, and their ammunition spent. Jealousy is self-sown—it is never sorfeited—it feeds upon itself—

"As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on."

Do the impossible, and prove a *negative*; and an affirmative shall spring up too strong even for facts. It is safer to come in contact with the sails of a windmill than with a jealous disposition. Pour oil upon flame; but never oppose reason to a temper predetermined to be jealous. Who ever argued with a volcano? The only prudent way is to let it exhaust its fury, and fairly burn out.

Mrs. Centlivre could not have chosen a more congenial spot for the exhibition of this passion, than Spain, of which it is the very hot-bed. The phlegmatic dispositions of our English lovers are not easily excited by jealous fits. In this happy country, marriages are not made in *Heaven* but on *'Change*. Wedlock is considered only in the light of a mercantile speculation; and the lady but as the ordinary appendage (too often *so* in the *real* sense of the word) to that more valuable acquisition—her fortune. But your Spanish lover is a different being: and Don Felix is the *beau ideal* of this sensitive race; though candour must admit that his patience is put to sufficient trial by the fidelity of Donna Violante to her friend—and this brings us to the consideration of the *wonder*, that a Woman *can* keep a secret.

Mrs. Centlivre has done much towards rescuing her sex from this ungenerous imputation. Violante risks not only the loss of her lover, but her reputation—not but what there are many ladies, to whom a secret is such an exceedingly troublesome deposit, that they *pass it*, like boarding-school misses do the *mark*—hey *presto!* like a juggler's ball—

"Till it belongs to nobody at all!"

Cowslip has a very diverting way of *keeping* a secret. Like the voice that startled Macbeth, she "cries to all the house!" Still *secrecy*, like *courage*, though not one of the most vaunted attributes of woman, she can, when occasion requires, assume in a very extraordinary degree. Ben Jonson has shown that even *silence*, —"an excellent thing in women," is not incompatible with her nature. Let man, therefore, bear his faculties more meekly; and be content to *share*, rather than to *engross*; three qualities that may be fairly

placed among the cardinal virtues—courage, secrecy, and a quiet tongue.

The plot of the Wonder is truly Spanish. It consists of bustle, intrigue, hair-breadth escapes, and a sufficient leaven of that passion of which we have been treating. One portion of it, that which relates to Isabella's concealment, and Violante's fidelity, bears some resemblance to the play of *Elvira*, written by Lord Digby. As a literary production, it is superior to Mrs. Centlivre's two other capital comedies, *The Busy Body*, and *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*. The dialogue is less prurient, and the incidents are more natural. If there be a less redundancy of broad humour, there is a more genuine flow of wit, more nicely-discriminated character, and altogether a purer style of writing.

The character of Don Felix is admirably drawn: sensitive, generous, and gallant—carrying his sense of honour to that romantic height which distinguished Spain in her days of chivalry. His interviews with Violante, where his jealousy is alternately awakened and repressed by circumstances of strong suspicion—by ardent passion, and unbounded confidence in her fidelity, are drawn with so much tenderness and truth, that we never for a moment lose our respect for the lover, even in the midst of his delusion; while the lady commands all our esteem, who could risk the loss of *such* a lover, rather than abate one iota of her fidelity to her friend. The scene between the lovers, in the fifth act, where Don Felix asks Violante to give him her hand at parting, is highly impassioned and beautiful. Had Mrs. Centlivre always written thus, we may say, as Johnson said of Gray, it had been impossible to blame, and useless to praise.

Colonel Briton makes a very tolerable figure, considering he is a plain, straight-forward Scotchman, whom *la fortune de la guerre* has brought into a land renowned for gallantry. Had he been drawn sentimental and refined, he could *not* have been a military man, and certainly not a *Scotchman*. The character of Gibby is well preserved. With a very bluff exterior, that may reasonably pass for blunt honesty, he can crouch and pimp like a true parasite. Nor are his other *northern* propensities less palpable—he is your most obsequious humble servant for what *he can get*, and is, moreover, *too hungry* to feed on compliments.

Like master, like man—Don Felix being in love, his comical valet Lissardo is too well bred not to follow the example: and Flora is too much of a woman, and a chambermaid, to let her mistress be enamoured of the master, without feeling a corresponding *penchant* for the man. This *double* affection produces some droll results. If Don Felix is as jealous as a grandee of the first class has a right to be, Flora carries *her* jealousy to a sublime height, that may fairly excite the emulation of all chambermaids and confidantes, to the day of doom. The introduction of Inis, and the contests that arise between the rival queens for the possession of Lissardo, is the very climax of the ludicrous, and reminds us of those in which *Polly* and *Lucy* urge their several claims to the person of *Macheath*, or, to compare *small* things with *great*, the contention between *Ajax* and *Ulysses* for the armour of *Achilles*. Lissardo's vanity, arising out of Violante's present of the diamond ring, is almost as entertaining as that of the cross-gartered *Malvolio*, or of the woollen-hose-legged *Master Stephen*; while his account of the merry life that his master and himself lead—his equivocation when Violante questions him more closely—the ingenious *turn* he gives to the *treats* and *balls*—and his "roast me these Violantes," show the expertness of his invention, and the whimsicality of his wit. The Spanish valet, from

time immemorial, has been renowned for his dexterity in all affairs relative to love and gallantry; and Lissardo yields to none of his brethren in quick repartee and ludicrous effrontery.

Little expectation was formed of the success of this comedy on its first appearance, by the players, who however are among the worst judges of dramatic merit. Its own intrinsic worth, seconded by the admirable acting of Wilks and Mrs. Oldfield, secured the approbation of the *Town*; and it has ever since ranked among the standard comedies of the English language. Indeed, when the time arrives that a play like the *Wonder* shall fail, we shall unhesitatingly pronounce the drama at an end.

It was in Don Felix, that *Garrick* bade his final adieu to the stage—a circumstance that will always invest the part with more than ordinary interest. It is a character of great difficulty—the emotions exhibited are so various, and blended, that to perform it with proper effect, an actor must be master both of tragedy and comedy. In this difficult style of acting, Garrick had no superior—in the lighter parts of tragedy, where the passions are of a mixed character, and bear more affinity to *real life*, his excellence was unrivalled.

Mr. Elliston and Mr. Charles Kemble, though actors differing essentially from each other, are generally to be seen in the *same* characters. Elliston is without a particle of *romance*—he is downright human nature—pure flesh and blood from beginning to end. He coaxes and makes love with singular eloquence and persuasion; and, when he makes an effort to be angry, and endeavours to look grave, that laughing devil in his eye so utterly belies his words and actions, that his anger becomes vapour, and he raves altogether too much in *Cambyses' vein*. In the restless parts of the character, Elliston is quite at home. We can imagine nothing more excellent than his jealous misgivings, his returns of confidence, his vows of unalterable love, and his acknowledgment of Violante's absolute power over his heart. If Mr. Elliston lacks somewhat of the majestic port and graceful bearing of Mr. Charles Kemble—if he renders the character less romantic and chivalrous than his accomplished rival, he has all the ease, all the passion, all the persuasion, that belong to this paragon of Spanish lovers.

Mrs. Jordan, in Violante, was simple, tender, and fascinating. She rallied Don Felix, and maintained the dignity of virtue, with a playfulness and spirit worthy of the best days of comedy. Mrs. Davison was throughout sensible and elegant; and the late Mrs. Alisop gave greater promise of future excellence in this character, than she ever afterwards attained.

Bannister's Lissardo was every thing that comedy could desire. He alternately provoked and soothed, by vanity and flattery the most self-sufficient and comical, the two fair ones, in whose bosoms he had inspired so *mal-a-propos* a passion. Fawcett's portrait bears a stronger outline; it stands more directly from the canvass; but it wants, in some respects, the richness and mellowness that rendered Bannister's so delightful. Harley, to whom not only the *characters* of these great masters have descended, but a large portion of their *humour* also, plays Lissardo with a vivacity and whim that belong to youth, and a true comic genius. Let Harley depend more on the just delivery of his dialogue, and less on the rapidity of motion and utterance—let him look for those effects that are to be found within the magic circle of the eye, and his powers of entertainment, which are now considerable, will soon be without a rival on the stage.

Costume.

DON LOPEZ.—Brown Spanish jacket and cloak; trunks, puffed with crimson and gold; scarlet stockings, sword, round black hat, white plumes, and gold band.

DON PEDRO.—Crimson Spanish dress, ditto, and cloak.

DON FELIX.—Dark crimson velvet Spanish jacket, brown velvet trunks, richly embroidered with gold, white silk stockings, white shoes, sword, round black hat, and white plumes.

FREDERICK.—Cloak and brown Spanish dress, puffed with light blue satin, embroidered with gold.

COLONEL BRITON.—Blue English military coat, trimmed with silver lace, white pantaloons, and military boots, sword, cocked hat, with scarlet and white plumes.

GIBBY.—Highland jacket, cap, and kelt, flesh leggings, short Scotch stockings, russet shoes, and broad-sword.

ALGUAZIL.—Spanish dress, slightly trimmed, and black gown.

VASQUEZ, &c.—Plain Spanish liveries.

LISSARDO.—Green jacket with flappits and yellow trimming, white waistcoat, green pantaloons, russet boots, three-cornered light drab hat, and red feather.

ISABELLA.—White satin trimmed with gold, no head-dress, but hair in ringlets.

VIOLANTE.—White satin and gold, white plumes, and veil.

FLORA.—White muslin dress, with blue trimming.

INIS.—Gown, with white skirt, pink body, and flounce.

Cast of the Characters, as Performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	Drury Lane, 1823.	Covent Garden, 1827.
Don Felix	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. C. Kemble.
Don Lopez	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Blanchard.
Frederick	Mr. Mercer.	Mr. Baker.
Colonel Briton	Mr. Archer.	Mr. Hill.
Don Pedro	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Meadows.
Gibby	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Bartley.
Lissardo	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Fawcett.
Alguazil		Mr. Atkins.
Vasquez		Mr. Mears.
Donna Violante	Miss L. Kelly.	Miss Foote.
Donna Isabella	Miss Smithson.	Miss Henry.
Inis	Mrs. Orger.	Miss Jones.
Flora	Mrs. Hughes.	Mrs. Gibbs.

THE WONDER:

A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter DON LOPEZ, *meeting* FREDERICK.

Fred. (R.) My lord, Don Lopez.

Lop. (L.) How d'ye, Frederick?

Fred. At your lordship's service. I am glad to see you look so well, my lord. I hope Antonio's out of danger?

Lop. (L. C.) Quite contrary; his fever increases, they tell me; and the surgeons are of opinion his wound is mortal.

Fred. (C.) Your son, Don Felix, is safe, I hope?

Lop. I hope so too; but they offer large rewards to apprehend him.

Fred. When heard your lordship from him?

Lop. Not since he went: I forbade him writing till the public news gave him an account of Antonio's health. Letters might be intercepted, and the place of his abode discovered.

Fred. Your caution was good, my lord. Though I am impatient to hear from Felix, yet his safety is my chief concern.

Lop. If Antonio dies, Felix shall for England.—You have been there; what sort of people are the English?

Fred. (R.) My lord, the English are, by nature, what the ancient Romans were by discipline—courageous, bold, hardy, and in love with liberty.

Lop. I like their principles: who does not wish for freedom in all degrees of life? though common prudence sometimes makes us act against it, as I am now obliged to do; for I intend to marry my daughter to Don Guzman, whom I expect from Holland every day, whither he went to take possession of a large estate left him by his uncle.

Fred. You will not surely sacrifice the lovely Isabella to age, avarice, and a fool? Pardon the expression, my lord, but my concern for your beauteous daughter transports me beyond that good manners which I ought to pay your lordship's presence.

Lop. (c.) I can't deny the justness of the character, Frederick; but you are not insensible what I have suffered by these wars: and he has two things which render him very agreeable to me for a son-in-law—he is rich and well-born; as for his being a fool, I don't conceive how that can be any blot in a husband who is already possessed of a good estate. A poor fool is, indeed, a very scandalous thing, and so are your poor wits, in my opinion, who have nothing to be vain of but the inside of their skulls. Now, for Don Guzman—I know I can rule him as I think fit. This is acting the politic part, Frederick, without which it is impossible to keep up the port of this life.

Fred. But have you no consideration for your daughter's welfare, my lord?

Lop. Is a husband of twenty thousand crowns a-year no consideration? Now I think it a very good consideration.

Fred. One way, my lord. But what will the world say of such a match?

Lop. Sir, I value not the world a button.

Fred. I cannot think your daughter can have any inclination for such a husband.

Lop. There, I believe, you are pretty much in the right, though it is a secret which I never had the curiosity to inquire into, nor I believe ever shall. Inclination, quotha! Parents would have a fine time on't if they consulted their children's inclinations! No, no, sir, it is not a father's business to follow his children's inclinations till he makes himself a beggar.

Fred. But this is of another nature, my lord.

Lop. Look ye, sir; I resolve she shall marry Don Guzman, the moment he arrives. Though I could not govern my son, I will my daughter, I assure you.

Fred. This match, my lord, is more preposterous than that which you proposed to your son, from whence arose this fatal quarrel. Don Antonio's sister, Elvira, wanted beauty only, but Guzman every thing but—

Lop. Money—and that will purchase every thing; and so adieu. [*Exit*, R.

Fred. (R.) Monstrous! these are the resolutions which destroy the comforts of matrimony. Lissardo! (C.) from whence came you?

Enter LISSARDO, *in a Riding-habit*, L.

Liss. (L. C.) That letter will inform you, sir,

Fred. I hope your master's safe?

Liss. I left him so; I have another to deliver, which requires haste. Your most humble servant, sir.

[*Bowing.*

Fred. To Violante, I suppose?

Liss. The same. [*Exit*, R.

Fred. [*Reads.*] "Dear Frederick—The two chief blessings of this life are a friend and a mistress; to be debarred the sight of those is not to live. I hear nothing of Antonio's death, and therefore resolve to venture to thy house this evening, impatient to see Violante, and embrace my friend. Your's, FELIX."

'Pray Heaven he comes undiscovered! Ha! Colonel Briton.

Enter COLONEL BRITON, L.

Col. B. (L.) Frederick, I rejoice to see thee.

[*Shake hands*

Fred. (C.) What brought you to Lisbon, Colonel?

Col. B. (C.) *La fortune de la guerre*, as the French say. I have commanded these three last years in Spain; but my country has thought fit to strike up a peace, and give us good Protestants leave to hope for Christian burial; so I resolved to take Lisbon in my way home.

Fred. If you are not provided of a lodging, Colonel, pray command my house while you stay.

Col. B. If I were sure I should not be troublesome, I would accept your offer, Frederick.

Fred. So far from trouble, Colonel, I shall take it as a particular favour. What have we here?

Col. B. My footman—this is our country dress, you must know; which, for the honour of Scotland, I make all my servants wear.

Enter GIBBY, *in an Highland Dress*, L.

Gibby. (L.) What maud I de with the horses, and like yer honour? They will tack cauld gin they stand in the causeway.

Fred. Oh, I'll take care of them. What, hoa! Vasquez!

Enter VASQUEZ, R.

Put those horses, which that honest fellow will show you, into my stable, do you hear? and feed them well.

Vas. Yes, sir. Sir, by my master's orders, I am, sir, your most obsequious humble servant. [*Courteously meets Gibby.*] Be pleased to lead the way.

Gibby. [*Crossing.*] 'Sbleed! gang your gate, sir, and I sall follow ye. Ise tee hungry to feed on compliments. [*Exeunt Gibby and Vasquez,* R.

Fred. [R. *surveying Gibby as he passes.*] Ha! ha! a comical fellow! (R. C.) Well, how do you like our country, Colonel?

Col. B. (C.) Why, 'faith, Frederick, a man might pass his time agreeably enough within side of a nunnery; but to behold such troops of soft, plump, tender, melting, wishing, nay, willing girls too, through a damned grate, gives us Britons strong temptations to plunder. Hark ye, hast thou never a pretty acquaintance now that thou wouldst consign over to a friend for half an hour, ha?

Fred. 'Faith, Colonel, I am the worst pimp in Christendom; you had better trust to your own luck—the women will soon find you out, I warrant you.

Col. B (C.) Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an enemy's country; and, since I have some hopes of seeing my own again, I had rather purchase my pleasure than run the hazard of a stiletto in my guts. Wilt thou recommend me to a wife then, ha, friend?

Fred. She must be very handsome, I suppose?

Col. B. The handsomer the better.

Fred. And rich, I suppose?

Col. B. Oh, very rich—I shall never be able to swallow the matrimonial pill, if it be not well gilded.

Fred. Pugh! beauty will make it slide down nimbly.

Col. B. At first, perhaps, it may; but the second or third dose will choke me. I confess, Frederick, women are the prettiest playthings in nature; but gold, substantial gold! gives them the air, the mein, the shape, the grace, and beauty of a goddess.

Fred. And has not gold the same divinity in their eyes, Colonel?

Col. B. Too often—

None marry now for love—no, that's a jest:
The self-same bargain serves for wife and beast.

Fred. You are always gay, Colonel. Come, shall we

take a refreshing glass at my house, and consider what has been said?

Col. B. I have two or three compliments to discharge for some friends, and then I shall wait on you with pleasure. Where do you live?

Fred. At yon corner house, with the green rails.

Col. B. In the close of the evening I will endeavour to kiss your hand. Adieu! [*Exit*, L.

Fred. I shall expect you with impatience. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Don Lopez's House.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* INIS, R.

Inis. (R. C.) For goodness' sake, Madam, where are you going in this pet?

Isab. (C.) Any where to avoid matrimony. The thoughts of a husband are as terrible to me as the sight of a hobgobline.

Inis. Ay, of an old husband; but, if you may choose for yourself, I fancy matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

Isab. You are pretty much in the right, Inis: but to be forced into the arms of an idiot, who has neither person to please the eye, sense to charm the ear, nor generosity to supply these defects! Ah, Inis! what pleasant lives women lead in England, where duty wears no fetter but inclination! The custom of our country enslaves us from our very cradles, first to our parents, next to our husbands; and, when heaven is so kind as to rid us of both these, our brothers still usurp authority, and expect a blind obedience from us; so that, maids, wives, or widows, we are little better than slaves to the tyrant, man. Therefore, to avoid their power, I resolve to cast myself into a monastery.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, madam, those eyes tell me you have no nun's flesh about you. A monastery, quotha! Odslife, Madam, you are the first woman that ever despaired in a Christian country. Were I in your place——

Isab. Why, what would your wisdom do if your were?

Inis. I'd embark with the first fair wind with all my jewels, and seek my fortune on t'other side the water: no shore can treat you worse that your own. There's

ne'er a father in Christendom should make me marry any man against my will.

Isab. I am too great a coward to follow your advice. I must contrive some way to avoid Don Guzman, and yet stay in my own country.

Enter DON LOPEZ, L.

Lop. (L.) Must you so, mistress? but I shall take care to prevent you. [*Aside.*] Isabella, whither are you going, my child?

Isab. (C.) To church, sir?

Inis. (R.) The old rogue has certainly overheard her! [*Aside.*

Lop. (L. C.) Your devotion must needs be very strong, or your memory very weak, my dear. Why, vespers are over for this night. Come, come, you shall have a better errand to church than to say your prayers there. Don Guzman is arrived in the river, and I expect him a-shore to-morrow!

Isab. Ha! to-morrow!

Lop. (C.) He writes me word that his estate in Holland is worth twelve thousand crowns a-year, which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happiest wife in Lisbon.

Isab. And the most unhappy woman in the world. [*Takes his hand.*] Oh, sir! if I have any power in your heart—if the tenderness of a father be not quite extinct, hear me with patience.

Lop. No objection against the marriage, and I will hear whatsoever thou hast to say.

Isab. (C.) That's torturing me on the rack, and forbidding me to groan. Upon my knees I claim the privilege of flesh and blood. [*Kneels.*

Lop. I grant it; thou shalt have an armful of flesh and blood to-morrow. Flesh and blood, quotha!—Heaven forbid I should deny thee flesh and blood, my girl!

Inis. Here's an old dog for you! [*Aside.*

Isab. Do not mistake, sir. The fatal stroke which separates soul and body, is not more terrible to the thoughts of sinners, than the name of Guzman to my ear.

Lop. Puh, puh! you lie, you lie!

Isab. My frighted heart beats hard against my breast, as if it sought a passage to your feet, to beg you'd change your purpose.

Lop. A very pretty speech this; if it were turned into

blank verse, it would serve for a tragedy. Why, thou hast more wit than I thought thou hadst, child. I fancy this was all *extempore;* I don't believe thou didst ever think one word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but she has, my lord; for I have heard her say the same things a thousand times.

Lop. How, how! What, do you top your second-hand jests upon your father, hussy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself? Remember, 'tis your duty to obey.

Isab. [*Rising.*] I never disobeyed before, and I wish I had not reason now; but nature hath got the better of my duty, and makes me loath the harsh commands you lay.

Lop. Ha! ha!—Very fine! ha! ha!

Isab. Death itself would be more welcome.

Lop. Are you sure of that?

Isab. I am your daughter, my lord, and can boast as strong a resolution as yourself. I'll die before I'll marry Guzman.

Lop. Say you so? I'll try that presently. [*Draws.*] Here, let me see with what dexterity you can breathe a vein now. [*Offers her his Sword.*] The point is pretty sharp—'Twill do your business, I warrant you.

Inis. [*Going between them*] Bless me, sir! What do you mean, to put a sword into the hands of a desperate woman?

Lop. Desperate! ha, ha, ha! you see how desperate she is. What, art thou frighted, little Bell?—Ha?

Isab. (R.) I confess I am startled at your morals, sir.

Lop. Ay, ay, child, thou hadst better take the man; he'll hurt the least of the two.

Isab. I shall take neither, sir: death has many doors; and, when I can live no longer with pleasure, I shall find one to let him in at without your aid.

Lop. Say'st thou so, my dear Bell? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little lunatic, Bell. I must take care of thee, child. (*Takes hold of her, and pushes her to* R. D.] I shall make bold to secure thee, my dear; I'll see if locks and bars can keep thee till Guzman come. Go, get into your chamber: [*Locks her in.*

There I'll your boasted resolution try,
And see who'll get the better, you or I.

[*Drives off Inis,* L., *and exit,* L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Don Pedro's House.*

Enter DONNA VIOLANTE, R., *reading a Letter, and* FLORA *following.*

Flora. (L.) What, must that letter be read again?

Vio. (C.) Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thousand times again; a letter from a faithful lover can never be read too often; it speaks such kind, such soft, such tender things—— [*Kisses it.*

Flora. But always the same language.

Vio. (C.) It does not charm the less for that.

Flora. (L. C.) In my opinion, nothing charms that does not change: and any composition of the four-and-twenty letters, after the first essay, from the same hand, must be dull, except a bank-note, or a bill of exchange.

Vio. Thy taste is my aversion.

[*Reads.*] "My all that's charming, since life's not life, exiled from thee, this night shall bring me to thy arms. Frederick and thee are all I trust. These six weeks' absence have been in love's account six hundred years. When it is dark, expect the wonted signal at thy window: till when, adieu. Thine, more than his own,

"FELIX."

Flora. Who would not have said as much to a lady of her beauty and twenty thousand pounds?—Were I a man, methinks I could have said a hundred finer things.

Vio. What would you have said?

Flora. I would have compared your eyes to the stars, your teeth to ivory, your lips to coral, your neck to alabaster, your shape to——

Vio. No more of your bombast; truth is the best eloquence in a lover.—What proof remains ungiven of his love? When his father threatened to disinherit him for refusing Don Antonio's sister, from whence sprung this unhappy quarrel, did it shake his love for me? and now, though strict inquiry runs through every place, with large rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me?

Flora. But you know, madam, your father, Don Pedro, designs you for a nun—to be sure, you look very like a nun!—and says, your grandfather left you your fortune upon that condition.

Vio. Not without my approbation, girl, when I come to one-and-twenty, as I am informed. But, however, I shall run the risk of that. Go, call in Lissardo.

Flora. Yes, madam. Now for a thousand verbal questions. [*Exit*, L.

Re-enter FLORA, *with* LISSARDO, L.

Vio. (R.) Well, and how do you do, Lissardo?

Liss. (C.) Ah, very weary, madam.—'Faith, thou look'st wondrous pretty, Flora. [*Aside to Flora.*

Vio. (R. C.) How came you?

Liss. En chevalier, madam, upon a hackney jade, which they told me formerly belonged to an English colonel; but I should have rather thought she had been bred a good Roman Catholic all her lifetime—for she down'd on her knees to every stock and stone we came along by.—My chops water for a kiss; they do, Flora. [*Aside to Flora.*

Flora. (L. C.) You'd make one believe you are wond'rous fond, now.

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Liss. Odd, if I had you alone, housewife, I'd show you how fond I could be! [*Aside to Flora.*

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Liss. At a little farm-house, madam, about five miles off. He'll be at Don Frederick's in the evening.—Od, I will so revenge myself of those lips of thine! [*To Flora.*

Vio. Is he in health?

Flora. Oh, you counterfeit wond'rous well. [*To Lissardo.*

Liss. No; every body knows I counterfeit very ill. [*To Flora.*

Vio. How say you? Is Felix ill? What's his distemper? ha?

Liss. A prize on't, I hate to be interrupted.—Love, madam, love. In short, madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your ladyship ever since he left Lisbon. I am sure he could not, if I may judge of his heart by my own. [*Looking lovingly upon Flora.*

Vio. How came you so well acquainted with your master's thoughts, Lissardo?

Liss. By an infallible rule, madam: words are the pictures of the mind, you know; now, to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you. For example, madam, coming from shooting, t'other

day, with a brace of partridges, Lissardo, said he, go bid the cook roast me these Violantes.—I flew into the kitchen, full of thoughts of thee, cried, here, cook, roast me these Floras. [*To Flora.*

Flo. Ha! ha! excellent!—You mimic your master, then, it seems.

Liss. I can do every thing as well as my master, you little rogue.—Another time, madam, the priest came to make him a visit; he called out hastily, Lissardo, said he, bring a Violante for my father to sit down on.—Then he often mistook my name, madam, and called me Violante: in short, I heard it so often, that it became as familiar to me as my prayers.

Vio. You live very merrily then, it seems.

Liss. Oh, exceeding merry, madam!

[*Kisses Flora's hand.*

Vio. Ha! exceeding merry!—Had you treats and balls?

Liss. Oh! yes, yes, madam, several.

Flora. You are mad, Lissardo; you don't mind what my lady says to you. [*Aside to Lissardo.*

Vio. Ha! balls!—Is he so merry in my absence?—And did your master dance, Lissardo?

Liss. Dance, madam! where, madam?

Vio. Why, at those balls you speak of.

Liss. Balls! what balls, madam?

Vio. Why, sure you are in love, Lissardo? Did not you say, but now, you had balls where you have been?

Liss. Balls, madam! Odslife, I ask your pardon, madam! I, I. I, had mislaid some wash-balls of my master's t'other day; and, because I could not think where I had lain them, just when he asked for them, he very fairly broke my head, madam; and now, it seems, I can think of nothing else. Alas! he dance, madam! No, no, poor gentleman, he is as melancholy as an unbraced drum.

Vio. Poor Felix! There, wear that ring for your master's sake, and let him know I shall be ready to receive him. [*Exit,* R.

Liss. (R.) I shall, madam. [*Puts on the ring.*] Methinks a diamond ring is a vast addition to the little finger of a gentleman. [*Admiring his hand.*

Flora. (L. C.) That ring must be mine.—Well, Lissardo, what haste you make to pay off arrears now! Look how the fellow stands!

Liss. [*Still on the r., admiring his hand.*] Egad, methinks I have a very pretty hand—and very white—and the shape!—'Faith, I never minded it so much before.—In my opinion, it is a very fine-shaped hand—and becomes a diamond ring as well as the first grandee's in Portugal.

Flora. The man's transported! Is this your love, this your impatience?

Liss. [*Takes snuff.*] Now, in my mind—I take snuff with a very jantee air.—Well, I am persuaded I want nothing but a coach and a title to make me a very fine gentleman. [*Struts about.*

Flora. Sweet Mr. Lissardo! [*Courtesying.*] if I may presume to speak to you without affronting your little finger—

Liss. Odso, madam, I ask your pardon.—Is it to me, or to the ring, you direct your discourse, madam?

Flora. Madam! Good lack! how much a diamond ring improves one!

Liss. Why, though I say it, I can carry myself as well as any body.—But what wert thou going to say, child?

Flora. Why, I was going to say that I fancy you had best let me keep that ring: it will be a very pretty wedding-ring, Lissardo, would it not?

Liss. Humph! ah!—But—but—but—I believe I sha'n't marry yet awhile.

Flora. You sh'an't, you say!—Very well! I suppose you design that ring for Inis.

Liss. No, no; I never bribe an old acquaintance.—Perhaps I might let it sparkle in the eyes of a stranger a little, till we came to a right understanding—but then, like all other mortal things, it would return from whence it came.

Flora. Insolent!—Is that your manner of dealing?

Liss. With all but thee—Kiss me, you little rogue, you. [*Hugging her.*

Flora. Little rogue! Pr'ythee, fellow, don't be so familiar: [*Pushing him away.*] If I mayn't keep your ring, I can keep my kisses.

Liss. You can, you say! Spoke with the air of a chambermaid.

Flora. Replied with the spirit of a serving-man.

Liss. (L. C.) Pr'ythee, Flora, don't let you and I fall

out? I am in a merry humour, and shall certainly fall in somewhere.

Flora. (L. C.) What care I where you fall in!

Enter DONNA VIOLANTE, R.

Vio. Why do you keep Lissardo so long, Flora, when you don't know how soon my father may awake? His afternoon naps are never so long.

Flora. (L.) Had Don Felix been with her, she would not have thought the time long. These ladies consider nobody's wants but their own. [*Aside.*

Vio. Go, go, let him out.

Flora. Yes, madam.

Liss. I fly, madam. [*Exeunt Lissardo and Flora,* L.

Vio. (R.) The day draws in, and night, the lover's friend, advances—night, more welcome than the sun to me, because it brings my love.

Flora. [*Shrieking within,* L.] Ah, thieves! thieves! Murder! murder!

Vio. [*Shrieking and running,* 1.] Ah! defend me, Heaven! What do I hear! Felix is certainly pursued, and will be taken.

Enter FLORA, L., *running.*

How now? why dost stare so? Answer me quickly; what's the matter?

Flora. Oh, madam, as I was letting out Lissardo, a gentleman rushed between him and I, struck down my candle, and is bringing a dead person in his arms into our house.

Vio. Ha! a dead person? Heaven grant it does not prove my Felix!

Flora. Here they are, madam.

Vio. I'll retire till you discover the meaning of this accident. [*Exit,* L.

Enter COLONEL BRITON, L., *with* DONNA ISABELLA *in his arms; sets her down in a chair,* C., *and addresses himself to* FLORA.

Col. B. Madam, the necessity this lady was under of being conveyed into some house with speed and secrecy, will, I hope, excuse any indecency I might be guilty of in pressing so rudely into this—I am an entire stranger

to her name and circumstances—would I were so to her beauty too! [*Aside.*] I commit her, madam, to your care, and fly to make her retreat secure, if the street be clear; permit me to return, and learn from her own mouth if I can be further serviceable. Pray, madam, how is the lady of this house called?

Flora. (C.) Violante, signior.

Col. B. Are you she, madam?

Flora. Only her woman, signior.

Col. B. Your humble servant, mistress. Pray be careful of the lady. [*Gives her two moidores, and Exit,* L.

Flora. Two moidores! Well, he is a generous fellow! This is the only way to make one careful.

Enter DONNA VIOLANTE, R.

Vio. (R.) Were you distracted, Flora, to tell my name to a man you never saw! Unthinking wench! who knows what this may turn to?—What, is the lady dead? (C.) Ah! defend me, Heaven! 'tis Isabella, sister to my Felix! What has befallen her! 'Pray Heaven he's safe!—Run and fetch some cold water.—Stay, stay, Flora.—Isabella, friend, speak to me; oh! speak to me, or I shall die with apprehension.

Isab. Oh, hold, my dearest father! do not force me; indeed I cannot love him.

Vio. How wild she talks!

Isab. Ha! where am I?

Vio. (R. C.) With one as sensible of thy pain as thou thyself canst be.

Isab. [*Rising.*] Violante! what kind star preserved and lodged me here?

Flora. It was a terrestrial star, called a man, madam; 'pray Jupiter he proves a lucky one!

Isab. Oh, I remember now. Forgive me, dear Violante; my thoughts run so much upon the danger I escaped, I forgot.

Vio. May I not know your story?

Isab. Thou art no stranger to one part of it. I have often told thee that my father designed to sacrifice me to Don Guzman, who, it seems, is just returned from Holland, and expected ashore to-morrow, the day that he has set to celebrate our nuptials. Upon my refusing to obey him, he locked me into my chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arrived, and force me to consent. I know

my father to be positive, never to be won from his design; and, having no hope left me to escape the marriage, I leaped from the window into the street.

Vio. You have not hurt yourself, I hope?

Isab. No; a gentleman passing by, by accident, caught me in his arms; at first, my fright made me apprehend it was my father, till he assured me to the contrary.

Flora. He is a very fine gentleman, I promise you, madam, and a well-bred man, I warrant him. I think I never saw a grandee put his hand into his pocket with a better air in my whole lifetime; then he opened his purse with such a grace, that nothing but his manner of presenting me with the gold could equal.

Vio. Go, leave us, Flora.—But how came you hither, Isabella?

Isab. I know not; I desired the stranger to convey me to the next monastery, but ere I reached the door, I saw, or fancied that I saw, Lissardo, my brother's man, and the thought, that his master might not be far off flung me into a swoon, which is all that I can remember. (L.) —Ha! what's here? [*Takes up a letter.*] *For Colonel Briton, to be left at the post-house at Lisbon.* This must be dropped by the stranger who brought me hither.

Vio. (L. C.) Thou art fallen into the hands of a soldier; take care he does not lay thee under contribution, girl.

Isab. (C.) I find he is a gentleman, and if he is but unmarried, I could be content to follow him all the world over.—But I shall never see him more, I fear.

[*Sighs and pauses.*

Vio. What makes you sigh, Isabella?

Isab. The fear of falling into my father's clutches again.

Vio. Can I be serviceable to you?

Isab. Yes, if you conceal me two or three days.

Vio. You may command my house and secrecy.

Isab. I thank you, Violante; I wish you would oblige me with Mrs. Flora awhile.

Vio. I'll send her to you. (R.)—I must watch if dad be still asleep, or here will be no room for Felix.

[*Exit*, L.

Isab. (C.) Well, I don't know what ails me! methinks I wish I could find this stranger out.

Enter FLORA, R.

Flora. Does your ladyship want me, madam?

Isab. (R. C.) Ay, Mrs. Flora: I resolve to make you my confidante.

Flora. (R. C.) I shall endeavour to discharge my duty, madam.

Isab. I doubt it not, and desire you to accept this as a token of my gratitude.

Flora. Oh, dear signora! I should have been your humble servant without a fee.

Isab. I believe it—But to the purpose—Do you think, if you saw the gentleman who brought me hither, you should know him again?

Flora. From a thousand, madam; I have an excellent memory where a handsome man is concerned. When he went away, he said he would return again immediately. I admire he comes not.

Isab. Here, did you say? You rejoice me—though I'll not see him if he comes. Could not you contrive to give him a letter?

Flora. With the air of a duenna—

Isab. Not in this house—you must veil, and follow him—He must not know it comes from me.

Flora. What, do you take me for a novice in love affairs? Though I have not practised the art since I have been in Donna Violante's service, yet I have not lost the theory of a chambermaid. [*Isabella sits at a table,* C., *and writes.*] Do you write the letter, and leave the rest to me.—Here, here; here's pen, ink, and paper.

Isab. I'll do it in a minute.

Flora. (R.) So! this is a business after my own heart.—Love always takes care to reward his labourers, and Great Britain seems to be his favourite country.—Oh! I long to see the other two moidores with a British air!—Methinks there's a grace peculiar to that nation in making a present.

Isab. So, I have done. Now, if he does but find this house again!

Flora. If he should not—I warrant I'll find him, if he's in Lisbon; for I have a strong prepossession that he has two moidores as good as ever were told.

[*Puts the letter into her bosom.*

Enter DONNA VIOLANTE, R.

Vio. (C.) Flora, watch my father: he's fast asleep in

his study: if you find him stir, give me notice. [*Colonel Briton taps at the window.*] Hark! I hear Felix at the window! admit him instantly, and then to your post.

[*Exit Flora*, L.

Isab. (C.) What say you, Violante? is my brother come?

Vio. It is his signal at the window.

Isab. [*Kneels.*] Oh, Violante! I conjure you, by all the love thou bear'st to Felix, by thy own generous nature—nay, more, by that unspotted virtue thou art mistress of, do not discover to my brother I am here.

Vio. Contrary to your desire, be assured I never shall. But where's the danger?

Isab. [*Rises.*] Art thou born in Lisbon, and ask that question? He'll think his honour blemished by my disobedience, and would restore me to my father, or kill me; therefore, dear dear girl—

Vio. Depend upon my friendship; nothing shall draw the secret from these lips, not even Felix, though at the hazard of his love. I hear him coming; retire into that closet.

Isab. Remember, Violante, upon thy promise my very life depends. [*Exit*, R.

Vio. When I betray thee, may I share thy fate.

Enter DON FELIX, L.

My Felix, my everlasting love! [*Runs into his arms.*

Fel. My life! my soul! my Violante!

[*Crossing to* R., *hand in hand.*

Vio. What hazards dost thou run for me!—Oh, how shall I requite thee?

Fel. If, during this tedious painful exile, thy thoughts have never wandered from thy Felix, thou hast made me more than satisfaction.

Vio. (R. C.) Can there be room within this heart for any but thyself? No, if the god of love were lost to all the rest of human kind, thy image would secure him in my breast: I am all truth, all love, all faith, and know no jealous fears.

Fel. (R. C.) My heart's the proper sphere where love resides: could he quit that, he would be nowhere found; and yet, Violante, I'm in doubt.

Vio. Did I ever give thee cause to doubt, my Felix?

Fel. True love has many fears, and fear as many eyes

as fame; yet sure I think I see no fault in thee. [*Colonel taps again.*] What's that? [*Taps again.*

Vio. (L. C.) What! I heard nothing. [*Again.*

Fel. (L. C.) Ha! What means this signal at your window?

Vio. Somewhat, perhaps, in passing by, might accidentally hit it; it can be nothing else.

Col. B. [*Within,* L.] Hist, hist, Donna Violante! Donna Violante!

Fel. They use your name by accident too, do they, madam? [*Runs,* R.

Enter FLORA, L.

Flora. (L.) There is a gentleman at the window, madam, which I fancy to be him who brought Isabella hither. Shall I admit him? [*Aside to Violante.*

Vio. Admit distraction rather! Thou art the cause of this, unthinking wretch! [*Aside to Flora.*

Fel. (R.) What, has Mrs. Scout brought you fresh intelligence?

Flora. (L.) Scout! I scorn your words, signior.

Vio. [*Felix crossing toward* L.] Nay, nay, nay, you must not leave me. [*Catches hold of him.*

Fel. (C.) Oh! 'tis but fair to answer the gentleman, madam! it is none of his fault that his visit proves unseasonable! Pray let me go; my presence is but a restraint upon you. [*Struggles to get from her.*

Vio. (C.) Was ever accident so mischievous! [*Aside.*

Flora. It must be the colonel. Now, to deliver my letter to him. [*Exit* L., *the Colonel taps louder.*

Fel. Hark! he grows impatient at your delay. Why do you hold the man, whose absence would oblige you? Pray, let me go, madam. Consider, the gentleman wants you at the window. [*Struggles still.*

Vio. It is not me he wants.

Fel. Death! not you! Is there another of your name in the house? But come on, convince me of the truth of what you say; open the window; if his business does not lie with you, your conversation may be heard. This, and only this, can take off my suspicion. What, do you pause? Oh! guilt, guilt! Have I caught you? Nay, then, I'll leap the balcony. If I remember, this way leads to it. [*Breaks from her, and goes to the door* R., *where Isabella is.*

Vio. [*Stopping him at the door.*] Hold! hold! hold!

hold! not for the world you enter there. Which way shall I preserve his sister from his knowledge? [*Aside.*

Fel. What, have I touched you? Do you fear your lover's life?

Vio. I fear for none but you. For goodness sake, do not speak so loud, my Felix. If my father hears you, I am lost for ever: that door opens into his apartment. [*Aside.*] What shall I do if he enters? There he finds his sister. If he goes out he'll quarrel with the stranger. Felix! Felix! your curiosity shall be satisfied. [*Goes to the window,* L. S. E., *and throws up the sash.*] Whoe'er you are, that with such insolence dare use my name, and give the neighbourhood pretence to reflect upon my conduct, I charge you instantly to be gone, or expect the treatment you deserve.

Col. B. [*Without,* L.] I ask pardon, madam, and will obey: but when I left this house to-night—

Fel. (C.) Good!

Vio. It is most certainly the stranger. [*Aside.*] You are mistaken in the house, I suppose, sir.

Fel. No, no; he's not mistaken.—Pray, madam, let the gentleman go on.

Vio. Pray be gone, sir; I know of no business you have here.

Col. B. [*Without.*] I wish I did not know it neither. But this house contains my soul; then can you blame my body for hovering about it?

Fel. Excellent!

Vio. I tell you again you are mistaken; however, for your own satisfaction, call to-morrow.

Fel. Matchless impudence! An assignation before my face! No, he shall not live to meet your wishes.

[*Takes out a pistol, and goes towards the window; she catches hold of him.*

Vio. Ah! [*Shrieks.*] Hold, I conjure you.

Col. B. To-morrow's an age, madam! may I not be admitted to-night?

Vio. If you be a gentleman, I command your absence. Unfortunate! what will my stars do with me! [*Aside.*

Col. B. I have done—only this—be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping. [*Exit from the window.*

Fel. Pray observe the gentleman's request, madam.

[*Walking off from her.*

Vio. I am all confusion! [*Aside.*

Fel. You are all truth, all love, all faith! Oh, thou

all woman! How have I been deceived! 'Sdeath! could you not have imposed upon me for this one night? Could neither my faithful love, nor all the hazard I have run to see you, make me worthy to be cheated on?—Oh, thou—

Vio. Can I bear this from you? [*Weeps.*

Fel. [*Repeats.*] When I left this house to-night—To-night! the devil! return so soon!

Vio. Oh, Isabella! what hast thou involved me in! [*Aside.*

Fel. [*Repeats.*] This house contains my soul!—Sweet soul!

Vio. (C.) Yet I resolve to keep the secret. [*Aside.*

Fel. (R.) [*Repeats.*] Be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping.—Damnation!—How ugly she appears! [*Looking at her.*

Vio. (L.) Do not look so sternly on me: but believe me, Felix, I have not injured you, nor am I false.

Fel. (R. C.) Not false! not injured me! Oh, Violante, lost and abandoned to thy vice! Not false! Oh, monstrous!

Vio. (L. C.) Indeed I am not.—There is a cause which I must not reveal. Oh, think how far honour can oblige your sex—then allow a woman may be bound by the same rule to keep a secret.

Fel. Honour! what hast thou to do with honour?—Thou that canst admit plurality of lovers?—A secret! ha! ha! ha!—His affairs are wondrous safe who trusts his secret to a woman's keeping. But you need give yourself no trouble about clearing this point, madam, for you are become so indifferent to me, that your truth and falsehood are the same.

Enter FLORA, L.

Flora. (L.) So I have delivered my letter to the colonel. [*Aside.*] (C.) Madam, your father bade me see what noise that was. For goodness sake, sir, [*To Fel.*] why do you speak so loud? [*Exit Flora,* L.

Fel. (R.) I understand my cue, mistress; my absence is necessary; I'll oblige you. [*Going* L., *she takes hold of him.*

Vio. Oh, let me undeceive you first!

Fel. (L.) Impossible!

Vio. 'Tis very possible, if I durst.

Fel. Durst! ha! ha! ha!—Durst, quotha!

Vio. But another time I'll tell thee all.

Fel. Nay, now or never—

Vio. Now it cannot be.

Fel. Then it shall never be.—Thou most ungrateful of thy sex, farewell. [*Breaks from her, and exit*, L.

Vio. Oh, exquisite trial of my friendship! Yet not even this shall draw the secret from me.

That I'll preserve, let fortune frown or smile;
And trust to love, my love to reconcile. [*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter DON LOPEZ, L.

Lop. (L.) Was ever man thus plagued! Odsheart, I could swallow my dagger for madness! I know not what to think: sure Frederick had no hand in her escape. (C.) She must get out of the window, and she could not do that without a ladder; and who could bring it to her but him? Ay, it must be so! This graceless baggage! But I'll to Frederick immediately; (R.) I'll take the alguazil with me, and search his house; and if I find her I'll use her—By St. Anthony, I don't know how I'll use her! [*Exit*, R.

Enter COLONEL BRITON, *with* ISABELLA'S *letter in his hand*, and GIBBY *following*, L.

Col. B. (C.) Well, though I could not see my fair incognita, Fortune, to make me amends, has flung another intrigue in my way. Oh, how I love these pretty, kind, coming females, that won't give a man the trouble of racking his invention to deceive them! This letter I received from a lady in a veil—some duenna, some necessary implement of Cupid. I suppose the style is frank and easy, I hope like her that writ it.—[*Reads.*] "Sir, I have seen your person, and like it—very concise—and, if you will meet me at four o'clock in the morning, upon the Terriero de Passa, half an hour's conversation will let me into your mind."—Ha! ha! ha! a philosophical wench! This is the first time I ever knew a woman had any business with the mind of a man. "If your intellects answer your outward appearance, the

adventure may not displease you. I expect you'll not attempt to see my face, nor offer any thing unbecoming the gentleman I take you for!"—Humph, the gentleman she takes me for! I hope she takes me to be flesh and blood, and then I am sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a gentleman. Well, if I must not see her face, it shall go hard if I don't know where she lives.—Gibby!

Gibby. (L.) Here, an lik her honour.

Col. B. (C.) Follow me at a good distance, do you hear, Gibby?

Gibby. In troth dee I, weel enough, sir.

Col. B. I am to meet a lady upon the *Terriero de Passa.*

Gibby. The deel an mine eyn gin I ken her, sir.

Col. B. But you will when you come there, sirrah.

Gibby. Like enough, sir; I have as sharp an ee till a bonny lass as e'er a lad in aw Scotland. And what mun I dee wi' her, sir?

Col. B. Why, if she and I part, you must watch her home, and bring me word where she lives.

Gibby. In troth sal I, sir, gin the deel tak her not.

Col. B. Come along then; it is pretty near the time. I like a woman that rises early to pursue her inclination.

Thus we improve the pleasure of the day,
While tasteless mortals sleep their time away.

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*Frederich's house.*

Enter INIS *and* LISSARDO, R.

Liss. (R.) Your lady run away, and you know not whither, say you?

Inis. (R.) She never greatly cared for me, after finding you and I together. But you are very grave, methinks, Lissardo.

Liss. (C.) [*Looking on the ring.*] Not at all—I have some thoughts, indeed, of altering my course of living: there is a critical minute in every man's life, which, if he can but lay hold of, he may make his fortune.

Inis. (R. C.) Ha! what do I see? A diamond ring! Where the deuce had he that ring?—You have got a very pretty ring there, Lissardo.

Liss. Ay, the trifle is pretty enough—but the lady who gave it to me is a bona roba in beauty, I assure you.

[*Cocks his hat and struts.*

Inis. I can't bear this—The lady! what lady, pray?

Liss. O fie! there's a question to ask a gentleman!

Inis. A gentleman! why the fellow's spoiled! Is this your love for me? Ungrateful man! you'll break my heart, so you will! [*Bursts into tears.*

Liss. Poor tender-hearted fool!—

Lies. If I knew who gave you that ring, I'd tear her eyes out, so I would! [*Sobs.*

Lies. So, now the jade wants a little coaxing.—Why, what dost weep for now, my dear, ha?

Inis. I suppose Flora gave you that ring: but I'll—

Inis. No, the devil take me if she did: you make me swear now.—So, they are all for the ring, but I shall bob them.—I did but joke; the ring is none of mine, it is my master's; I am to give it to be new set, that's all; therefore, pr'ythee, dry thy eyes, and kiss me: come.

Enter FLORA, L. S. E.

Inis. (R. C.) And do you really speak truth now?

Liss. (R. C.) Why, do you doubt it?

Flora. (L.) So, so; very well! I thought there was an intrigue between him and Inis, for all he has forsworn it so often. [*Aside.*

Inis. Nor ha'n't you seen Flora since you came to town?

Flora. Ha! how dares she name my name? [*Aside.*

Liss. No, by this kiss I ha'n't. [*Kisses her.*

Flora. Here's a dissembling varlet! [*Aside.*

Inis. Nor don't you love her at all?

Liss. Love the devil! Why, did I not always tell thee she was my aversion?

Flora. [*Going cautiously to* C.] Did you so, villain? [*Strikes him a box on the ear.*

Liss. (C.) Zounds, she here! I have made a fine spot of work on't! [*Aside.*

Inis. (L.) What's that for, ha? [*Brushes up to her.*

Flora. (L.) I shall tell you by and by, Mrs. Frippery, if you don't get about your business.

Inis. Who do you call Frippery, Mrs. Trollop?—Pray, get about your business, if you go to that. I hope you pretend to no right and title here!

Liss. [*Walking about conceitedly in the background.*] What the devil! do they take me for an acre of land, that they quarrel about right and title to me?

Flora. (C.) Pray, what right have you, mistress, to ask that question?

Inis. (C.) No matter for that: I can show a better title to him than you, I believe.

Flora. What, has he given thee nine months' earnest for a living title? ha! ha!

Inis. Don't fling your flaunting jests to me, Mrs. Boldface, for I won't take them, I assure you.

Liss. So! now I'm as great as the famed Alexander. But, my dear Statira and Roxana, don't exert yourselves so much about me. Now, I fancy if you would agree lovingly together, [*Gets between them, and takes a hand of each.*] I might, in a modest way, satisfy both your demands upon me.

Flora. (L. C.) You satisfy! No, sirrah, I am not to be satisfied so soon as you think, perhaps!

Inis. (R. C.) No, nor I neither.—What! do you make no difference between us!

Flora. You pitiful fellow, you!—What! do you fancy, I warrant, I gave myself the trouble of dogging you, out of love to your filthy person: but you are mistaken, sirrah!—It was to detect your treachery.—How often have you sworn to me that you hated Inis, and only carried fair for the good cheer she gave you, but that you could never like a woman with crooked legs, you said!

Inis. How, how, sirrah! crooked legs! Odds, I could find in my heart— [*Snatching up her petticoat a little.*

Liss. Here's a lying young jade, now! Pr'ythee, my dear, moderate thy passion. [*Coaxingly.*

Inis. I'd have you to know, sirrah, my legs were never —Your master, I hope, understands legs better than you do, sirrah. [*Passionately.*

Liss. My master!—So, so!

[*Shaking his head and winking.*

Flora. (L.) I am glad I have done some mischief, however.

Liss. [*To Inis,* R.] Art thou really so foolish to mind what an enraged woman says? Don't you see she does it on purpose to part you and I? [*Runs to Flora.* L.] Could not you find the joke without putting yourself in a passion, you silly girl, you? Why, I saw you follow us plain enough, nun, and said all this, that you might not go back with only your labour for your pains. But you are a revengeful young slut, though, I tell you that; but come, kiss and be friends.

Flora. Don't think to coax me: hang your kisses.

Fel. [*Within*, L.] Lissardo!

Liss. Ods-heart, here's my master! The devil take both these jades for me; what shall I do with them?

Inis. Ha! 'tis Don Felix's voice; I would not have him find me here with his footman for the world! [*Aside.*

Fel. [*Within.*] Why, Lissardo! Lissardo!

Liss. Coming, sir.—What a pox will you do?

Flora. Bless me, which way shall I get out?

Liss. Nay, nay, you must e'en set your quarrel aside, and be content to be mewed up in this clothes-press together, or stay where you are, and face it out:—there's no help for it.

Flora. Put me any where rather than that; come, come, let me in. [*He opens the press, and she goes in,* M. D.]

Inis. I'll see her hanged before I'll go into the place where she is.—I'll trust Fortune with my deliverance.—Here used to be a pair of back stairs—I'll try to find them out. [*Exit,* L. S. E

Enter DON FELIX *and* FREDERICK, L.

Fel. Were you asleep, sirrah, that you did not hear me call?

Liss. (R.) I did hear you, and answered you I was coming, sir.

Fel. Go, get the horses ready! I'll leave Lisbon to-night, never to see it more.

Liss. (L.) Hey-day! what's the matter now? [*Exit,* L.

Fred. Pray tell me, Don Felix, what has ruffled your temper thus?

Fel. (R. C.) A woman—Oh, friend! who can name woman, and forget inconstancy!

Fred. (C.) This from a person of mean education were excusable; such low suspicions have their source from vulgar conversation; men of your politer taste never rashly censure. Come, this is some groundless jealousy. Love raises many fears.

Fel. No, no: my ears conveyed the truth into my heart, and reason justifies my anger. Oh, my friend! Violante's false! and I have nothing left but thee in Lisbon, which can make me wish ever to see it more, except revenge upon my rival, of whom I'm ignorant. Oh, that some miracle would reveal him to me, that I might, through his heart, punish her infidelity!

Enter LISSARDO, L.

Liss. (L.) Oh, sir, here's your father, Don Lopez, coming up!

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

Liss. I can't tell, sir—he ask'd for Don Frederick.

Fred. Did he see you?

Liss. No, sir; for as soon as I heard him, I ran to give my master notice.

Fel. Keep out of his sight then. [*Exit Lissardo,* L. S. E.] And, dear Frederick, permit me to retire into the next room; for I know the old gentleman will be very much displeased at my return without his leave.

[*Exit,* R.

Fred. Quick, quick, begone! he is here!

Enter DON LOPEZ, L., *speaking as he enters.*

Lop. Mr. Alguazil, wait you without till I call for you. Frederick, an affair brings me here—which—requires privacy—so that if you have any body within earshot, pray order them to retire.

Fred. (R. C.) We are private, my lord; speak freely.

Lop. (C.) Why, then, sir, I must tell you, that you had better have pitched upon any man in Portugal to have injured than myself.

Fred. I understand you not, my lord.

Lop. Though I am old, I have a son! Alas, why name I him? He knows not the dishonour of my house.

Fred. Explain yourself, my lord—I am not conscious of any dishonourable action to any man, much less to your lordship.

Lop. 'Tis false; you have debauched my daughter.

Fred. My lord, I scorn so foul a charge.

Lop. You have debauched her duty, at least; therefore instantly restore her to me, or by St. Anthony I'll make you.

Fred. Restore her, my lord! where shall I find her?

Lop. I have those that will swear she is here in your house.

Fred. You are misinformed, my lord! Upon my reputation, I have not seen Donna Isabella since the absence of Don Felix.

Lop. Then pray, sir—if I am not too inquisitive, what motive had you for those objections you made against her marriage with Don Gusman yesterday?

Fred. The disagreeableness of such a match, I feared, would give your daughter cause to curse her duty, if she complied with your demands: that was all, my lord.

Lop. And so you helped her through the window, to make her disobey?

Fred. This is insulting me, my lord, when I assure you I have neither seen, nor know any thing of your daughter; if she is gone, the contrivance was her own, and you may thank your rigour for it.

Lop. Very well, sir; however, my rigour shall make bold to search your house. Here, call in the alguazil.

Flora. [*Peeping*, M. D.] The alguazil! What in the name of wonder will become of me?

Fred. (R.) The alguazil! My lord, you'll repent this.

Enter ALGUAZIL *and two* OFFICERS, L.

Lop. No, sir, 'tis you that will repent it. I charge you, in the king's name, to assist me in finding my daughter. Be sure you leave no part of the house unsearched. Come, follow me.

[*Gets towards the door, where Felix is—Frederick draws and plants himself before the door.*

Fred. Sir, I must first know by what authority you pretend to search my house, before you enter here.

Alg. How, sir! dare you presume to draw your sword upon the representative of majesty? I am, sir, I am his majesty's alguazil, and the very quintessence of authority; therefore, put your sword up, or I shall order you to be knocked down; for know, sir, the breath of an alguazil is as dangerous as the breath of a demi-culverin.

Lop. She is certainly in that room, by his guarding the door—if he disputes your authority, knock him down, I say.

Fred. The woman you look for is not here; but there is something in this room, which I'll preserve from your sight, at the hazard of my life.

Lop. Enter, I say; nothing but my daughter can be there. Force his sword from him.

[*Felix comes out, and joins Frederick*, R.

Fel. (R.) Villains, stand off! assassinate a man in his own house!

Lop. Oh, oh, oh, misericordia! what do I see? my son!

Alg. (L.) Ha, his son! Here's five hundred pistoles good, my brethren, if Antonio dies; and that's in the surgeon's power, and he's in love with my daughter, you know; so seize upon him.

Lop. Hold, hold! Oh that I ever was born!

Fred. Did I not tell you, you would repent, my lord? What, hoa! within there!

Enter SERVANTS, R.

Arm yourselves, and let not a man in or out, but Felix.

Fel. Generous Frederick?

Fred. Look ye, alguazil, when you would betray my friend, for filthy lucre, I shall no more regard you as an officer of justice, but, as a thief and robber, thus resist you.

Fel. Come on, sir, we'll show you play for the five hundred pistoles. [*They fight.*

Lop. [*Interposing.*] Hold, hold, Alguazil; I'll give you the five hundred pistoles—that is, my bond to pay upon Antonio's death, and twenty pistoles, however things go, for you and these honest fellows to drink my health.

Alg. Say you so, my lord? Why, look ye, my lord, I bear the young gentleman no ill-will, my lord. If I get but the five hundred pistoles, my lord—why, look ye, my lord, 'tis the same thing to me whether your son be hanged or not, my lord.

Fel. Scoundrels!—

Lop. Ay, well, thou art a good-natured fellow, that's the truth on't.—Come, then, we'll away, and sign and seal this minute. Oh, Felix! why wouldst thou serve me thus? But I cannot upbraid thee now, nor have I time to talk. Be careful of thyself, or thou wilt break my heart. [*Exeunt Lopez, Alguazil, and Attendants,* L.

Fel. (L. C.) Now, Frederick, though I ought to thank you for your care of me, yet, till I am satisfied as to my father's accusation (for I overheard it all), I cannot return the acknowledgments I owe you. Know you aught relating to my sister?

Fred. (C.) I hope my faith and truth are known to you; and here by both I swear, I am ignorant of every thing relating to your father's charge.

Fel. Enough, I do believe thee. (C.) Oh, fortune! where will thy malice end?

Enter VASQUEZ, L.

Vasq. (L.) Sir, I bring you joyful news.

Fel. What's the matter?

Vasq. I am told that Don Antonio is out of danger, and now in the palace.

Fel. I wish it be true; then I'm at liberty to watch my rival, and pursue my sister. Pr'ythee, Frederick, inform thyself of the truth of this report.

Fred. I will, this minute. Do you hear? let nobody in to Don Felix till my return. [*Exit*, L.

Vasq. I'll observe, sir.

Flora. [*Peeping*, M. D.] They have almost frighted me out of my wits, I'm sure—Now Felix is alone, I have a good mind to pretend I came with a message from my lady; but how, then, shall I say I came into the cupboard?

Vasq. [*Within.*] I tell you, madam, Don Felix is not here.

Vio. [*Within.*] I tell you, sir, he is here, and I will see him.

Fel. (R.) What noise is that?

Flora. [*From the Closet.*] My stars! my lady here! [*Shuts the Press close,*

Enter VIOLANTE, L.

Vio. You are as difficult of access, sir, as a first minister of state.

Fel. If your visit was designed for Frederick, madam, he is abroad.

Vio. (L, C.) No, sir, the visit is to you.

Fel. You are very punctual in your ceremonies, madam.

Vio. (R. C.) Though I did not come to return your visit, but to take that which your civility ought to have brought me.

Fel. If my eyes, my ears, and my understanding lied, then I am in your debt; else not, madam.

Vio. I will not charge them with a term so gross to say they lied; but call it a mistake—nay, call it any thing to excuse my Felix. Could I, think ye—could I put off my pride so far, poorly to dissemble a passion which I did not feel, or seek a reconciliation with what I did not love? And no law, whilst single, binds us to obey; (C.) but your sex are, by nature and education, obliged to pay a deference to all womankind.

Fel. These are fruitless arguments. 'Tis most certain thou wert dearer to these eyes than all that Heaven e'er gave to charm the sense of man; but I would rather tear them out, than suffer them to delude my reason and enslave my peace. [*Walks about.*

Vio. Can you love without esteem? and where is the esteem for her you still suspect?—O, Felix! there is a delicacy in love which equals even a religious faith! True love never doubts the object it adores, and sceptics there will disbelieve their sight.

Fel. Your notions are too refined for mine, madam.

Enter VASQUEZ.

How now, sirrah! what do you want?

Vasq. Only my master's cloak out of this press, sir, that's all.

Fel. Make haste, then.

Vasq. [*Opens the Press,* (M. D.) *sees Flora, and roars out.*] Oh, the devil! the devil! [*Exit,* L.

Flora. Discovered! nay, then, legs befriend me. [*Runs out.*

Vio. Ah! a woman concealed! very well, Felix.

Fel. A woman in the press!

Enter LISSARDO, L. S. E.

Liss. (L.) Sir, the horses are——

Fel. (C.) How the devil came a woman there, sirrah?

Liss. What shall I say now?

Vio. (C.) Now, Lissardo, show your wit to bring your master off.

Liss. Off, madam? Nay, nay, nay, there—there needs no great wit to—to—*to* bring him off, madam: for she did come—

Fel. She did come!

Liss. That is, she did not come, as—as—as—a—a—a man may say directly to—to—to—to speak with my master, madam.

Vio. I see by your stammering, Lissardo, that your invention is at a very low ebb.

Fel. 'Sdeath, rascal! speak without hesitation, and the truth too, or I shall stick my spade in your guts.

Vio. No, no, your master mistakes; he would not have you speak the truth.

Fel. Madam, my sincerity wants no excuse.

Liss. [*Retiring up the Stage.*] I am so confounded between one and the other, that I cannot think of a lie.

Fel. Sirrah, fetch me this woman back instantly—I'll know what business she has here.

Vio. Not a step; your master shall not be put to the blush. Come, a truce, Felix; do you ask me no more questions about the window, and I'll forgive this.

Fel. Madam, I scorn forgiveness, where I own no crime; but your soul, conscious of its guilt, would fain lay hold of this occasion to blend your treason with my innocence.

Vio. Insolent! Nay, if instead of owning your fault, you endeavour to insult my patience, I must tell you, sir, you don't behave yourself like that man of honour you would be taken for—you ground your quarrel with me upon your own inconstancy; 'tis plain you are false yourself, and would make me the agressor.—It was not for nothing the fellow opposed my entrance; this last usage has given me back my liberty, and now my father's will shall be obeyed without the least reluctance; [*With a stern formality*] and so your servant.

[*Exit*, L.

Fel. Oh, stubborn, stubborn heart! what wilt thou do?—Her father's will shall be obeyed!—Ha! that carries her to a cloister, and cuts off all my hopes at once!—By Heaven she shall not, must not leave me!—No, she is not false.—Ha, villain! art thou here? [*To Lissardo, who is going*, L.] Tell me this moment who this woman was, and for what intent she was here concealed, or——

Liss. [*Turns back.*] Ah, good sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole truth. [*Falls on his knees.*

Fel. Out with it, then.

Liss. It—it—it was Flora, sir, Donna Violante's woman. You must know, sir, we have had a sneaking kindness for one another a great while; she was not willing you should know it; so, when she heard your voice, she ran into the clothes-press. I would have told you this at first, but I was afraid of her lady's knowing it. This is the whole truth, as I hope for a whole skin, sir.

Fel. If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole bone in it, sirrah.—Fly, [*Liss. rises.*] and observe if Violante goes directly home.

Liss. Yes, sir, yes.

Fel. Fly, you dog, fly. [*Exit Lissardo*, L.] I must

convince her of my faith. Oh, how irresolute is a lover's heart!—how absolute a woman's power!

In vain we strive their tyranny to quit,
In vain we struggle, for we must submit. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*The Terriero de Passa.*

Enter COLONEL BRITON, *and* ISABELLA *veiled.*—GIBBY *at a distance*, R.

Col. B. (R.) Then you say it is impossible for me to wait on you at home, madam?

Isab. (R.) I say it is inconsistent with my circumstances, Colonel—and that way impossible for me to admit of it.

Col. B. Consent to go with me, then—I lodge at one Don Frederick's, a merchant, just by here; he is a very honest fellow, and I dare confide in his secrecy.

Isab. Ha! does he lodge there?—'Pray Heaven I am not discovered! [*Aside.*

Col. B. What say you, my charmer?—shall we breakfast together?—I have some of the best tea in the universe.

Isab. Puh! Tea! Is that the best treat you can give a lady at your lodgings, colonel?

Col. B. Well hinted—No, no, no, I have other things at thy service, child.

Isab. What are those things, pray?

Col. B. (R. C.) My heart, soul, and body, into the bargain.

Isab. (R. C.) Has the last no incumbrance upon it? Can you make a clear title, colonel?

Col. B. All freehold, child, and I'll afford thee a very good bargain. [*Embraces her.*

Gibby. O' my saul, they mak muckle words about it—Ise sare weary with standing, Ise e'en tak a sleep. [*Lies down to sleep.*

Isab. If I take a lease, it must be for life, colonel.

Col. B. Thou shalt have me as long, or as little time as thou wilt, my dear. Come, let's to my lodgings, and we'll sign and seal this minute.

Isab. Oh, not so fast, colonel; there are many things to be adjusted before the lawyer and the parson come.

Col. B. The lawyer and parson!—No, no, you little

rogue, we can finish our affairs without the help of the law—or the gospel.

Isab. Indeed but we can't, colonel.

Col. B. Indeed!—Why, hast thou then trepanned me out of my warm bed this morning for nothing? Why, this is showing a man, half famished, a well-furnished larder, then clapping a padlock on the door, till you starve him quite.

Isab. If you can find in your heart to say grace, colonel, you shall keep the key.

Col. B. I love to see my meat before I give thanks, madam; therefore, uncover thy face, child, and I'll tell thee more of my mind—if I like you.

Isab. I dare not risk my reputation upon your ifs, colonel, and so adieu. [*Going.*

Col. B. Nay, nay, nay, we must not part.

Isab. As you ever hope to see me more, suspend your curiosity now: one step farther loses me for ever. Show yourself a man of honour, and you shall find me a woman of honour. [*Exit*, L.

Col. B. Well, for once I'll trust to a blind bargain, madam—[*Kisses her hand, and parts.*] But I shall be too cunning for your ladyship, if Gibby observes my orders. Ha! what do I see? my rascal asleep! Sirrah, did not I charge you to watch the lady? And is it thus you observe my orders, ye dog?

[*Kicks him, he shrugs, rubs his eyes, and yawns.*

Gibby. [*Rising.*] That's true, an like your honour: but I thought, that when ance ye had her in yer ane hands, ye might a' ordered her yersel weel enough withot me, en ye ken, en like yer honour.

Col. B. Sirrah, hold your impertinent tongue, and make haste after her. If you don't bring me some account of her, never dare to see my face again. [*Exit*, R.

Gibby. (C.) Ay, this is bonny wark, indeed! to run three hundred mile to this wicked town, and before I can weel fill my weam, to be sent a whore-hunting after this black she devil.—What gate sall I gang to speer for this watch now? Ah, for a ruling elder—or the kirk-treasurer—or his mon—I'd gar my master mak twa o' this: but I am sure there's no sic honest folk here, or there wud na be sa mickle sculduddrie.

[*Violante crosses the stage—Gibby goes up to Violante.*

Gibby. I vow, madam, but I am glad that ye and I are foregathered.

Vio. (C.) What would the fellow have?

Gibby. Nothing.—Away, madam! wo worthy yer heart, what a muckle deal o' mischief had you like to bring upon poor Gibby.

Vio. The man's drunk.

Gibby. In troth I am not—And gin I had na found ye, madam, the Lord knows when I should; for my maister bade me ne'er gang hame without tidings of ye, madam.

Vio. Sirrah, get about your business, or I'll have your bones drubbed!

Gibby. Gude faith, my meister has e'en done that t'yer honds, madam.

Vio. Who is your master, sir?

Gibby. Mony a ane speers the gate hey ken right weel—it is na sa lang sen ye parted wi' him. I wish he ken ye half as weel as ye ken him.

Vio. Puh! the creature's mad, or mistakes me for somebody else; and I should be as mad as he to talk to him any longer. [*Exit*, L.

Enter LISSARDO, R. U. E.

Liss. (C.) So, she's gone home, I see—What did that Scots fellow want with her? I'll try to find it out—perhaps I may discover something that may make my master friends with me again.

Gibby. Are ye gone, madam? a deel scope in yer company, for I'm as wise as I was. But I'll bide an see wha's house it is, gin I can meet with ony civil body to speer at. My lad, wot ye wha lives here?

[*Turns and sees Lissardo.*

Liss. Don Pedro de Mendosa.

Gibby. And did you see a lady gang in but now?

Liss. Yes, I did.

Gibby. And d'ye ken her tee?

Liss. It was Donna Violante, his daughter. What the devil makes him so inquisitive? Here is something in it, that is certain. [*Aside.*] 'Tis a cold morning, brother, what think you of a dram?

Gibby. In troth, very weel, sir.

Liss. You seem an honest fellow; pr'ythee, let's drink to out better acquaintance.

Gibby. Wi' all my heart, sir; gang your gate to the next house, and Ise follow ye.

Liss. Come along, then. [*Exit*, L.

Gibby. Don Pedro de Mendoza! Donna Violante his daughter! that's as right as my leg, now—Ise need na mair—I'll tak a drink, and then to my maister.

Ise bring him news will mak his heart full blee;
Gin he rewards it not, deel pimp for me. [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Donna Violante's Lodgings.*

Enter DONNA ISABELLA, R., *in a gay temper, and* DONNA VIOLANTE, L., *out of humour.*

Isab. (C.) My dear, I have been wishing for you this half hour, to tell you the most lucky adventure!

Vio. (L. C.) And you have pitched upon the most unlucky hour for it that you could possibly have found in the whole four-and-twenty.

Isab. Hang unlucky hours! I won't think of them—I hope all my misfortunes are past.

Vio. And mine all to come.

Isab. I have seen the man I like.

Vio. And I have seen the man that I could wish to hate.

Isab. And you must assist me in discovering whether he can like me or not.

Vio. You have assisted me in such a discovery already, I thank ye.

Isab. What say you, my dear?

Vio. I say I am very unlucky at discoveries, Isabella: I have too lately made one pernicious to my ease—your brother is false.

Isab. Impossible!

Vio. Most true!

Isab. Some villain has traduced him to you.

Vio. No, Isabella, I loved too well to trust the eyes of others; I never credit the ill-judging world, or form suspicions upon vulgar censures—no, I had ocular proof of his ingratitude.

Isab. Then I am most unhappy—My brother was the only pledge of faith betwixt us; if he has forfeited your favour, I have no title to your friendship.

Vio. You wrong my friendship, Isabella: your own merit entitles you to every thing within my power.

Isab. Generous maid!—But may I not know what grounds you have to think my brother false?

Vio. Another time.—But tell me, Isabella, how can I serve you?

Isab. Thus, then—The gentleman that brought me hither I have seen and talked with upon the Terriero de Passa this morning, and I find him a man of sense, generosity, and good humour; in short, he is every thing that I could like for a husband, and I have dispatched Mrs. Flora to bring him hither: I hope you'll forgive the liberty I have taken.

Vio. Hither! to what purpose?

Isab. To the great universal purpose, matrimony.

Vio. Matrimony! why, do you design to ask him?

Isab. No, Violante, you must do that for me.

Vio. I thank you for the favour you design me, but desire to be excused—I manage my own affairs too ill to be trusted with those of other people. I can't for my life admire your conduct, to encourage a person altogether unknown to you: 'twas very imprudent to meet him this morning, but much more so to send for him hither, knowing what inconveniency you have already drawn upon me.

Isab. I am not insensible how far my misfortunes have embarrassed you; and, if you please, will sacrifice my quiet to your own.

Vio. Unkindly urged!—Have I not preferred your happiness to every thing that's dear to me?

Isab. I know thou hast—then do not deny me this last request, when a few hours, perhaps, may render my condition able to clear thy fame, and bring my brother to thy feet for pardon.

Vio. I wish you don't repent of this intrigue. I suppose he knows you are the same woman that he brought in last night?

Isab. Not a syllable of that; I met him veiled, and, to prevent his knowing the house, I ordered Mrs. Flora to bring him in by the back door into the garden.

Vio. The very way which Felix comes: if they should meet, there would be fine work!—Indeed, my dear, I can't approve of your design.

Enter FLORA, L.

Flora. (L.) Madam, the Colonel waits your pleasure.

Vio. (C.) How durst you go upon such a message, mistress, without acquainting me?

Flora. So I am to be huffed for every thing.

Isab. (C.) 'Tis too late to dispute that now, dear Violante; I acknowledge the rashness of the action; but consider the necessity of my deliverance.

Vio. That, indeed, is a weighty consideration: well, what am I to do?

Isab. In the next room I'll give you instructions; in the meantime, Mrs. Flora, show the Colonel into this.

[*Exit Flora*, L., *and Isabella and Violante*, R.

Re-enter FLORA, *with* COLONEL BRITON, L.

Flora. (L.) The lady will wait on you presently, sir. [*Exit*, L.

Col. B. Very well—this is a very fruitful soil—I have not been here quite four-and-twenty hours, and I have three intrigues upon my hands already; but I hate the chase without partaking of the game——

Enter VIOLANTE, *veiled*, R.

Ha! a fine-sized woman—'Pray heaven she proves handsome!—(R.) I am come to obey your ladyship's commands.

Vio. (R.) Are you sure of that, Colonel?

Col. B. If you be not very unreasonable, indeed, madam.—A man is but a man.[*Takes her hand and kisses it.*

Vio. Nay, we have no time for compliments, Colonel.

Col. B. (R. C.) I understand you, madam—Montrez moi votre chambre. [*Takes her in his arms.*

Vio. (R. C.) Nay, nay, hold, Colonel; my bed-chamber is not to be entered without a certain purchase.

Col. B. Purchase—humph, this is some kept mistress, I suppose, who industriously lets out her leisure hours. [*Aside.*]—Look ye, madam, you must consider, we soldiers are not overstocked with money, but we make ample satisfaction in love; we have a world of courage upon our hands now, you know—then, pr'ythee use a conscience, and I'll try if my pocket can come up to your price.

Vio. Nay, don't give yourself the trouble of drawing your purse, Colonel; my design is levelled at your person, if that be at your own disposal.

Col. B. Ay, that it is, 'faith, madam; and I'll settle it as firmly upon thee——

Vio. As law can do it.

Col. B Hang law in love affairs; thou shalt have right and title to it out of pure inclination.—A matrimonial hint again. [*Aside.*

Vio. Then you have an aversion to matrimony, Colonel? Did you never see a woman in all your travels that you could like for a wife?

Col. B. A very odd question—Do you really expect that I should speak truth now?

Vio. I do, if you expect to be dealt with, Colonel.

Col. B. Why, then—yes.

Vio. Is she in your country, or this?

Col. B. This is a very pretty kind of a catechism!—In this town, I believe, madam.

Vio. Her name is——

Col. B. Ay, how is she called, madam?

Vio. Nay, I ask you that, sir?

Col. B. Oh, oh! why she is called——Pray, madam, how is it you spell your name?

Vio. Oh, Colonel, I am not the happy woman, nor do I wish it.

Col. B. No? I am sorry for that.—What the devil does she mean by all these questions? [*Aside.*

Vio. Come, Colonel, for once be sincere; perhaps you may not repent it.

Col. B. This is like to be but a silly adventure—here's so much sincerity required. [*Aside.*]—'Faith, madam, I have an inclination to sincerity, but I'm afraid you'll call my manners in question.

Vio. Not at all; I prefer truth before compliment in this affair.

Col. B. Why, then, to be plain with you, madam, a lady last night wounded my heart by a fall from a window, whose person I could be content to take, as my father took my mother, till death do us part. But who she is, or how distinguished, whether maid, wife, or widow, I can't inform you—perhaps you are she?

Vio. Not to keep you in suspense, I am not she; but I can give you an account of her. That lady is a maid of condition—has ten thousand pounds—and, if you are a single man, her person and fortune are at your service.

Col. B. I accept the offer with the highest transports: but say, my charming angel, art thou not she?

[*Offers to embrace her.*

Vio. Once, again, Colonel, I tell you I am not she—

but at six this evening you shall find her on the Terriero de Passa, with a white handkerchief in her hand—Get a priest ready, and you know the rest.

Col. B. I shall infallibly observe your directions, madam.

Enter FLORA, R. *hastily, and whispers* VIOLANTE, *who starts, and seems surprised.*

Vio. (R.) Ah! Felix crossing, say you? What shall I do now?

Col. B. (L.) You seem surprised, madam.

Vio. Oh, Colonel, my father is coming hither, and if he finds you here I am ruined.

Col. B. (R.) Odslife, madam, thrust me any where! Can't I go out this way?

Vio. No, no, no,—he comes that way.—How shall I prevent their meeting?—Here, here, step into my bed-chamber.

Col. B. Oh, the best place in the world, madam.

Vio. And be still, as you value her you love.—Don't stir till you've notice, as ever you hope to have her in your arms.

Col. B. On that condition I'll not breathe.

[*Exit Colonel*, R. D.

Enter DON FELIX, L.—FLORA *waiting in background.*

Fel. I wonder where this dog of a servant is all this while.—But she is at home, I find.—How coldly she regards me!—You look, Violante, as if the sight of me were troublesome to you.

Vio. (R.) Can I do otherwise, when you have the assurance to approach me, after what I saw to-day?

Fel. (C.) Asaurance! rather call it good-nature, after what I heard last night. But such regard to honour have I, in my love to you, I cannot bear to be suspected, nor suffer you to entertain false notions of my truth, without endeavouring to convince you of my innocence; so much good-nature have I more than you, Violante. Pray give me leave to ask your woman one question—my man assures me she was the person you saw at my lodgings.

Flora. I confess it, madam, and ask your pardon.

Vio. Impudent baggage!—not to undeceive me sooner! what business could you have there?

Fel. Lissardo and she, it seems, imitate you and me.

Flora. I love to follow the example of my betters, madam.

Fel. I hope I am justified.

Vio. Since we are to part, Felix, there needs no justification.

Fel. Methinks you talk of parting as a thing indifferent to you. [*Lays his hand on her arm.*] Can you forget how I have loved?

Vio. I wish I could forget my own passion: I should, with less concern, remember yours. But for Mrs. Flora——

Fel. You must forgive her.—Must, did I say? I fear I have no power to impose, though the injury was done to me.

Vio. 'Tis harder to pardon an injury done to what we love than to ourselves; but, at your request, Felix, I do forgive her. Go, watch my father, Flora, [*Flora comes forward on* R.] lest he should awake, and surprise us.

Flora. (R.) Yes, madam. [*Exit,* R.

Fel. Dost thou, then, love me, Violante?

Vio. What need of repetition from my tongue, when every look confesses what you ask?

Fel. (C.) Oh, let no man judge of love but those who feel it! what wondrous magic lies in one kind look!—One tender word destroys a lover's rage, and melts his fiercest passion into soft complaint. Oh, the window, Violante! wouldst thou but clear that one suspicion!—

Vio. Pr'ythee, no more of that, my Felix! a little time shall bring thee perfect satisfaction.

Fel. Well, Violante, on condition you think no more of a monastery, I'll wait with patience for this mighty secret.

Vio. Ah, Felix, love generally gets the better of religion in us women. [*He kisses her hand.*

Enter FLORA, R. *hastily.*

Flora. (R.) Oh, madam, madam, madam! my lord, your father, has been in the garden, and locked the back-door, and comes muttering this way into the house.

Vio. (C.) Then we are caught.—Now, Felix, we are undone.

Fel. Heavens forbid! This is most unlucky—I may conceal myself.

[*Runs to the* R. D., *and pushes it open a little.*

Vio. If he goes in, he'll find the Colonel! [*Aside,*]—

No, no, Felix, that's no safe place [*Running to him*]—my father often goes thither——

Fel. (R.) Either my eye deceived me, or I saw a man within—I'll watch him close.

Flora. (L.) Oh, invention, invention!—I have it, madam—Here, I'll fetch you a disguise. [*Exit*, L.

Fel. (R.) She shall deal with the devil, if she conveys him out without my knowledge.

Enter FLORA, R. *with a Riding-Hood.*

Flora. Here, sir, put on this.

Fel. Ay, ay, any thing to avoid Don Pedro.

[*They dress him in the habit of an old woman.*

Vio. Oh, quick, quick! I shall die with apprehension.

Flora. Be sure you don't speak a word.

Fel. Not for the Indies. But I shall observe you closer than you imagine. [*Aside.*

Ped. [*Within*, L.] Violante, where are you, child?

Enter DON PEDRO, L.

Why, how came the garden-door open?—Ha! how now? who have we here?

Flora. 'Tis my mother, an't please you, sir.

[*She and Felix both courtesy.*

Ped. (L. C.) Your mother! by St. Andrew, she's a strapper! why, you are a dwarf to her.—How many children have you, good woman?

Flora. Oh, dear signoir, she cannot hear you! she has been deaf these twenty years.

Ped. (C.) Alas, poor woman!—Why, you muffle her up as if she was blind too. 'Turn up her hood.

Vio. St. Antony forbid! Oh, sir, she has the dreadfullest unlucky eyes—Pray don't look upon them; made her keep her hood shut on purpose.—Oh! oh! oh! oh!

Ped. Eyes!—Why, what's the matter with her eyes?

Flora. My poor mother, sir, is much afflicted with the cholic; and, about two months ago, she had it greivously in her stomach, and was over-persuaded to take a dram of filthy English geneva, which immediately flew up into her head, and caused such a defluxion in her eyes, that she could never since bear the daylight.

Ped. Say you so?—Poor woman!—Well, make her sit down, Violante, and give her a glass of wine.

Vio. Let her daughter give her a glass below, sir.—For my part, she has frighted me so I sha'nt be myself these two hours—I am sure her eyes are evil eyes.

Ped. Well, well, do so.—Evil eyes! there are no evil eyes, child.

Flora. Come along, mother. [*Speaks aloud.*

Ped. Take care how you go down.

[*Felix and Flora cross, and exeunt,* L.

Vio. I'm glad he's gone. [*Aside.*

Ped. Hast thou heard the news, Violante?

Vio. What news, sir?

Ped. Why, Vasquez tells me that Don Lopez's daughter, Isabella, is run away from her father: that lord has very ill fortune with his children.—Well, I'm glad my daughter has no inclination to mankind, that my house is plagued with no suitors. [*Aside.*

Vio. This is the first word ever I heard of it:—I pity her frailty——

Ped. Well said, Violante.—Next week I intend thy happiness shall begin.

Enter FLORA, L.

Vio. (R.) I don't intend to stay so long, thank you, papa. [*Aside.*

Ped. (R. C.) My Lady Abbess writes word she longs to see thee, and has provided everything in order for thy reception.—Thou wilt lead a happy life, my girl—fifty times before that of matrimony—where an extravagant coxcomb might make a beggar of thee, or an ill-natured surly dog break thy heart.

Flora. (L. C.) Break her heart! she had as good have her bones broke as to be a nun! I am sure, I had rather of the two. You are wondrous kind, sir: but if I had such a father, I know what *I* would do.

Ped. Why, what would you do, minx, ha?

Flora. I would tell him I had as good a right and title to the law of nature, and the end of the creation, as he had.

Ped. (C.) You would, mistress; who the devil doubts it?—A good assurance is a chambermaid's coat of arms, and lying and contriving the supporters.—Your inclinations are on tiptoe, it seems.—If I were your father, housewife, I'd have a penance enjoined you so strict that you should not be able to turn you in your bed for

a month.—You are enough to spoil your lady, housewife, if she had not abundance of devotion.

Vio. Fie, Flora! are you not ashamed to talk thus to my father?—You said yesterday you would be glad to go with me into the monastery.

Flora. (L.) Did I? I told a great lie, then.

Ped. She go with thee! no, no, she's enough to debauch the whole convent.—Well, child, remember what I said to thee; next week——

Vio. Ay, and what I am to do this, too. [*Aside.*]—I am all obedient, sir; I care not how soon I change my condition.

Flora. [*In the background.*] But little does he know what change she means. [*Aside.*

Ped. Well, child, I am going into the country for two or three days, to settle some affairs with thy uncle, and when I return, we'll proceed for thy happiness, child.—Good b'ye, Violante; take care of thyself.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Violante,* L.

Flora. So, now for the colonel.—Hist, hist, Colonel.

Enter COLONEL BRITON, R. D.

Col. B. (R.) Is the coast clear?

Flora. (C.) Yes, if you can climb; for you must get over the wash-house, and jump from the garden-wall, into the street.

Col. B. Nay, nay, I don't value my neck, if my incognita answers but thy lady's promise.

[*Exeunt Colonel Briton and Flora,* M. D.

Enter DON FELIX, L. S. E.

Fel. (C.) I have lain perdue under the stairs till I watched the old man out. [*Violante opens the door.*] 'Sdeath! I am prevented. [*Felix retires,* L. S. E.

Enter DONNA VIOLANTE, L. S. E.

Vio. Now to set my prisoner at liberty. [*Goes to the door where the colonel was hid.*] Sir! sir! you may appear.

Enter DON FELIX, *following her.*

Fel. [*Seizes her hand.*] May be so, madam? I had cause for my suspicion, I find. Treacherous woman!

Vio. Ha! Felix here! Nay, then, all is discovered!

Fel. [R. *draws.*] Villain, whoever thou art, come forth,

I charge thee, and take the reward of thy adulterous errand.

Vio. What shall I say?

Fel. A coward! Nay, then, I'll fetch you out; think not to hide thyself; no, by St. Antony, an altar should not protect thee. [*Exit*, R. D.

Vio. (C.) What shall I do? I must discover Isabella, or here will be murder.

Enter FLORA, M. D.

Flora. I have helped the colonel off clear, madam.

Vio. Sayst thou so, my girl? Then I am armed.

Re-enter DON FELIX.

Fel. (R.) Where has the devil, in compliance to your sex, conveyed him from my resentment?

Vio. Him! whom do you mean, my dear inquisitive spark? [*She sits.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha! you will never leave these jealous whims.

Fel. (R. C.) Will you never cease to impose upon me?

Vio. (C.) You impose upon yourself, my dear. Do you think I did not see you? Yes, I did, and resolved to put this trick upon you.

Fel. Trick!

Vio. Yes, trick. I knew you'd take the hint, and soon relapse into your wonted error. How easily your jealousy is fired! I shall have a blessed life with you! [*Rises.*

Fel. Was there nothing in it, then, but only to try me?

Vio. Won't you believe your eyes?

Fel. (L.) My eyes! No, nor my ears, nor any of my senses; for they have all deceived me. Well, I am convinced that faith is as necessary in love as in religion; for the moment a man lets a woman know her conquest, he resigns his senses, and sees nothing but what she'd have him.

Vio. And as soon as that man finds his love returned, she becomes as arrant a slave as if she had already said after the priest?

Fel. (*Takes her hand.*) The priest, Violante, would dissipate those fears which cause these quarrels. When wilt thou make me happy.

Vio. To-morrow I will tell thee: my father is gone for two or three days to my uncle's; we have time

enough to finish our affairs—But, pr'ythee, leave me now, lest some accident should bring my father.

Fel. To-morrow, then——
Fly swift, ye hours, and bring to-morrow on!
But must I leave you now, my Violante?

Vio. You must, my Felix. We soon shall meet to part no more!

Fel. Oh, rapturous sounds! charming woman!
Thy words and looks have fill'd my heart
With joy, and left no room for jealousy.
Do thou, like me, each doubt and fear remove,
And all to come be confidence and love.

[*Exeunt Vio.* R., *Fel.* L.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Frederick's House.*

Enter DON FELIX *and* FREDERICK, R.

Fel. (R.) This hour has been propitious: I am reconciled to Violante, and you assure me Antonio is out of danger.

Fred. (R.) Your satisfaction is doubly mine.

Enter LISSARDO, L.

Fel. (C.) What haste you made, sirrah, to bring me word if Violante went home!

Liss. (L. C.) I can give you very good reasons for my stay, sir.—Yes, sir, she went home.

Fred. (R. C.) Oh, your master knows that, for he has been there himself, Lissardo.

Liss. Sir, may I beg the favour of your ear?

Fel. What have you to say?

[*Retire, whisper, and Felix seems uneasy.*

Fred. (L.) Ha! Felix changes colour at Lissardo's news! What can it be?

Fel. (*Background.*) A Scots footman, that belongs to Colonel Briton, an acquaintance of Frederick's, say you? The devil! If she be false, by Heaven I'll trace her.—Pr'ythee, [*comes forward*] Frederick, do you know one Colonel Briton, a Scotsman?

[*Exit Lissardo,* L. S. E.

Fred. (R. C.) Yes: why do you ask me?

Fel. (C.) Nay, no great matter; but my man tells me that he has had some little differences with a servant of his, that's all.

Fred. He is a good, harmless, innocent fellow; I am sorry for it. The colonel lodges in my house; I knew him formerly in England, and met him here by accident last night, and gave him an invitation home. He is a gentleman of good estate, besides his commission; of excellent principles, and strict honour, I assure you.

Fel. Is he a man of intrigue?

Fred. Like other men, I suppose. Here he comes.

Enter COLONEL BRITON, L.

Colonel, I began to think I had lost you.

Col. B. *(Crossing to Fred.)* And not without some reason, if you knew all.

Fel. *(Retiring to background.)* There's no danger of a fine gentleman's being lost in this town, sir.

Col. B. (R. C.) That compliment don't belong to me, sir; but, I assure you, I have been very near being run away with.

Fred. (R.) Who attempted it?

Col. B. 'Faith, I know not—only that she is a charming woman; I mean, as much as I saw of her.

Fel. *(Coming forward.)* My heart swells with apprehension—some accidental rencounter.

Fred. A tavern, I suppose, adjusted the matter.

Col. B. A tavern! no, no, sir; she is above that rank, I assure you: this nymph sleeps in a velvet bed, and lodgings every way agreeable.

Fel. (L. C.) Ha! a velvet bed! I thought you said but now, sir, you knew her not.

Col. B. No more I do, sir.

Fel. How came you then so well acquainted with her bed?

Fred. Ay, ay; come, come, unfold.

Col. B. Why, then, you must know, gentlemen, that I was conveyed to her lodgings by one of Cupid's emissaries, called a chambermaid, in a chair, through fifty blind allies, who, by the help of a key, let me into a garden.

Fel. (L.) A garden! this must be Violante's garden. *[Aside.*

Col. B. From thence she conducted me into a spacious

room, then dropped me a courtesy, told me her lady would wait on me presently; so, without unveiling, modestly withdrew.

Fel. (L.) Damn her modesty! this was Flora. [*Aside.*

Fred. Well, how then, colonel?

Col. B. (C.) Then, sir, immediately, from another door, issued forth a lady, armed at both eyes, from whence such showers of darts fell round me, that, had I not been covered with the shield of another beauty, I had infallibly fallen a martyr to her charms; for, you must know, I just saw her eyes—Eyes, did I say? no, no, hold; I saw but one eye, though I suppose it had a fellow equally killing.

Fel. (L. C.) But how came you to see her bed, sir 'Sdeath! this expectation gives a thousand racks. [*Aside.*

Col. B. Why, upon her maid's giving notice her father was coming, she thrust me into the bed-chamber.

Fel. (C.) Upon her father's coming!

Col. B. Ay, so she said; but, putting my ear to the key-hole of the door, I found it was another lover.

Fel. Confound the jilt! 'twas she without dispute! [*Aside.*

Fred. Ah, poor colonel! ha! ha! ha!

Col. B. I discovered they had had a quarrel; but whether they were reconciled or not I can't tell, for the second alarm brought the father in good earnest, and had like to have made the gentleman and me acquainted, but she found some other stratagem to convey him out.

Fel. (L.) Contagion seize her, and make her body ugly as her soul! There is nothing left to doubt of now —'Tis plain 'twas she. [*Fred. and Col. laughing on* R.] Sure he knows me, and takes this method to insult me. 'Sdeath! I cannot bear it. [*Aside.*

Fred. (R.) So, when she had despatched her old lover, she paid you a visit in her bed-chamber—ha, colonel?

Col. B. (R.) No, pox take the impertinent puppy! he spoiled my diversion; and I saw her no more.

Fel. Very fine! Give me patience, Heaven, or I shall burst with rage. [*Aside.*

Fred. That was hard.

Col. B. Nay, what was worse—But, sir, dear sir, do hearken to this: [*Goes to Felix, who returns with him to* C.] The nymph that introduced me, conveyed me out again, over the top of a high wall, where I ran the

danger of having my neck broke, for the father, it seems, had locked the door by which I entered.

Fel. [*Turning away.*] That way I missed him—Damn her invention! [*Aside.*] Pray, colonel—Ha! ha! ha! it's very pleasant, ha, ha! Was this the same lady you met upon the Terriero de Passa this morning.

Col. B. (C.) 'Faith, I can't tell, sir; I had a design to know who that lady was, but my dog of a footman, whom I had ordered to watch her home, fell fast asleep. I gave him a good beating for his neglect, and I have never seen the rascal since.

Fred. Here he comes.

Enter GIBBY, L.

Col. B. Where have you been, sirrah?

Gibby. (L. C.) Troth, Ise been seeking ye, an like yer honour, these twa hours and mair. I bring ye glad teedings, sir.

Col. B. (L. C.) What, have you found the lady?

Gibby. Gude faith ha I, sir—and she's called Donna Violante, and her parent Don Pedro de Mendosa, and gin ye will gang wi' me, an like yer honour, Ise mak ye ken the hoose right weel.

Fel. (R.) Oh, torture! torture! [*Aside.*

Col. B. (R. C.) Ha! Violante! that's the lady's name of the house where my incognita is; sure it could not be her; at least it was not the same house, I'm confident. [*Aside.*

Fred. Violante! 'tis false; I would not have you credit him, colonel.

Gibby. The deel burst my bladder, sir, gin I lee.

Fel. [*Runs across to Gibby.*] Sirrah, I say you do lie, and I'll make you eat it, you dog; [*Kicks him.*] and if your master will justify you——

Col. B. Not I, faith sir—I answer for nobody's lies but my own; if you please, kick him again.

Gibby. But gin he does Ise na tak it, sir, gin he was a thousand Spaniards. [*Walks about in a passion,* L.]

Col. B. I owed you a beating, sirrah, and I'm obliged to this gentleman for taking the trouble off my hands; therefore, say no more; d'ye hear, sir? [*Aside to Gibby.*

Gibby. Troth dee I, sir, and feel tee. [*Gibby retires to background.*

Fred. This must be a mistake, colonel, for I know

Violante perfectly well, and I am certain she would not meet you upon the Terriero de Passa.

Col. B. Don't be too positive, Frederick; now I have some reasons to believe it was that very lady.

Fel. (C.) You'd very much oblige me, sir, if you'd let me know these reasons.

Col. B. Sir!

Fel. Sir, I say, I have a right to inquire into these reasons you speak of.

Col. B. (C.) Ha! ha! really, sir, I cannot conceive how you, or any man, can have a right to inquire into my thoughts.

Fel. Sir, I have a right to every thing that relates to Violante—and he that traduces her fame, and refuses to give his reasons for it, is a villain. [*Draws.*

Col. B. What the devil have I been doing! Now, blisters on my tongue by dozens! [*Aside.*

Fred. Pr'ythee, Felix, don't quarrel till you know for what: this is all a mistake, I'm positive.

Col. B. (R.) Look ye, sir, that I dare draw my sword, I think, will admit of no dispute. But though fighting's my trade, I'm not in love with it, and think it more honourable to decline this business than pursue it. This may be a mistake; however, I'll give you my honour never to have any affair, directly or indirectly, with Violante, provided she is your Violante; but if there should happen to be another of her name, I hope you would not engross all the Violantes in the kingdom.

Fel. (L.) Your vanity has given me sufficient reasons to believe I'm not mistaken. I'll not be imposed upon, sir

Col. B. Nor I bullied, sir:

Fel. Bullied! 'Sdeath! such another word, and I'll nail thee to the wall.

Col. B. Are you sure of that, Spaniard? [*Draws.*

Gibby. [*Draws.*] Say na mair, mon. O' my saul, here's twa to twa. Dinna fear, sir; Gibby stonds by ye for the honour of Scotland. [*Vapours about.*

Fred. By St. Antony, you shan't fight [*Interposes.*] on bare suspicion: be certain of the injury, and then—

Fel. That I will this moment; and then, sir—I hope you are to be found——

Col. B. Whenever you please, sir. [*Exit Felix,* L.

Gibby. Hoot awa, mon! there ne'er was a Scotsman yet that shamed to show his face. [*Strutting about.*

Fred. So, quarrels spring up like mushrooms, in a minute. Violante and he were but just reconciled, and you have furnished him with fresh matter for falling out again; and I am certain, colonel, Gibby is in the wrong.

Gibby. Gin I be, sir, the mon that tald me leed, and gin he did, the deel be my landlord, and hell my winter-quarters, and a rape my winding-sheet, gin I dee not lick him as lang as I can haud a stick in my hond, now see ye.

Col. B. I am sorry for what I have said, for the lady's sake; but who could divine that she was his mistress? Pr'ythee, who is this warm spark?

Fred. He is the son of one of our grandees, named Don Lopez de Pimentello, a very honest gentleman, but something passsionate in what relates to his love. He is an only son, which may, perhaps, be one reason for indulging his passion.

Col. B. When parents have but one child, they either make a madman or a fool of him.

Fred. He is not the only child, he has a sister; but I think, through the severity of his father, who would have married her against her inclination, she has made her escape, and, notwithstanding he has offered five hundred pounds, he can get no tidings of her.

Col. B. Ha! how long has she been missing?

Fred. Nay, but since last night, it seems.

Col. B. Last night! the very time! how went she?

Fred. Nobody can tell; they conjecture, through the window.

Col. B. I'm transported! this must be the lady I caught. What sort of a woman is she?

Fred. Middle-sized, a lovely brown, a fine pouting lip, eyes that roll and languish, and seem to speak the exquisite pleasure her arms could give.

Col. B. Oh! I am fired with this description—'tis the very she. What's her name?

Fred. Isabella. You are transported, colonel.

Col. B. I have a natural tendency in me to the flesh, thou know'st, and who can hear of charms so exquisite, and yet remain unmoved? Oh, how I long for the appointed hour! I'll to the Terriero de Passa, and wait my happiness: if she fails to meet me, I'll once more attempt to find her at Violante's, in spite of her brother's jealousy. [*Aside.*] Dear Frederick, I beg your

pardon, but I had forgot I was to meet a gentleman upon business at five: I'll endeavour to despatch him, and wait upon you again as soon as possible.

Fred. Your humble servant, Colonel. [*Exit*, R.

Col. B. Gibby, I have no business with you at present. You may go to the devil. [*Exit*, R.

Gibby. That's weel. Now will I gang and seek this loon, and gar him gang with me to Don Pedro's hoose: Gin he'll no gang of himself, Ise gar him gang by the lug, sir. Godswarbit! Gibby hates a leer. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*Violante's Lodging.*

Enter VIOLANTE *and* ISABELLA.

Isab. The hour draws on, Violante, and now my heart begins to fail me; but I resolve to venture, for all that.

Vio. What, does your courage sink, Isabella?

Isab. Only the force of resolution a little retreated; but I'll rally it again, for all that.

Enter FLORA, L.

Flora. Don Felix is coming up, madam.

Isab. My brother! which way shall I get out?—Despatch him as soon as you can, dear Violante.

[*Exit into the Closet*, R. D.

Vio. I will.

Enter FELIX, *in a surly humour*, L.

Felix, what brings you back so soon? did I not say tomorrow?

Fel. My passion chokes me; I cannot speak—Oh, I shall burst? [*Aside. Throws himself into a chair*, L. C.

Vio. (C.) Bless me! are you not well, my Felix?

Fel. Yes—No—I don't know what I am.

Vio. Hey-day! what's the matter now? another jealous whim?

Fel. With what an air she carries it!—I'm astonished at her impudence! [*Aside.*

Vio. If I were in your place, Felix, I'd choose to stay at home when these fits of spleen were upon me, and not trouble such persons as are not obliged to bear with them. [*Here he affects to be careless of her.*

Fel. I am very sensible, madam, of what you mean: I disturb you no, doubt; but were I in a better humour, I should not incommode you less: I am too well convinced you could easily dispense with my visits.

Vio. When you behave yourself as you ought to do, no company so welcome—but when you reserve me for your ill-nature, I wave your merit, and consider what's due to myself. And I must be free to tell you, Felix, that these humours of yours will abate, if not absolutely destroy, the very principles of love.

Fel. [*Rising.*] And I must be so free to tell you, madam, that, since you have made such ill returns to the respect that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the future; and you shall find me abandon your empire with so little difficulty, that I'll convince the world your chains are not so hard to break as your vanity would tempt you to believe.—I cannot brook the provocation you give. [*Crosses,* R.

Vio. [*Crosses,* L.] This is not to be borne—Insolent! you abandon! you! whom I have so often forbade ever to see me more! Have you not fallen at my feet? implored my favour and forgiveness? did you not trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear yourself into my heart? Ungrateful man! if my chains are so easily broke as you pretend, then you are the silliest coxcomb living you did not break them long ago; and I must think him capable of brooking anything, on whom such usage could make no impression. [*Crosses,* R.

Fel. [*Crosses,* L.] I always believed, madam, my weakness was the greatest addition to your power; you would be less imperious had my inclination been less forward to oblige you. (C.) You have indeed forbade me your sight, but your vanity even then assured you I would return, and I was fool enough to feed your pride. Your eyes, with all their boasted charms, have acquired the greatest glory in conquering me—and the brightest passage of your life is wounding this heart with such arms as pierce but few persons of my rank.

[*Walks about.*

Vio. (R. C.) Matchless arrogance! True, sir, I should have kept measures better with you, if the conquest had been worth preserving: but we easily hazard what gives us no pain to lose. As for my eyes, you are mistaken if you think they have vanquished none but you: there are men above your boasted rank who have confessed their power, when their misfortune in pleasing you made them obtain such a disgraceful victory.

[*Goes,* L.

Fel. Yes, madam, I am no stranger to your victories.

Vio. And what you call the brightest passage of my life is not the least glorious part of yours.

[*Crosses to* R.

Fel. Ha,! ha! don't put yourself in a passion, madam; for, I assure you, after this day, I shall give you no trouble. You may meet your sparks on the Terriero de Passa at four in the morning, without the least regard to me,—for when I quit your chamber, the world sha'nt bring me back.

Vio. I am so well pleased with your resolution, I don't care how soon you take your leave. But what you mean by the Terriero de Passa at four in the morning, I can't guess.

Fel. (L.) No, no, no! not you. You were not upon the Terriero de Passa at four this morning!

Vio. (C.) No, I was not; but if I were, I hope I may walk where I please, and at what hour I please, without asking your leave? [*Goes,* R.

Fel. (C.) Oh, doubtless, madam!—and you might meet Colonel Briton there, and afterwards send your emissary to fetch him to your house——and, upon your father's coming in, thrust him into your bed-chamber—without asking my leave! [*She goes,* R.] 'Tis no business of mine, if you are exposed among all the footmen in town—nay, if they ballad you, and cry you about at a half-penny a-piece——they may without my leave!

Vio. (R.) Audacious!—don't provoke me—don't: my reputation is not to be sported with [*Going up to him.*] at this rate—no, sir, it is not. [*Bursting into tears.*] Inhuman Felix! [*Sits,* R. C.] Oh, Isabella! what a train of ills hast thou brought on me— [*Aside.*

Fel. Ha! I cannot bear to see her weep—a woman's tears are far more fatal than our swords.—[*Aside.*]—Oh, Violante!—'Sdeath! what a dog am I! Now have I no power to stir.—Dost not thou know such a person as Colonel Briton? Pr'ythee, tell me—[*Going to her.*]—Didst thou not meet him at four this morning upon the Terriero de Passa?

Vio. Were it not to clear my fame, I would not answer thee, thou black ingrate!—but I cannot bear to be reproached with what I even blush to think of, much less to act. By heaven! I have not seen the Terriero de Passa this day.

Fel. [*Standing on her* L.] Did not a Scotch footman attack you in the street neither, Violante?

Vio. Yes—but he mistook me for another—or he was drunk, I knew not which.

Fel. And do not you know this Scotch colonel?

Vio. Pray ask me no more questions: this night shall clear my reputation, and leave you without excuse for your base suspicions. More than this, I shall not satisfy you——therefore, pray leave me.

Fel. Didst thou ever love me, Violante?

Vio. I'll answer nothing——You was in haste to be gone just now; I should be very well pleased to be alone, sir. [*She sits down near* R. D., *and turns aside.*

Fel. I shall not interrupt your contemplation.—Stubborn to the last. [*Aside.*

Vio. Did ever woman involve herself as I have done!

Fel. (L. C.) Now would I give one of my eyes to be friends with her, for something whispers to my soul she is not guilty.—[*He pauses, then takes a chair, and sits by her at a little distance, looking at her some time without speaking, then draws a little nearer to her.*]—Give me your hand at parting, however, Violante, won't you—[*He lays his hand upon her knee several times*] won't you—won't you—won't you?

Vio. [*Half regarding him.*] Won't I do what?

Fel. You know what I would have, Violante.—Oh, my heart!

Vio. [*Smiling.*] I thought my chains were easily broke. [*Lays her hand into his.*

Fel. [*Draws his chair close to her, and kisses her hand in a rapture.*] Too well thou knowest thy strength.—Oh, my charming angel! my heart is all thy own. Forgive my hasty passion—'tis the transport of a love sincere. Oh, Violante! Violante!

Pedro. [*Within,* L.] Bid Sancho get a new wheel to my chariot presently.

Vio. Bless me, my father returned; what shall we do now, Felix? We are ruined past redemption.

Fel. No, no, no, my love, I can leap from the closet window. [*Runs to the door where Isabella is, who claps to the door, and bolts it withinside.*] Confusion! somebody bolts the door withinside. Oh, Violante! hast thou again sacrificed me to my rival? [*Draws.*

Vio. By Heaven, thou hast no rival in my heart! Let that suffice. Nay, sure, you will not let my father find you here—Distraction!

Fel. Indeed but I shall—unless you command this

door to be opened, and that way conceal me from his sight. [*He struggles with her to come at the door.*

Vio. Hear me, Felix—though I were sure the refusing what you ask would separate us for ever, by all that's powerful you shall not enter here. Either you do love me, or you do not: convince me by your obedience.

Fel. That's not the matter in debate—I will know who is in this closet, let the consequence be what it will. Nay, nay, you strive in vain—I will go in.

Vio. You shall not go ——

Fel. I will go in.

Enter DON PEDRO, L.

Ped. (L.) Hey-day! what's here to do? I will go in, and you sha'n't go in—and I will go in. Why, who are you, sir.

Fel. (R.) 'Sdeath! what shall I say now?

Ped. Don Felix! Pray, what's your business in my house—ha, sir?

Vio. Oh, sir! what miracle returned you home so soon? Some angel 'twas that brought my father back, to succour the distressed. This ruffian, he—I cannot call him gentleman—has committed such an uncommon rudeness, as the most profligate wretch would be ashamed to own.

Fel. [*Amazed.*] What does she mean? [*Aside.*

Vio. As I was at my devotion in my closet, I heard a loud knocking at my door, mixed with a woman's voice, which seemed to imply she was in danger. I flew to the door with the utmost speed, where a lady, veiled, rushed in upon me; who, falling on her knees, begged my protection from a gentleman who, she said, pursued her. I took compassion on her tears, and locked her into this closet; but in the surprise, having left open the door, this very person, whom you see with his sword drawn, ran in, protesting, if I did not give her up to his revenge, he'd force the door.

Fel. What the devil does she mean to do? hang me? [*Aside*

Vio. I strove with him till I was out of breath, and had you not come as you did, he must have entered. But he's in drink, I suppose; or he could not have been guilty of such an indecorum. [*Leering at Felix*

Ped. (L. C.) I am amazed!

Fel. The devil never failed a woman at a pinch:—

what a tale has she formed in a minute! In drink quotha! a good hint: I'll lay hold on't to bring myself off. [*Aside.*

Ped. Fie, Don Felix? No sooner rid of one broil, but you are commencing another! To assault a lady with a naked sword derogates much from the character of a gentleman, I assure you.

Fel. [*Counterfeits drunkenness.*] Who, I assault a lady——upon honour, the lady assaulted me, sir, and would have seized this body politic on the king's highway. Let her come out, and deny it if she can. Pray, sir, command the door to be opened; and let her prove me a liar, if she knows how.

Ped. Ay, ay! open the door, Violante, and let the lady come out. Come, I warrant thee he sha'nt hurt her.

Fel. No, no, I won't hurt the dear creature. Now, now, which way will you come off, now? [*Aside.*

Vio. [*Unlocks the door.*] Come forth, madam! None shall dare to touch your veil—I'll convey you out with safety, or lose my life. I hope she understands me. [*Aside.*

Enter ISABELLA *veiled, and crosses the stage to* L.

Isab. Excellent girl! [*Exit.*

Fel. The devil! a woman! I'll see she be really so. [*Aside.*

Vio. [*To Felix,* R.] Get clear of my father, and follow me to the Terriero de Passa, where all mistakes shall be rectified. [*Exit, with Isabella; Don Felix offers to follow her.*

Ped. (C.) [*Drawing his sword.*] Not a step, sir, till the lady is past your recovery! I never suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated in my house, sir. I'll keep Don Felix here, till you see her safe out, Violante. Come, sir, you and I will take a pipe and a bottle together.

Fel. Damn your pipe, and damn your bottle!—I hate drinking and smoking, and how will you help yourself, old blue-bottle?

Ped. As to smoking or drinking, you have your liberty; but you shall stay, sir!

Fel. But I won't stay, sir—for I don't like your company; besides, I have the best reasons in the world for my not staying.

Ped. Ay, what's that?

Fel. Why, I'm going to be married—and so good b'ye.

Ped. To be married—it can't be. Why, you are drunk, Felix!

Fel. Drunk! ay, to be sure; you don't think I'd go to be married if I were sober; but, drunk or sober, I am going to be married; and if you won't believe me, to convince you, I'll show you the contract, old gentleman.

Ped. Ay, do; come, let's see this contract, then.

Fel. Yes, yes, I'll show you the contract.—Here, sir—here's the contract. [*Draws a pistol.*

Ped. [*Starting.*] Well, well, I'm convinced—go, go—pray go and be married, sir.

Fel. Yes, yes—I'll go—I'll go and be married; but sha'n't we take a bottle first?

Ped. No, no; pray, dear sir, go and be married.

Fel. Very well—very well! [*Going.*] But I insist upon your taking one glass, though.

Ped. No, not now—some other time—consider, the lady waits.

Fel. What a cross old fool!—first he will, and then he won't—and then he will, and then he won't? [*Exit*, L.

Enter SANCHO, L.

San. Don Lopez de Pimentello is in the next room, signior.

Ped. What the devil does he want? he is not going to be married, too!—Bring him up—he's in pursuit of his son, I suppose! [*Exit Sancho*, L.

Enter DON LOPEZ, L.

Lop. (L.) I am glad to find you at home, Don Pedro: I was told that you were going into the country this afternoon.

Ped. (C.) That might be, my lord; but I had the misfortune to break the wheel of my chariot, which obliged me to return. What is your pleasure with me, my lord?

Lop. I am informed that my daughter is in your house.

Ped. That's more than I know, my lord: but here was your son, just now, as drunk as an emperor.

Lop. My son drunk! I never saw him in drink in my life.—Where is he, pray, sir?

Ped. Gone to be married.

Lop. Married!—to whom?—I don't know that he courted any body!

Ped. Nay, I know nothing of that—but I'm sure he showed me the contract—Within, there!

Enter SANCHO, L.

Bid my daughter come hither; she'll tell you another story, my lord.

San. She's gone out in a chair, sir.

Ped. Out in a chair!—What do you mean, sir!

San. As I say, sir; and your daughter, Donna Isabella, went in another, just before her.

Lop. Isabella!

San. And Don Felix followed in another; I overheard them all bid the chairs go to the Terriero de Passa. [*Exit*, L.

Ped. Ha! what business has my daughter there? I am confounded, and know not what to think. Within there! [*Exit*, L.

Lop. My heart misgives me plaguily. Call me an alguazil—I'll pursue them straight. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*The Street before Don Pedro's House.*

Enter LISSARDO, R.

Liss. (R.) I wish I could see Flora—methinks I have an hankering kindness after the slut—we must be reconciled.

Enter GIBBY, R.

Gibby. Aw my sal, sir, but Ise blithe to find yee here now.

Liss. Ha, brother! give me thy hand, boy.

Gibby. No se fast, se ye me—brether me ne brethers: I scorn a leer as muckle as a thiefe, se ye now, and ye must gang intul this house with me, and justifie to Donna Violante's face, that she was the lady that ganged in here this morn, se ye me, or the deel ha my saul, sir, but ye and I shall be twa folks.

Liss. Justify it to Donna Violante's face, quotha! For what!—Sure you don't know what you say!

Gibby. Troth de I, sir, as weel as yee de; therefore, come along, and make no mair words about it.

Liss. Why, what the devil do you mean? Don't

you consider you are in Portugal?—Is the fellow mad?

Gibby. Fellow! Ise none of yer fellow, sir, and gin the place were hell, I'd gar ye do me justice.—[*Lissardo going.*] Nay, the deel a feet ye gang.

[*Lays hold of him, and knocks.*

Liss. Ha! Don Pedro himself! I wish I were fairly off. [*Aside.*

Enter DON PEDRO, D. F.

Ped. How now? what makes you knock so loud?

Gibby. Gin this be Don Pedro's house, sir, I would speak with Donna Violante, his daughter.

Ped. Ha! What is it you want with my daughter, pray?

Gibby. An she be your daughter, and lik your honour, command her to come out, and answer for herself now, and either justifie or disprove what this chiel told me this morn.

Ped. Why, what did he tell you, ha!

Gibby. By my saul, sir, Ise tell you aw the truth.—My master got a pratty lady upon the how-de-call't—Passa—here at five this morn, and he gar me watch her heam—and in troth I lodged her here: and meeting this ill-favoured thiefe, se ye me, I speered wha she was—and he tald me her name was Donna Violante, Don Pedro de Mendosa's daughter.

Ped. Ha! my daughter with a man, abroad at five in the morning! Death, hell, and furies! By St. Antony, I'm undone.

Gibby. Wounds, sir! ye put yer saint intul bonny company.

Ped. Who is your master, you dog, you?

Gibby. You dog, you! 'Sblead, sir, you don't call names.—I won't tell you who my master is, se ye me, now.

Ped. And who are you, rascal, that know my daughter so well? ha! [*Holds up his cane.*

Liss. What shall I say, to make him give this Scotch dog a good beating? [*Aside.*]—I know your daughter, signior! not I; I never saw your daughter in all my life!

Gibby. [*Knocks him down with his fist.*] Deel ha my saul, sir, gin ye get no your carich for that lie, now.

Ped. What, hoa! where are all my servants?

Enter DON FELIX, DONNA VIOLANTE, COLONEL BRITON, *and* DONNA ISABELLA, R. S. E.

Raise the house in pursuit of my daughter!

Col. B. Hey-day! what's here to do?

Gibby. This is the loonlike tike, an like your honour, that sent me heam with a lee this morn.

Col. B. Come, come, 'tis all well, Gibby; let him rise.

Fel. This is a day of jubilee, Lissardo; no quarrelling with him this day.

Liss. A pox take his fists!—Egad, these Britons are but a word and a blow.

Enter DON LOPEZ, R.

Lop. So, have I found you, daughter! Then you have not hanged yourself yet, I see!

Col. B. But she is married, my lord!

Lop. Married! zounds! to whom?

Col. B. Even to your humble servant, my lord.—If you please to give us your blessing. [*Kneels.*

Lop. Why, hark ye, mistress, are you really married?

Isab. Really so, my lord.

Lop. And who are you, sir?

Col B. An honest North Briton by birth, and a Colonel by commission, my lord.

Lop. (R.) An heretic! the devil! [*Holding up his hands.*

Ped. (L.) She has played you a slippery trick, indeed, my lord. Well, my girl, thou hast been to see thy friend married—next week thou shalt have a better husband, my dear. [*To Violante.*

Fel. Next week is a little too soon, sir: I hope to live longer than that.

Ped. What do you mean, sir? You have not made a rib of my daughter too, have you?

Vio. (C.) Indeed, but he has, sir: I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded minute, when my thoughts were not over-strong for a nunnery, father.

Lop. Your daughter has played you a slippery trick too, signior.

Ped. But your son shall never be the better for't, my lord; her twenty thousand pounds were left on certain conditions, and I'll not part with a shilling.

Lop. But we have a certain thing, called law, shall make you do justice, sir.

Ped. Well, we'll try that—my lord, much good may it do you with your daughter-in law. [*Exit*, L.

Lop. I wish you much joy of your rib. [*Exit*, R.

Enter FREDERICK, R.

Fel. Frederick, welcome! I sent for thee to be partaker of my happiness, and pray give me leave to introduce you to the cause of it.

Fred. Your messinger has told me all, and I sincerely share in all your happiness.

Col. B. To the right about, Frederick—wish thy friend joy.

Fred. I do with all my soul—and, madam, I congratulate your deliverance.—Your suspicions are cleared now, I hope, Felix?

Fel. They are, and I heartily ask the colonel pardon, and wish him happy with my sister; for love has taught me to know that every man's happiness consists in choosing for himself.

Liss. After that rule, I fix here. [*To Flora.*

Flora. That's your mistake; I prefer my lady's service, and turn you over to her that pleaded right and title to you to-day.

Liss. Choose, proud fool! I sha'nt ask you twice.

Gibby. What say ye now, lass; will ye gee yer hond to poor Gibby? Will ye dance the reel of Bogie with me?

Inis. That I may not leave my lady, I take you at your word; and though our wooing has been short, I'll, by her example, love you dearly.

Fel. Now, my Violante, I shall proclaim thy virtues to the world:

Let us no more the sex's conduct blame,
Since thou'rt a proof, to their eternal fame,
That man has no advantage, but the name.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS, AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN:

GIB. INIS. ISAB. COL. BRIT. FRED. FEL. VIO. FLO. LIS.

R.——R C.——C.——L. C.——L.

PROLOGUE.

Our author fears the critics of the stage,
Who, like barbarians, spare nor sex nor age;
She trembles at those censors in the pit,
Who think good-nature shows a want of wit:
Such malice, oh! what muse can undergo it?
To save themselves, they always damn the poet.
Our author flies from such a partial jury,
As wary lovers from the nymphs of Drury;
To the few candid judges for a smile,
She humbly sues, to recompense her toil.
To the bright circle of the far, she next
Commits her cause, with anxious doubts perplex'd.
Where can she with such hopes of favour kneel,
As to those judges who her frailties feel?
A few mistakes her sex may well excuse,
And such a plea no woman should refuse:
If she succeeds, a woman gains applause;
What female but must favour such a cause?
Her faults, whate'er they are, e'en pass them by,
And only on her beauties fix your eye.
In plays, like vessels floating on the sea,
There's none so wise to know their destiny.
In this, howe'er, the pilot's skill appears,
While by the stars his constant course he steers;
Rightly our author does her judgment show,
That for her safety she relies on you.
Your approbation, fair ones, can't but move
Those stubborn hearts, which first you taught to love:
The men must all applaud this play of ours;
For who dare see with other eyes than yours?

EPILOGUE.

Custom, with all our modern laws combin'd,
Has given such power despotic to mankind,
That we have only so much virtue now,
As they are pleas'd in favour to allow.
Thus, like mechanic work, we're us'd with scorn,
And wound up only for a present turn.
Some are for having our whole sex enslaved,
Affirming we've no souls, and can't be saved;
But, were the women all of my opinion,
We'd soon shake off this false usurped dominion;
We'd make the tyrants own, that we could prove
As fit for other business as for love.
Lord! what prerogative might we obtain,
Could we from yielding a few months refrain?
How fondly would our dangling lovers dote!
What homage would be paid to petticoat!
'Twould be a jest to see that change of fate;
How might we all of politics debate;
Promise and swear what we ne'er meant to do,
And, what's still harder, keep our secrets too.
"Ay, marry! keep a secret," says a beau,
And sneers at some ill-natur'd wit below;
But faith, if we should tell but half we know,
There's many a spruce young fellow in this place
Would never more presume to show his face.
Women are not so weak, whate'er men prate!
How many tip-top beaux have had the fate
T'enjoy from mamma's secrets their estate!
Who, if her early folly had made known,
Had rid behind the coach that's now their own.
But here the wond'rous secret you discover:
A lady ventures for a friend——a lover.
Prodigious! For my part, I frankly own,
I'd spoil the wonder, and the woman shown.

THE END.

Printed in Stereotype by
G. H. Davidson, Ireland Yard, Doctors' Commons.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

Hamlet.

Hamlet. Alas! poor Yorick!

Act V. Scene 1.

HAMLET:

A TRAGEDY,

In Five Acts,

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

To which are added,

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A WOOD ENGRAVING,

By Mr. White, from a Drawing by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

REMARKS.

IT is with no presumptuous step that we approach this, the most sublime of *all* tragedies—*Hamlet*. On the threshold, we may fancy a voice exclaiming:—

"Hence, avaunt! 'tis *holy ground!*"

But surely a production that charmed us in our youthful days—that gave a tone and colour to our thoughts, which time and reflection have only strengthened and confirmed—that presented to our imagination the wonders of the supernatural world—that taught us the vanity and instability of human life—and opened to us sublimer views of the soul's immortality—such a production it may be no presumption to examine. Palpable beauties are visible to every mind; there may be others of a more recondite nature, that have escaped even the most acute and devoted among the admirers of Shakspeare.

The plan of this tragedy has been traced by *Theobald* (who, if he cannot be classed among the learned and ingenious, may certainly rank with the most indefatigable and industrious of Shakspeare's commentators) from the *Danish History by Saxo-Grammaticus*. From this source has Shakspeare borrowed the leading *incidents* of his drama; his own mighty genius supplied him with the nobler parts of imagery, sentiment, and language. It also bears some resemblance to the *Electra* of Sophocles: Gertrude and Clytemnestra are both queens; they had imbrued their hands in the blood of their husbands. The latter may, indeed, plead some excuse, from the provocations she had received; the former, none. Clytemnestra acknowledged the fact, and gloried in it—declaring that it was the arm of justice, not her own, that smote the guilty Agamemnon.

Of all Shakspeare's compositions, *Hamlet*, from its first appearance, down to the present time, has been the most *universally* popular. In scenic attraction, it may possibly yield to *Richard the Third*, but in the closet it is infinitely superior. *Gabriel Harvey*, in his note on *Speght's* Edition of Chaucer, 1598, says, "*The younger sort take much delight in Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, have it in them to please the wiser sort.*" And Anthony Scoloker, in a dedication to his poem, entitled "*Daiphantus*," printed in the year 1604, has this remark—that his "*Epistle*" should be "*like friendly Shakspeare's tragedies, where the comedian rides, when the tragedian stands on tiptoe: faith, it should please all, like Prince Hamlet.*"

That the grandeur and beauty of the sentiments should please the *wiser sort*, is not to be wondered at; nor could the young fail to be interested with a tale so awful and mysterious. The appearance of the ghost is so artfully contrived, and the illusion is kept up with such consummate skill, that we are obliged, for a time, to suspend our judgment and knowledge, and to deceive our understandings, and grant that to be substantial and true, which we affirm to be entirely supernatural and impossible.

The leading feature in the character of Hamlet is *melancholy*, arising from a mind too exquisitely wrought, too deeply contemplative

—tremblingly alive to the finest impulses of our nature—viewing the past with fond regret, and the future with doubt and apprehension. A mind thus singularly constituted, events of the most painful excitement have harassed and disturbed. The mysterious death of a beloved father—the unseemly marriage of a mother in one "little month"—his filial duty and respect for the dead—his contempt and indignation for the living,—all give a deeper colour to his constitutional sadness, and produce those feelings which, if they be not *madness* itself, are nearly allied to it. And to this, Hamlet clearly alludes when he resolves to let the play be the test of his uncle's guilt:—

> "The spirit, that I have seen,
> May be a devil: and the devil hath power
> To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
> Out of my *weakness* and my *melancholy*,
> As he is very potent with *such spirits*,
> Abuses me to damn me."

If his been remarked that his character is inconsistent; but the irresolution and delay that impede his progress to revenge, are the vacillations of a mind that meditates before it acts. Hamlet might have revenged his father's murder *immediately* after the first appearance of the ghost; but, apprehensive that his *peculiar cast of* mind might be over excited by domestic misfortunes, he would fain doubt the evidence of his senses. He therefore resolves to have further proof; and it is not until *after* the representation of the *play*, when his uncle's guilt becomes fully apparent, that he would have been *justified* in taking that vengeance, which, though delayed, was never absent from his thoughts. That it was not carried into immediate execution *after this discovery*, must be attributed to that want of volition, which, an able critic * remarks, Shakspeare has founded on one of those peculiar constitutions of the mental and moral faculties which have been designated by the appellation of *Genius*.

Of this defect in his character, Hamlet is painfully sensible, for he continually reproaches himself with weakness and irresolution:—

> "How all occasions do inform against me,
> And spur my *dull revenge*!"
>
> "Now, whether it be
> Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
> Of *thinking too precisely* on th' event,
> I do not know
> Why yet I live to say *this thing's to do*."

And in his soliloquy after his first interview with the players, he contrasts his *own cause* for grief, with the *assumed* passion of the acter, and bitterly exclaims:—

> "What would *he* do,
> Had he the motive, and the cue for passion,
> That *I* have?—
> But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
> To make oppression bitter; or, *ere this*,
> I should have fatted all the region kites
> With this slave's offal!"

Anguish of mind had produced in Hamlet a desire to die. But the dread of offending the author of his being, by acting contrary to

* Dr. Drake.

the end and design for which he had been created, restrains him from ending a life he was so anxious to lose. The *pale cast of thought* makes him reason with himself, as to the *nature* and consequences of death; and, though he is aware that the miseries of *this life* find an end in the grave, the prospect of *futurity*, however obscured by clouds and darkness, still forbids him to run the hazard of flying from *lesser* to *greater* evils. Perplexed and harassed by mental suffering, it is not strange that *such an idea* should have entered his thoughts—it is a weakness incidental to humanity. The Lady Constance, in her extremity of grief, thus passionately apostrophizes this last refuge of the miserable:—

> "Oh! amiable, lovely *Death!*
> Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
> Thou hate and terror to *Prosperity*,
> And I will kiss thy detestable bones—
> Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
> ——————————Misery's love,
> Come to me!"

Nothing can exceed the simplicity with which this drama opens. It is the perfection of the dramatic art, to work upon the passions by degrees; and *here* it is done most effectually. The *incredulity* of Horatio, touching the appearance of the ghost, strongly aids the illusion. The questions and replies that pass, as to the precise time the apparition remained with them, and Hamlet's subsequent inquiries—

> "Arm'd, say you?
> From top to toe?
> Then saw you not
> His face?" &c. &c.

are strokes of nature, that impress upon our minds the dreadful conviction that the relation of Marcellus and Bernado, however wonderful, is nevertheless strictly true.

Hamlet's address to the spirit is unrivalled for grandeur of thought and comprehensiveness of diction. After the first emotions of terror and amazement have subsided, he ventures to address it more familiarly:—

> "I'll call thee Hamlet,
> King, *Father*."

The whole of this speech makes the apparition truly supernatural and terrible. An expression admirably characteristic of its *dignity* had escaped from Marcellus in the first scene:—

> "We do it wrong, being so *majestical*,
> To offer it the show of violence."

It was Hamlet's intention to throw the king and queen off their guard, from prying too deeply into his designs: he therefore judiciously begins his *first* scene of madness with Ophelia, that it may be naturally inferred that love for her beauty had caused this aberration of mind. And in what choice terms is this apparent madness described!—

> "He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
> Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
> And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
> He falls to such perusal of my face,
> As he would draw it—

That done, he lets me go:
He seemed to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, *bended their light on me.*"

We may here remark the difference between *assumed* and *real* madness. In *Hamlet* and in *Edgar*, it is rude, overstrained, and violent; in *Ophelia* and in *Lear*, it is simple, touching, and sublime.

Shakspeare has been accused of making Hamlet utter a contradiction in the following lines:—

" But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will—"

when he had just received evidence to *the contrary*, by a supernatural visitation from the invisible world. Hamlet has been reasoning with himself, whether it is better to fly from the ills of life, by an act of self-destruction, or to bear them, rather than encounter greater evils in a future state of existence. He adopts the latter conclusion; for, as no *traveller* (and the *term* is not to be understood in an *incorporeal* sense) ever returned from the grave, to repent of sin, it behoved him to pause ere he committed a crime that could never be repented of. The ghost dwells, with particular emphasis, on the additional cruelty of being—

" Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
No reckoning made, but sent to *my account*
With all my imperfections on my head!"

To impute *any other* meaning to this expression of Shakspeare would be to impute *nonsense* to him—and he never wrote *that*—which is more than can be said of many of his commentators:—

" Were *Shakspeare* now to rise,
How would the poet stare with wild surprise,
And rack his brains with many a pond'rous *note*,
To find the *meaning out* of *what he wrote!*"*

The chamber scene is one impassioned burst of bitter remonstrance and virtuous indignation. Language sinks beneath the sentiments of affection with which the prince regards his father's memory, and his abhorrence for the guilty usurper of his bed and throne. The parallel between the two pictures is exquisitely beautiful. The ghost is here introduced for the last time; nothing can be finer than Hamlet's sudden transition from extreme rage to reverential awe, when he again behold the apparition, which still retains its sad expression, its gentle character:—

" Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this *piteous action*, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; *tears*, perchance, for blood."

The scene with the gravediggers has been considered as beneath the dignity of tragedy; and that Shakspeare himself was aware of it, but that, in compliance with the vitiated taste of the age, he introduced this farrago of low buffoonery! In what respect, on the score of propriety, has Shakspeare offended by the introduction of these clowns? Their rude mirth, their coarse raillery, their apathy and

* "The Times, or the Prophecy;" a poem.

indifference, form an admirable contrast to the keen sensibility, the solemn grandeur, of Hamlet's character. Their ribald jests draw from him those moral reflections upon the infirmity of our nature; and, however *indecorous*, to a sickly imagination, the exhibition of mortality's frail remains may appear, the rude manner in which they are *jowled to the ground*, by these unreflecting knaves, inspires, in the pensive mind, thoughts holy and unutterable. Could the *vitiated taste* of the present day produce such another scene, we would fall down, and worship it!

This tragedy abounds in moral sentiments, in just and elevated views of *man*, and of *that providence* which sustains, guides, and protects him, from the cradle to the grave. Never has *philosophy* been more nobly employed than in enforcing those great and important truths—the existence of a *supreme*, and the *immortality* of the soul. *Such* was the philosophy of the sages of antiquity, of Plato and of Cicero, and of the no less glorious lights of latter days—of Bacon, of Newton, of Addison, and of Shakspeare. To authorities like these, *what* have we to oppose? The absurd and contradictory doctrines of Atheists, who have been the reproach of other countries and our own: for it would be difficult to point out to the indignation and scorn of mankind, a race more hateful for their profligacy, or more contemptible for their ignorance, than this modern school of infidels. We have observed them in their commerce with the world in their health and prosperity:—we have visited them in their chambers of sickness and of death;—and, if we have found them, in the *former state*, heartless and selfish; dissatisfied with themselves, and suspicious of each other; we have invariably beheld their last moments, dark and cheerless—disturbed by doubt and aggravated by despair:—

"Men may *live* fools—but fools they *cannot die*."

The grand charge that the critics have brought against Shakspeare the violation of the unities, will hardly apply to this tragedy. We may, however, notice an *anachronism*—Hamlet mentions the *University of Wittenberg*, long before its establishment.

The Catholic doctrine of *Purgatory* has been turned to admirable account, in the first address of the spirit. And of the ancient superstition, which represents night as unhallowed and profane, Shakspeare avails himself in the following lines:—

"'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world—"

and again, in *Macbeth*:—

"Now o'er one half the globe
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep."

Madness never assumed a more beautiful form than in the character of Ophelia. The pathetic strains that she warbles forth in her distraction, are the fragments of ancient ballads that were highly popular in the days of Shakspeare, and of which the poet himself gives so interesting a character:—

"Mark it, Cesario,—it is *old* and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly, sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the *old age*."

Some of these precious relics have reached us in their entire form; others, in a mutilated and imperfect condition; and very many have *as yet* eluded the utmost industry of antiquarian research.

Hamlet's advice to the players contains the justest rules of the dramatic art. It has been said that Shakspeare gathered them from his "*fellows*," *Allen*, *Taylor*, and *Burbage*, at those "*wars of wit*" of which *Ben Jonson* (who was present at many of them) speaks so rapturously. Be this as it may, there is nothing *extant*, that treats the subject in a manner so masterly and concise. It is a vulgar error to suppose that *acting* (we speak not of scenery, decoration, and the economy of the stage) was not as well understood in those days as in the present.

Polonius is an old courtier, supple, cunning, loquacious, and verging upon his dotage; he is an agreeable relief to the *sombre* parts of this drama.—*Ostrick* is a whimsical fop of the olden time, "of very soft society and great showing." Even in *Hamlet*, there is a considerable vein of pleasantry—a spice of the humorist, which *Shakspeare* did not think inconsistent with—

> "The glass of fashion, and the mould of form—"

the prince, the scholar, and the philosopher.

We entirely agree with *Mr. Ritson's* stricture on *Dr. Johnson's* note, respecting Hamlet's deliberating whether he shall kill the king while he is *praying*, yet finally resolving to do it—

> "When he is *drunk*, *asleep*, or in *his rage*;
> At *gaming*, *swearing*, or about some act
> That has no *relish of salvation in't*."

So far from detracting from the *virtuous* character of Hamlet, it impresses us with a still higher sense of his filial piety. *His* object is to have not merely "*blood for blood*," but the most adequate and complete revenge for the murder of a father under circumstances the most deliberate and diabolical. This objection is one of those examples of *hypercriticism*, from which even the pages of our great moralist are not altogether free.

We are reminded of an anecdote of a certain *Italian*, who, having his enemy in his power, promised him life if he would immediately renounce his saviour: the timorous wretch, in hope of mercy, did it, when the other forthwith stabbed him to the heart, saying, that *now* he had a full and noble revenge, for he had killed at once both *body* and *soul*.

That the sterling gold of Shakspeare is occasionally mingled with baser matter, his most ardent admirers have never sought to deny.—They have merely stood forth to rescue him from the vain and preposterous attempts of *empirics* in criticism, who, insensible of the beauties of his divine muse, have been emulous only to magnify his defects. They have presumptuously called him to hold up his hand at a bar, at which *his* genius had no right to plead. Creation's amplest range was too narrow a boundary for the imagination of *Shakspeare*. It was not for *him* to be controlled by arbitrary rules, whom *nature* had made her own.—Let other poets impose upon themselves unnecessary trammels—let them rant in fetters and whine in buckram: the laws of criticism are uncertain and capricious, those of nature immutable and eternal.

Something must be conceded to *the age* in which Shakspeare flourished; and those (and to *none else* we appeal) who are at all conversant with the literature and manners of that period, will agree with us, that he partakes less of the besetting sin of forced conceit,

low quibble, and extravagant bombast, than any of his contemporaries. "A palace must have passages," Dr. Johnson remarks, in his strictures upon Milton—who, therefore, shall wonder at the inequalities of Shakspeare? He lighted upon the drama, in its rudest and most uncultivated state—"He found not, but created first the stage." And, if he did not reform its abuses altogether, he drew it from the barbarism of past ages, into marvellous light—he found it *brick*, and he left it *marble!*

Joseph Taylor, an eminent actor of his day, was the *original* Hamlet. A tradition has been handed down to us, by that worthy old stage historian, *Downes* the prompter, that *Shakspeare* instructed *Taylor* how to play this celebrated character; and that he performed it "*incomparably well*," we learn from *Wright*, in his *Historia Histronica*. It is further said, that *Sir William D'Avenant*, from his remembrance of *Taylor*, conveyed his instructions to *Mr. Betterton*. Taylor was equally celebrated in *Iago*, *True-wit*, *Mosca*, *Paris*, and other leading characters. In the year 1614, he was at the head of a distinct company of comedians, who were distinguished by the name of *The Lady Elizabeth's Servants*; and, after the death of *Burbage*, *Heminge*, and *Condell*, he had the principal management of the *King's Company*, in conjunction with *Lowin* and *Swanston*. In September, 1639, he was appointed *Yeoman of the Revels* in ordinary to King Charles the First.

He lived to witness that dreadful consummation of fanaticism, which ended in the murder of his sovereign, the slavery of his country, and the total annihilation of the drama, of which he was so bright an ornament. His old age was oppressed by disappointment and poverty. He died in 1653, or in the following year, and, according to *Wright*, was buried at Richmond: he was probably near *seventy* at the time of his death.

Betterton's performance of Hamlet has been so admirably described by Cibber, that we shall not impose upon ourselves the task of repetition. Of Garrick and Henderson, in the character, every thing *has* been said that *can* be said. We know those who remember *both* actors, and, after gathering what we can from *tradition*, and making allowance for *conflicting opinions*, we should say, that Garrick did not quite reach the excellence of Betterton, nor Henderson that of Garrick.

The late *Mr. Kemble's* Hamlet was incomparably fine; nature seemed to have moulded him for the character, in form and in mind. We never beheld him play it, without Cibber's eloquent description of Betterton recurring to our memory. He *indeed* made the ghost terrible to the spectators: his hollow and tremulous voice, his quivering frame, his rivetted eye, impressed us with the dreadful reality that he stood in the presence of something more than mortal. His lighter scenes were distinguished by a pleasantry and graceful ease, that no actor could better assume than himself. One of his most applauded parts was his scene with Horatio and Marcellus, when he first determines—

"To put an *antic disposition on*—"

The peculiar meaning that he gave to those very unmeaning words, "*Well, well, we know*," &c. &c. we have never seen touched by any other actor. He was *himself* a perfect illustration of Hamlet's advice to the players—he seemed to *feel* the applicability of every sentence, and he gave it with matchless elegance and humour. His scene with *Ophelia*, with the *Recorders*, and the *chamber scene*, could not be surpassed; but, if ever he rose to *unparalleled* subli-

mity, it was when he pronounced the words "*Alas! poor Yorick.*" At this moment an involuntary tear starts to the memory of the *actor*, and of *critic!* A proof on *India paper (rarissimus!)* of Sir Thomas Lawrence's magnificent picture—

> "Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world *assurance of a man*"—

is the silent companion of our melancholy hours.

We were present, many years ago, at Mr. Young's *first* appearance at Covent-Garden Theatre, in the character of Hamlet. We admired his performance *then*, and we more than admire it *now*. In the philosophic prince, he is the only legitimate successor of Kemble. We may almost imagine the shade of the departed Hamlet thus addressing him:—

> "*You* are the most immediate *to our throne*,
> Our chiefest courtier, cousin, *and our son.*"

Mr. Kean's performance has many beauties; but they are the beauties of the *actor*, not of *Hamlet*.

It has been the fashion to underrate *Shakspeare's* abilities as an *actor*, because the *ghost* was his *top* character. When *Barton Booth* took upon himself this immaterial form, *he* did not hold it so cheap. To represent this character truly, requires no common powers; —*we* have never seen it justly played, not even by Mr. Pope, who, of all actors, came nearest to our conception. We remember *Cooke* attempting the ghost to Kemble's Hamlet. But this highly-gifted and imprudent man, having been dining with *Cassio*, or some such reveller, and having taken in an enemy at his mouth, to steal away his senses—

> "The potent poison quite o'ercame *his spirit!*"

he reeled, hiccupped, and gave up the ghost!

> "So may he rest—*his faults* lie gently on him!"

Let *those* who inherit a portion of his *genius*, profit by his *errors*.

We cannot speak too highly of Munden's Polonius—it was richly comic, without farce or buffoonery. Whenever Munden got hold of a *fortunate word*—a word that suited the peculiar amplitude of *his mouth*—he turned it round, and round, until he had fairly made the most of it, and then discharged it in a manner that was sure to set his audience in a roar—

> "He said I was a *fish-mon-ger!*"

The only *perfect* Ophelia that we ever beheld is Miss Stephens.

D——G.

Costume.

KING.—Black velvet shirt, and arm-hole cloak, richly trimmed with gold and white fur, with spots; white silk hose, black shoes, and roses; black velvet hat, with a coronet round it, and white feathers.

HAMLET.—Black velvet doublet, with square neck, black velvet trunks and circular robe, lined with purple satin, and broad bugle trimming, with large gold cord and tassels; black silk hose shoes, and roses; black coronet cap, with black feathers.

POLONIUS.—Crimson doublet, trunks, and arm-hole cloak, richly trimmed with gold, lined and puffed with white satin; white silk hose, white shoes, crimson roses; point-lace collar.

LAERTES.—Puce brown velvet jacket and strap trunks; blue satin vest and sash, richly trimmed with silver; white silk hose, white shoes and blue roses; black hat, white feathers. Second dress of the same make, but all black.

HORATIO.—Crimson jacket and trunks, trimmed with dead gold lace; green satin puffs; crimson cloak, lined with green; crimson hose, russet boots; black hat, white feathers.

ROSENCRANTZ.—Green velvet jacket, trunks, and cloak, trimmed with gold; scarlet silk puffs, trimmed with gold; white silk hose, shoes, and roses; black hat, and white feathers.

GUILDENSTERN.—Light brown dress, with white satin puffs; the same fashion as Rosencrantz.

OSRICK.—Green jacket and trunks, with a fly-jacket to match, richly trimmed with silver; pink satin puffs and sash; white silk hose, shoes, and roses; pink and green cap, with large white feathers.

MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, and FRANCISCO.—Crimson doublets, trunks, and cloaks, trimmed with gold lace, green silk puffs; crimson hose, and russet boots; black hats, and white feathers.

FRIAR.—Gray gown, cross, and beads.

FIRST ACTOR.—Fawn-coloured silk trunks, jacket, and cloak; gray puffs and hose, russet boots. Second dress—Black jacket and trunks; crimson arm-hole cloak, richly spangled; shoes and roses.

SECOND ACTOR.—Plum-drab-coloured silk shape dress. Second dress—Black shape dress, and large black gown.

FIRST GRAVE-DIGGER.—Plum-drab breeches and doublet, and five waistcoats; large brown cloak, leather belt, blue stockings, and russet shoes; large black hat, and striped night-cap.

SECOND GRAVE-DIGGER.—Drab stuff doublet and trunks, leather belt, brown stockings, and russet shoes.

GHOST.—Suit of steel armour, with helmet; scarlet sash.

QUEEN.—White satin dress, and crimson velvet robe, richly trimmed with gold and fur, with large gold tassels, and small coronet.

OPHELIA.—White satin dress trimmed with point-lace and silver. Second dress—White muslin, with straw and wild flowers.

ACTRESS.—Plain buff and white travelling dress. Second dress—White spangled dress, with scarlet robe.

Cast of the Characters at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, 1825.

King .....Mr. Chapman.	*Marcellus* .....Mr. Horrebow.
Hamlet.....Mr. Young.	*Bernardo*.....Mr. Henry.
Polonius.....Mr. Blanchard.	*Francisco* .....Mr. Mason.
Laertes.....Mr. Cooper.	1*st Grave-digger*.Mr. Fawcett.
Horatio .....Mr. Bennet.	*Ghost*.....Mr. Egerton.
Rosencrantz....Mr. Baker.	*Queen* .....Mrs. Faucit.
Guildenstern...Mr. Claremont.	*Ophelia* .....Miss M. Tree.
Osrick.....Mr. Farley.	*Actress*.....Miss Henry.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

HAMLET.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Elsinore.—A Platform near the Palace. —Night.*—FRANCISCO *at his post*, R.

Enter BERNARDO, L.

Ber. (L.) Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me:—stand, and unfold yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. (L. C.) 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. (R. C.) For this relief, much thanks;—'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. (L. C.) Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. (R.) Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! (L.) Who is there?

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS, L.

Hor. (L.) Friends to this ground.
Mar. (L.) And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O farewell, honest soldier!
Who hath relieved you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit*, L.
Mar. Holloa! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him. [*Giving his hand.*
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Hor What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. (L. C.) Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy!
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreadful sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. (R. C.) Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Come, let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. (C.) Well, let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. (C.) Peace! break thee off: look where it comes again!

Enter GHOST, L.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Hor. (R. C.) Most like;—it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By Heaven, I charge thee, speak! [GHOST *crosses to* R.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay; speak; speak, I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit* GHOST, R.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How, now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. (R.) I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. (C.) Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated.
Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk he hath gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Re-enter GHOST, L.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. [GHOST *crosses to* R.]
Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me! [GHOST *stops at* R.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me. (L. C)
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, fore-knowing may avoid—
Oh, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of the earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it!—[*Exit* GHOST, R.]—stay, and speak!
Mar. 'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence.
Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. (R.) And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth, with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:

Break we our watch up; [*Crosses to* R.] and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*The Palace.—Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter POLONIUS, *the* KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, *Ladies, and Attendants*, L., LAERTES, R., *and stand thus*:

R. LAERTES. POLON. KING. QUEEN. HAM. L.

King. (C.) Though yet of Hamlet, our dear brother's death,
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we, with wisest sorrow, think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—for all, our thanks.—
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence, though willingly, I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord;
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.
[*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem;
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet, and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven.
We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall, in all my best, obey you, madam.
King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*

[*Exeunt in the following order, viz.* 1st, POLONIUS, *with a White Rod, formally leading the way;* 2d, *the* KING *and* QUEEN; 3d, LAERTES; 4th, *male and female Attendants.*

Ham. [*Standing alone,* L.] O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! (C.) 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much,—not two—
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on—and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't!—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—
She married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules.
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;—
But break, my heart: (L.) for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO, R.

Hor. (R.) Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio—or I do forget myself?
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. (R.) Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?
Mar. (R.) My good lord—

Ham. (C.) I am very glad to see you—Good even sir—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. (L. C.) A truant disposition, good my lord.
[MARCELLUS *and* BERNARDO *stand* R.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But, what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio.
My father—methinks, I see my father.
Hor. Where,
My lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio?
Hor. I saw him once,—he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. (L. C.)
Hor. (R. C.) My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. (L.) Saw! who?
Hor. My lord, the king, your father.
Ham. The king, my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. (C.) For heaven's love, let me hear!
Hor. (C.) Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd:—a figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly cap-à-pee,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes.
Ham. [*To* BER. *and* MAR. R.] But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. (c.) My lord, I did;
But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;—
And, at the sound, it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange!
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.
Ham. (R. C.) Indeed, indeed, sirs: but this troubles me.—
Hold you the watch to-night?
Mar. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Mar. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Mar. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there!
Hor. It would have much amazed you
Ham. Very like,
Very like:—stay'd it long?
Hor. While one, with moderate haste,
Might tell a hundred.
Mar. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzled?—no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant 'twill.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. [*Crosses to* L.] I pray you all, [*Returns to* R.]
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: so, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
Hor. (R.) Our duty to your honour.
Ham. (R.) Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt* HOR., BER., *and* MAR., R.
My father's spirit! (C.)—in arms!—all is not well:
I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were come!
Till then, sit still, my soul: (L.) foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA, R.

Laer. (R.) My necessaries are embark'd: farewell;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
Pray, let me hear from you.
Oph. (R.) Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire;

The charlest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Oph. (R. C.) I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.
Laer. (C.) O fear me not.
I stay too long:—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (L. C.) Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for.
Laer. Must humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. [*Exit*, L.
Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.
Pol. (C.) Marry, well bethought;
'Tis told to me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? Give me up the truth.
Oph. (C.) He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love,
In honourable fashion.
Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of Heaven.
Pol. Aye, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows.
This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; [*Crosses to* R.] come your ways.
Oph. (R) I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt* R.

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS, R. U. E.

Ham. (R.) The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold. (U.)
Hor. (R.) It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. (C.) I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. (R. C.) No, it is struck.
Hor. I heard it not; it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums, and Ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. (L.) The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manner born—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

Enter GHOST, L.

Hor. (R) Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. (R. C.) [HOR. *stands about two yards from the back of* HAM.; MAR. *about the same distance from* MAR. *up the stage.*] Angels and ministers of grace defend us! [GHOST *stops* L. C.
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee! I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father!—Royal Dane; O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and us fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
[GHOST *beckons.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. [*Taking* HAMLET'S *arm.*] Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?—
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
And there assume some other horrible form,
And draw you into madness?

Ham. (C.) It waves me still;
Go on, I'll follow thee.
[*Breaks away, and crosses to* L. C.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

[*Both hold him again.*

Ham. (C.) Hold off your hands.

Horn. (C.) Be ruled;—you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve. [GHOST *beckons.*
Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen;—
By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.

[*Breaks away from them.*

I say away:—Go on—I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt* GHOST *and* HAMLET, L.—HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS *slowly follow.*

SCENE V.—*A remote part of the Platform.*

Re-enter GHOST *and* HAMLET, *from* L. U. E. *to* L. C.

Ham. (C.) Whither wilt thou lead me? speak,
I'll go no further.

Ghost. (L. C.) Mark me.

Ham. (R. C.) I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd, for a certain term, to walk the night;
And for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
If thou did'st ever thy dear father love—
Ham. O Heaven!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder!
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt.—
Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul! my uncle?
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
Won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!—
But, soft, methinks I scent the morning air—
Brief let me be:—sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment: whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
So it did mine.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd!
Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Ham. O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.—
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me!
[GHOST *vanishes*, L. C.
Ham. (R.) Hold, hold, my heart;
And you my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—(C.)—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all forms, all pressures past,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter; yes, by Heaven,
I have sworn it.
Hor. [*Within*, L.] My lord, my lord!—
Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet!—
Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it!
Hor. [*Within.*] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, come!

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS, L. U. E.

Mar. (R. C.) How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. (L. C.) What news, my lord?
Ham. (C.) O, wonderful!
Hor. Good, my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by Heaven!
Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be secret?
Hor. Ay, by Heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point;—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is—and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio.
And much offence too. [*Takes his hand.*] Touching this vision here—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. [*Part.*] And now, good friends, [*Crosses to* L.
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord?
We will.
Ham. (c.) Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Hor. and Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear it.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen; (R.)
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear!
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come:—
Here, [*All three stand* R.] as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake.

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know:"—or, "We could, an if we would;" or, "If we list to speak;" or, "There be, an if they might;"
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—this do ye swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear!

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*All at c.*]—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
[*Takes a hand of each*
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
Heaven willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
[*Cross to* L.
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right! [*Exeunt,* L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter POLONIUS, L. *and* OPHELIA, R.

Pol. (L.) How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. (R.) O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of Heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet—with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
He comes before me.

Pol. (C.) Mad for thy love?

Oph. (c.) My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: that done, he lets me go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love.
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*The Palace.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, L. FRANCISCO *and* BERNARDO, R.

King. (c.) Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation:
What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,

I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. (C.) Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
So to expend your time with us a while,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. (L.) Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. (L.) But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. I do beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, FRANCISCO, *and* BERNARDO, R.

Enter POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (L. C.) I now do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do), that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. (C.) O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes—
I will be brief: your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. (R. C.) More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it; for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect:
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend—
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty, and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: [*Shows a paper*] now gather, and surmise.

[*Reads.*]—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,"—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is a vile phrase; but you shall hear;

[*Reads.*]—"In her excellent white bosom, these," &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while; I will be faithful;

[*Reads.*]—"Doubt thou, the stars are fire;
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have no art to reckon my groans; but, that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me;
And, more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me), what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,

If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince; out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens;
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:
And he repulsed, (a short tale to make),
Fell into a sadness;
Thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that),
That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
[*Pointing to his head and shoulders.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters. [*Crosses to* L.

King. (R.) We will try it.

Queen. (R.) But, look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading!

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both; away!
I'll board him presently.
[*Exeunt* KING *and* QUEEN, R. S. E.

Enter HAMLET, M. D. *reading.*

(R. C.) How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. (L. C.) Excellent well.

Pol. (C.) Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. (R. C.) Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir! to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For, if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive—friend, look to 't. [*Turns to the* R. *and reads.*

Pol. (C.) Still harping on my daughter!—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. I'll speak to him again.—[*Aside.*]—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. (R.) Words, words, words

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord?

Ham. (C.) Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams; all of which, sir, though I most powerfully, and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. (R.) Into my grave!

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. (C.) [*Aside.*] My honourable lord, (R. C.) I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life, except my life, except my life. [*Crosses to* R

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools! [*Aside.*

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, L.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet? there he is.

Ros. (L.) Heaven save you, sir! [*Exit* POLONIUS, L.

Guil. (L.) My honour'd lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? [*Crosses to* C.] Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? What news?

Ros. (L. C.) None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: but your news is not true. In the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks! but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me; come; nay, speak.

Guil. (R. C.) What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*Aside to* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Nay, then, I have an eye of you. [*Aside.*] If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily

with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, —why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me—nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. (R.) My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. (L.) Why did you laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me?"

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we met them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King, shall be welcome; (C.) his Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. (R.) How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish of Trumpets*, L.

Guil. (L.) There are the players.

Ham. (C.) Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore: your hands; you are welcome;—but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hernshaw.

[*Crosses to* R.

Pol. [*Within*, L.] Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. (R.) Hark you, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz—that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. (R.) Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. (C.) I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed—

Enter POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (C.) My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.
When Roscius was an actor in Rome—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour—

Ham. "Then came each actor on his ass"—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. "O Jephthah, Judge of Israel"—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well."

Pol. (C.) Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. (R. C.) If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, "As by lot, God wot"—and then, you know, "It came to pass, as most like it was"—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

[*Goes to the Actors*, L.—POL. GUIL. *and* ROSEN. *stand* R.

Enter two ACTORS *and an* ACTRESS, L.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. You are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight:—Come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

[*The 2d* ACTOR *and* ACTRESS *retire up the stage, near* L. U. E.

1 *Act.* What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once—but it was never acted: or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line;

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast"—

'Tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
Old grandsire Priam seeks."

Pol. (c.) 'Fore heaven, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion,

Ham. (L. c.) So;—proceed you.

1 *Act.* "Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls.
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new awork,

And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars' armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
Say on: come to Hecuba.

1 *Act.* "But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled queen"—

Ham. The mobled queen!

Pol. That's good; the mobled queen is good.

1 *Act.* "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames;
A clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced?"

Pol. [*Pointing to* HAM.] Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. (L.) Come, sirs. [*To Actors.*

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Old friend.— [*To 1st* ACTOR.
My good friends, [*To* ROS. *and* GUILD.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

[*Exeunt* ROS *and* GUILD. R
Can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Act.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen

lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Act.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exeunt* POLONIUS *and Actors*, L.

Now I am alone. (c.)

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul into his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless, villain!
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dead father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,

And fall a cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me, to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Exit* R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace.—Theatre in Background.*

Enter POLONIUS, KING, QUEEN, *and* OPHELIA, L. ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, R.

King. (C.) And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion?
Ros. (R. C.) He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
Queen. (c.) Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, R.
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself (lawful espials,)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. (R.) I shall obey you:—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. (L.) Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit* QUEEN, R.
Pol. (L. C.) Ophelia, walk you here:
Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.
[OPHELIA *goes up the stage, and retires at* R. U. E.
I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt* KING *and* POLONIUS, R. S. E.

Enter HAMLET, L.

Ham. (L.) To be, or not to be, that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? (C.)—to die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die?—to sleep?—
To sleep!—perchance, to dream—Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
[OPHELIA *re-enters at* R. U. E.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
[*Seeing* OPHELIA, *who advances,* R.
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd!

Oph. (R.) Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.
Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed,
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.
Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?
Oph. My lord!
Ham. Are you fair?
Oph. What means your lordship?
Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit your honesty to no discourse with your beauty.
Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?
Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.
Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.
Oph. I was the more deceived.
Ham. Get thee to a nunnery! Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all: believe none of us; go thy ways to a nunnery.—Where's your father?
Oph. At home, my lord.
Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.
[*Runs off* L.
Oph. (R.) O, help him, you sweet Heavens!
Ham. [*Running back to her.*] If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

Get thee to a nunnery! Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go!

[*Hastens off* L

Oph. (R.) Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. [*Returns.*] I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; Heaven hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname Heaven's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more of 't; it hath made me mad. [*Crosses to* L.] I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go! [*Exit*, R.

Oph. (C.) O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.
O woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

[*Exit*, R.

Re-enter KING *and* POLONIUS, R. S. E.

King. (R.) Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. (C.) There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.
He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute;
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brain's still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself:—What think you on't?

Pol. (C.) It shall do well: but yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.
My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him

To show his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference; if she finds him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. (L.) It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt*, L.

Enter the FIRST ACTOR *and* HAMLET, R.

Ham. (R.) Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but, if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings! who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

1 *Act.* (R.) I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, and the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Act.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. (c.) O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—
Horatio! [*Exit* 1 ACTOR, L.

Enter HORATIO, R.

Hor. (R.) Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord.—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
E'en with the very commend of thy soul
Observe my uncle; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy; give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord. [*Exit*, R. U. E.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle. Get you a place. [*Goes and stands* R.—*Music.*

Enter POLONIUS, KING, QUEEN, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRICK, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, *Lords and Ladies*, L. S. E.

King. [*Seated.*] How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. (R. C.) Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord, you play'd once in the university, you say. [*To* POLONIUS.

Pol. (C.) That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. (C.) And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*Aside to the King.*

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* OPHELIA'S *feet.*

Oph. [*Seated* R.] You are merry, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

[POLONIUS *goes and stands at the back of the State-chairs*, L.; HORATIO *stands* R.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he must build churches then.

Oph. What means the play, my lord?
Ham. Miching mallecho; it means mischief.
Oph. But what is the argument of the play?

Enter second ACTOR *as the Prologue, on a raised stage,* L.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow.
[HAMLET *lies at the feet of* OPHELIA, *and amuses himself with her fan.*

2 *Act.* "For us and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently." [*Exit,* R.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?
Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.
Ham. As woman's love.

Enter first ACTOR *and the* ACTRESS, L., *as a Duke and Duchess, on the raised stage.*

1 *Act.* "Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.
Actress. "So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women fear too much, even as they love.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear,
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
1 *Actor.* "Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloved,—and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—
Actress. "O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first."
Ham. That's wormwood. [*Aside.*

1 *Actor.* "I do believe, you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break.
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.
Actress. "Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night,
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widow, ever I be wife! [*Embraces him.*
1 *Actor.* "'Tis deeply sworn."
Ham. If she should break it now—
1 *Actor.* "Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.
[*Crosses to the seat—he sleeps.*
Actress. "Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain."
[*Exit*, L.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no; they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that? Your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the galled jade wince,—our withers are unwrung.

Enter third ACTOR, *as* LUCIANUS, L.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying. Begin, murderer—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

3 *Actor.* "Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted—thrice infected,
Thy natural magic, and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately."

[*Pours the poison into his ear, and exit*, L

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian; you shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife. [*Jumps up.*

King. Give me some light!—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *severally.*

Ham. (C.) "Why let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away."—

O good Horatio, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. (L. C.) Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders. [*Exit* HORATIO, R.

Enter GUILDENSTERN *and* ROSENCRANTZ, L.

Guil. (L.) Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir—

Ham. Ay, sir,—what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, has sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment:

if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. (L. C.) What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say—

Ros. (L.) Then, thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you, in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good, my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir; but, *while the grass grows*—The proverb is something musty. [*Crosses to* R.

Enter HORATIO *and two Musicians,* R. *with Recorders.*

Ham. O! the recorders—let me see one. [*Takes one.* To, withdraw with you. [GUIL. *crosses behind to* R.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO *and Musicians* R.

Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. (L.) My lord, I cannot.

Ham. (L.) I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Ros. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you may fret me, you cannot play upon me. [*Crosses to* R.

Enter POLONIUS, R.

Pol. (R. C.) My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. [*Leaning on the shoulder of* POL.] Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-bye.—They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and-bye.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. (R.) By-and-bye is easily said. [*Exit* POLONIUS, R.] Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, R.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft—now to my mother.
O! heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel—not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none. [*Exit*, R

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the KING, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN, L.

King. (C.) I like him not; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you:
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, L

Enter POLONIUS, R.

Pol. (R.) My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exeunt* KING, R. POLONIUS, L.

SCENE III.—*The Queen's Closet.*

Enter QUEEN *and* POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (L.) He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.
Pray you be round with him.

Queen. (C.) I'll warrant you—
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[POLONIUS *conceals himself behind the arras*, L. S. E.

Enter HAMLET, R. D.

Ham. (R.) Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. (L.) Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. (R. C.) Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. (C.) Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!
Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*
Dead, for a ducat, dead.
[HAMLET *draws, and makes a pass through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind.*] Oh! Oh! Oh!
[POLONIUS *falls and dies,* L.
Queen. (R. C.) Oh, me! what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not—
Is it the king?
Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king?
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
[*Takes a candle, lifts up the arras, and sees* POLONIUS.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better. [*To the* QUEEN.
Leave wringing of your hands. Peace—sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; [*He gets chairs*] for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not brazed it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
[*Both sit,* C.

Queen. (R. *of* HAM.) What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths. Oh! such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words—
Ah me! that act!
Queen. Ah me! what act?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow—
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself:
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:—
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment—and what judgment
Would step from this to this?
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed—
Queen. No more, sweet Hamlet.
Ham. A murderer, and a villain;

A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord—a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket——

Enter GHOST, R.

A king of shreds and patches:— [*They rise.*
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! what would your gracious figure? [HAMLET *looks at the* GHOST—*the* QUEEN *looks a contrary way.*

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
Oh, say!

Ghost. (R.) Do not forget—this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Oh, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. [*To* GHOST.] Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there? [*Pointing* R

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves,
[GHOST *crosses to* L.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit* GHOST, L.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past;—avoid what is to come.

Queen. Oh Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. (c.) Oh! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
I do repent;
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
[*Exit* QUEEN, R.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter KING *and* QUEEN, L.

King. (L. C.) There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves,
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
How does Hamlet?

Queen. (C.) Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier—In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, "*A rat! a rat!*"
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. Oh, heavy deed!
It had been so with us had we been there.
Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd.

King. The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, L.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid;
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, L.

Come, (R.) Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter HAMLET, L.

Ham. (L. C.)——Safely stow'd—

Ros. (*Within* R.) Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, R.

Ros. (R.) What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. (C.) Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence, and bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end. He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed:—when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it:—a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. (R.) Bring me to him. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter the KING, L. *attended.*

King. (L. C.) How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him;
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, R.

How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. (R.) Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter GUILDENSTERN *and* HAMLET, R.

King. (C.) Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ham. (R. C.) Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him in the other place yourself.—But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go, seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exit* GUILDENSTERN, R.

King. (L. C.) Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Must send thee hence;
Therefore prepare thyself:—
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knewest our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother:—Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit,* R.

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard:
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done—

[*Exit* ROSENCRANTZ, R.

And England, (L.) if my love thou hold'st at aught,
Let it be testified in Hamlet's death. [*Exit,* L.

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter the QUEEN *and* HORATIO, L.

Queen. (L. C.) I will not speak with her.

Hor. (L.) She is importunate: indeed, distract:
'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit* HORATIO, L.

Oph. (*Without*, L.) Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. (R.) How now, Ophelia?

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA, L.—HORATIO *stands* L. C. *and a few paces back.*

Oph. (C.) [*Sings.*] How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas! sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[*Sings.*] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Enter the KING, L. *and stands* L. C.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia—.

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[*Sings.*] White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.
[*Crosses to the* KING.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, Heaven 'ield you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say this—

[*Sings.*] Good morrow, 'tis saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't. [*Sings.*] Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

[*Crosses to* R.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. (R.) I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i' the cold ground: my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies! good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit*, R.

King. (R. C.) Follow her close: give her good watch,
I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO, R.
O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death.

[*Noise of arms without*, L.

Enter MARCELLUS, L.

What's the matter?

Mar. Save yourself, my lord:
The young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers; the rabble call him, lord;
They cry, "Choose we, Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king! Laertes king!"

[*Noise without*, L.

Laer. (*Without*, L.) Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Enter LAERTES, L.

O thou vile king!—
Give me my father. [*Exit* MARCELLUS, L.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. (L.) That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. (R.) What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
Let him go, Gertrude.

Laer. Where's my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. (c.) But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. (L. c.) How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance!
To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged,
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will not all the world's:
And, for means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. (R. c.) Good Laertes,
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Hor. [*Without*, R.] Oh, poor Ophelia!

King. Let her come in.

Enter OPHELIA, R. *fantastically bedecked with long wheat Straws and Flowers.*

Laer. (R. c.) O, rose of May—
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is it possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Oph. [*Sings.*]
They bore him barefaced on the bier;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—
Farē you well, my dove!

Laer. (c.) Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. (c) You must sing: [*Sings*]
Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing s more than matter.

Oph. [*To* LAER.] There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness: thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines. [*To the* KING, R. C.] There's rue for you, [*To the* QUEEN, R.] and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o'Sundays—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father died.—They say he made a good end.—[*Sings.*]—"For my bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. [*Sings.—Kneeling*, R. C.]

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

[*Rises.*]—His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his pole:
(C.)—He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
And peace be with his soul!

And with all christian souls! I pray Heaven.

[*Exeunt* OPHELIA *and* QUEEN, L.

King. (R.) Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. (R. C.) Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, or hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble right, nor formal ostentation—

Cry, to be heard, as 'twere, from heaven to earth
That I must call't in question.
King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter HORATIO *and* FRANCISCO, R.

Hor. (R.) What are they, that would speak with me?
Fran. (R.) Sailors, sir:
They say, they have letters for you.
Hor. (R. C.) Let them come in,—
[*Exit* FRANCISCO, L.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter two SAILORS, L.

1 *Sail.* (L.) Heaven bless you, sir.
Hor. Let him bless thee too.
1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.
Hor. [*Reads the letter.*] "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee.—A pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me, with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Farewell.

"He that thou knowest thine,
"HAMLET."

Come, I will give you way for these your letters. (L.)
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt*, L

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the KING *and* LAERTES, R.

King. (C.) Now must your conscience my acquittance seal;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. (R. C.) And so have I a noble father lost
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.—
How now? What news?

Enter BERNARDO, L.

Ber. (L. C.) Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Ber. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. [*To* BERNARDO.

[BERNARDO *crosses, and exit* R.

[*Reads.*] "High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. "HAMLET."
What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. (R.) Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character.—"Naked"—
And, in a postscript here, he says "alone."
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,
Will you be ruled by me?
Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.
Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine.
Laer. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth.
Here was a gentleman of Normandy—
He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you:
This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this—
Laer. What out of this, my lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or, are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why ask you this?
King. Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.
King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize.

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together
And wager o'er your heads: he being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so, that with ease,
Or, with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:
And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter the QUEEN, L.

Queen. (L.) One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. (R.) Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. (C.) There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
There with fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples;
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook.

Laer. I forbid my tears:—but yet

It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will:
Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.
[*Exeunt* LAERTES, R. KING *and* QUEEN, L.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Church-yard.*

Enter two GRAVE-DIGGERS, L. S. E.

1 *G. D.* (C.) Is she to be buried in christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *G. D.* (C.) I tell thee, she is; therefore, make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 *G. D.* (R.) How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *G. D.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *G. D.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. (R. C.) For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *G. D.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *G. D.* Give me leave. [*Crosses to* L.] Here lies the water; good: [*Crosses to* R.] here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes: mark you that: but, if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not

himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *G. D.* But is this law?

1 *G. D.* Ay, marry is't, crowner's-quest law.

2 *G. D.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *G. D.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folks should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. (c.) Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *G. D.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *G. D.* He was the first that ever bore arms. I'll put a question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself.

2 *G. D.* Go to.

1 *G. D.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *G. D.* The gallows-maker; for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 *G. D.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well. But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church. Argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again: come.

2 *G. D.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *G. D.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *G. D.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *G. D.* To't.

2 *G. D.* Mass, I cannot tell.

1 G. *D.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit* SECOND GRAVE-DIGGER, L.

(*The* GRAVE-DIGGER *sings while digging.*)

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *and stand behind the Grave*, C.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. (R. C.) Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. (R. C.) 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

(GRAVE-DIGGER *sings.*)

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipp'd me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent heaven; might it not? [*The* GRAVE-DIGGER *throws up bones.*

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't.

(GRAVE-DIGGER *sings.*)

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *G. D.* Mine, sir.

[*Sings.*] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in it.

1 *G. D.* [*Digging.*] You lie out on't, sir, and therefore, it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *G. D.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *G. D.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 *G. D.* For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 *G. D.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul! she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *G. D.* [*Leans on his spade.*] Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 *G. D.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England?

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *G. D.* Why, because he was mad. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 *G. D.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 *G. D.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 *G. D.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *G. D.* Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

1 *G. D.* [*Sitting on the side of the grave, his face towards the audience.*] 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *G. D.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. [*Stands in the grave again, and turns over the earth and bones thrown up.*] Here's a skull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *G. D.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *G. D.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! [*Pats the skull with his hand.*] He poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once! This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

[*Gives the skull up to* HAM. *at the end of the grave.*

Ham. This?

1 *G. D.* E'en that.

Ham. Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come: make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think that Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Lays down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alex-

ander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?
Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw!
[*Bell tolls.*
But, soft! but, soft! aside;—here comes the king,
The queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did, with desperate hand,
Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Couch we awhile, and mark.
[*Retires with* HORATIO, R.—*Bell tolls.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, *Lords, Ladies, Priests, &c. through the gates, attending the corpse of* OPHELIA, L. U. E.—*(Bell tolls.)—Attendants, with torches, stand up the* L. *side of stage.* KING *and* QUEEN *stand* C. *beyond the grave.* PRIEST *at the* R. *end.* 1 GRAVE-DIGGER *at the* L. *end.*

Laer. (L.) What ceremony else?
Ham. (R.) That is Laertes,
A very noble youth. [*Aside to* HOR.
Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.
Laer. Must there no more be done?
Priest. No more be done?
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace parted souls.
Laer. Lay her i'the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish Priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.
Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
[*Takes a basket from a Lady, and scatters flowers.*
I hoped thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.
Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? Whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
Laer. (R. C.) The devil take thy soul!
[*Leaping out of the grave, and grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand!
King. Pluck them asunder. [*They are parted.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
Queen. O, my son! what theme?
Ham. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her!
Queen. O, he is mad, Laertes.
Ham. Come, show me, what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here but to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thoul't mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
Queen. (L.) This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter:
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit*, R.
King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.
[*Exit* HORATIO, R.
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[*To* LAERTES.
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and Ladies*, L. U. E.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet thereby shall we see;
Till then, in patience, our proceeding be. [*Bell tolls.*
[*Exeunt Bearers and Attendants, through the gates*, L. U. E.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, R.

Ham. But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his.
Hor. Peace. Who comes here?

Enter OSRICK, L.

Osr. (L.) Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.
Ham. (R. C.) I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly? [*Aside to* HOR.
Hor. (R.C.) No, my good lord.
Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him.
Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.—Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry—as 'twere—I cannot tell how.—My lord; his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head; sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you remember—

[HAMLET *signs to him to put on his hat.*

Osr. (c.) Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith—sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeed to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon.

Ham. What is his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons:—But, well—

Osr. The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses: against the which he hath impawn'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and pouiards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides.

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: and if would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought; the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can: if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit*, L.

Hor. (L.) You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. (C.) I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord—

Ham. It is but foolery: but it is such a kind of gaingiving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*The Court of Denmark.*

KING *and* QUEEN *seated;* LAERTES, OSRICK, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, *Lords and Ladies discovered.—Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, L.

King. *(Rises and comes forward to* C.*)* Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*Joining* HAM. *and* LAERTES' *hand.*

Ham. (C.) Give me your pardon, sir; I have done you wrong; [*To* LAERTES

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. (C.) I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge :—
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.
Ham. I embrace it freely ;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.
Laer. Come, one for me.
Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes ; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.
Laer. You mock me, sir.
Ham. No, by this hand.
King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager? [*Returns to the throne.*
Ham. Very well, my lord ;
Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.
King. I do not fear it ; I have seen you both ;—
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.
Laer. (R. *examining the foils.*) This is too heavy, let me see another.
Ham. (L.) This likes me well—these foils have all a length?
Osr. (R.) Ay, my good lord.
King. (*Seated on the throne.*) Set me the stoups of wine upon that table :—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire ;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn.—Give me the cups,
[*To* FRANCISCO.
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak—
The trumpet to the cannoneer without—
The cannons to the heavens—the heaven to earth—
Now the king drinks to Hamlet. [*He drinks.*
[*Drums and Trumpets sound—Cannons within.*
Come, begin ;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, sir.
Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*
Ham. One.

Laer. No.
Ham. Judgment.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well—again—
King. Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health. [*He pretends to drink.*
[*Drums and Trumpets sound—Cannons shot off within.*
Give him the cup.
Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come—[*They play.*]—another hit.—What say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
[*The* QUEEN *drinks, and returns the cup to* FRANCISCO.
Ham. Good, madam—
King. [*Aside to the* QUEEN.) Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I have, my lord. I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poison'd cup—it is too late.
[*Turning aside from the* QUEEN
Laer. I'll hit him now;
And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside*
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes.—You do but dally.
I pray you pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so:—Come on. [*They play*—LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET; *and, while struggling, they exchange rapiers.*
King. Part them; they are incensed.
[*The* QUEEN *swoons.*
Ham. Nay, come again.
[HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES, *who falls.*
Osr. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor. How is't, my lord?
Osr. How is't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osrick:
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink.—Oh, my dear Hamlet!—
The drink, the drink.—I am poison'd.
[*She is led off,* L. U. E.

Ham. Oh, villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd.—
Treachery! seek it out.
Laer. It is here, Hamlet.—Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd; the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.
Ham. (c.) The point
Envenom'd too! Then, venom, to thy work.
[*Stabs the* KING *on the throne.*
Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous damned Dane,
Follow my mother. [KING *dies.*
Laer. He is justly served.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes and audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell serjeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest, oh, I could tell you—
But let it be.—Horatio,
Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
Here's yet some liquor left. [*Takes the cup.*
Ham. As thou'rt a man— [*Throws away the cup*
Give me the cup—let go—By Heaven, I'll have it!
Oh, good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—
Oh! I die, Horatio!—
The potent poison quite o'erthrows my spirit—
The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

THE END.

Widow. Let me go, goblin!—You are a hideous person, and I hate the sight of you! Your breast is flint! Flint! Unfeeling Gorgon, and I abominate you! [*Exit*, R.

Sophia. (C.) Nay, you are unkind, good cross old soul; and I am sure you will forgive my poor ma'! We ought all to forget and forgive! Ought not we, Mr Dornton?

Harry. Do you hear her, sir? [*To* Mr. DORNTON.

Dorn. (R. C.) Harry has told me of your innocent, pure, and unsuspecting heart—I love you for having called me an ugly monster!

Sophia. (*To* HARRY.) La, Mr. Dornton, how could you—

Sulky. (R. C.) Harry—Give me your hand—You have a generous and a noble nature! But your generosity would have proved more pernicious than even your dissipation. No misfortunes, no, not to the beggary and ruin of a father, could justify so unprincipled a marriage!

Dorn. And now (*To* Mr. SULKY) my friend!

Mil. My father!

Harry. (C.) My—!

Sulky. Whoo! If you wish to get another word from me to-night, have done. [*Turning to* SILKY.] I hate fawning.

Sil. (R.) Ah, Mr. Sulky, you will have your humour.

Sulky. (R.) The indiscriminating generosity of this young man supported you in your day of distress; for which, serpent-like, you turned to sting your preserver.

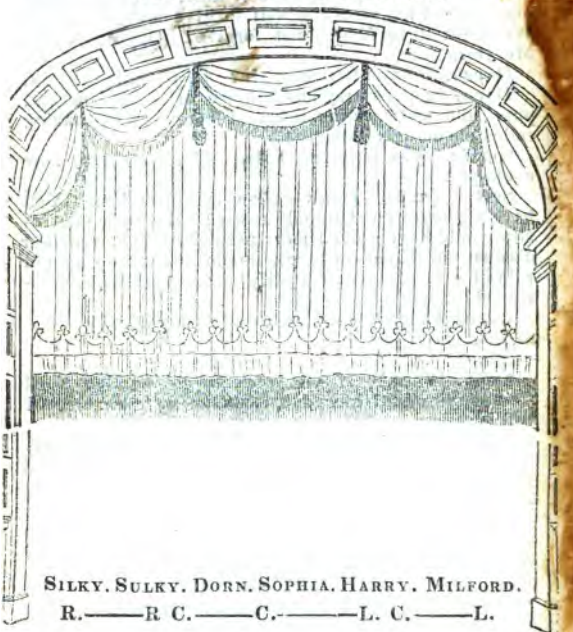
Sil. Ah, you will have your humour.

Sulky. Yes; and it is my humour to see that your villainy shall be exposed in its true colours. Hypocrisy, falsehood, and fraud, are your familiars. To screen your avarice, you made it believed that this gentleman had been the cause of lodging the detainers, and had done the dirty work of which even you were ashamed. But the creditors shall receive their full demand.

Dorn. (R. C.) The proposal is just. Listen to that worthy man; and if you can, be honest with a good grace. Every thing will then be readily adjusted, and I hope to the satisfaction of all parties.

THE END.

POSITIONS OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN:



SILKY. SULKY. DORN. SOPHIA. HARRY. MILFORD.

R.——R C.——C.——L. C.——L.

DOLBY, Printer, 299, Strand, London.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

A Trip to Scarborough.

Nurse. Very well. Now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my lord to-night.

Act II. Scene IV.

1664-9-12-6

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

A COMEDY,

In Three Acts.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—EXITS AND ENTRANCES,—RELATIVE POSITION OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now Performed at the

THEATRES-ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

By Mr. White, from a Drawing by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

REMARKS.

This Comedy appeared originally in 1697, under the title of *The Relapse; or, Virtue in Danger.* It was for many years a favourite comedy, but in the ordinary mutations of taste and the progress of refinement, Vanbrugh's humour became intolerable. This play attracted the notice of the witty and accomplished Sheridan, who gave a new polish to the humour, and expunged much of that gross licentiousness which disfigured the productions of the Vanbrugh school. *The Relapse* furnished materials for the *Trip to Scarborough*, a comedy in five acts, and was first performed as such at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, February 24, 1777. It is now (1823) performed at the same house in three acts, exactly as here printed.

This play is full of improbabilities. It is not possible to believe that any British Peer could be so arrant a coxcomb as *Lord Foppington;* no young English lady could be so vulgar as *Miss Hoyden;* no country gentleman such a blockhead as *Sir Tunbelly Clumsy;* and yet, even in the closet, a lively and happy imagination will welcome them all in. This arises from the rationality (notwithstanding the improbability) of the incidents. The characters

well sustained as they are at Drury Lane, this season, the *Trip to Scarborough* is as ludicrous and even interesting, and has been as well received, as any performance at the above noble theatre for a long time.

299, *Strand, November* 1823.

Costume.

LORD FOPPINGTON.—White satin dressing-gown, fancifully trimmed with pink, white satin waistcoat, ornamented with gold spangles, white satin breeches, and gold knee-bands; white silk stockings, black shoes, with large silver buckles; hair powdered. Second dress—Scarlet coat glittering with gold spangles; sword.

SIR TUNBELLY.—Cocked hat, blue coat, red waistcoat, drab breeches, clumsy black boots.

COL. TOWNLY.—Uniform of an English Colonel.

YOUNG FASHION.—Round black hat, brown coat, white waistcoat, white trowsers, sword.

LOVELESS.—Dress hat, brown coat, white breeches, white silk stockings, sword.

AMANDA.—White satin, richly trimmed with lace.

BERINTHIA.—White satin dress, trimmed with pink.

MISS HOYDEN.—White muslin frock.

Cast of the Characters in the Comedy of THE TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH, *at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.* (1823.)

Lord Foppington	Mr. Browne.
Sir Tunbelly Clumsy	Mr. Gattie
Colonel Townly	Mr. Thompson.
Young Fashion	Mr. Wallack.
Loveless	Mr. Penley.
Probe	Mr. Hughes.
Lory	Mr. Fitzwilliam.
La Varole	Mr. Webster.
Amanda	Mrs. Orger.
Berinthia	Miss L. Kelly.
Miss Hoyden	Miss S. Booth.
Nurse	Mrs. Harlowe.
Mrs. Coupler	Mrs. Willmott.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a *Character* appears upon the Stage, the point of *Entrance*, as well as every subsequent change of *Position*, till its *Exit*, is noted, with a fidelity which may in all cases be relied on; the object being, to establish this Work as a *Standard Guide to the Stage business*, as now conducted on the London boards.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*. The following view of the Stage with Five Performers in front, will, it is presumed, fully demonstrate the *Relative Positions*.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in an Inn.*

Enter YOUNG FASHION, L. *and* LORY, *Postillion following with a Portmanteau.*

Young F. (R. C.) Lory, pay the Post-boy, and take the portmanteau.

Lory. (C.) Faith, sir, we had better let the Post-boy take the portmanteau and pay himself.

Young F. Why sure there's something left in it.

Lory. Not a rag, upon my honour, sir—we eat the last of your wardrobe at New Malton—and if we had had twenty miles further to go, our next meal must have been of the cloak-bag.

Young F. Why, 'sdeath, it appears full.

Lory. Yes, sir—I made bold to stuff it with hay, to save appearances, and look like baggage.

Young F. What the devil shall I do?—harkee, boy, what's the chaise?

Post. (L. C.) Thirteen shillings, please your honour.

Young F. Can you give me change for a guinea?

Post. O yes, sir.

Lory. (L. C.) Soh, what will he do now?—Lord, sir, you had better let the boy be paid below.

Young F. (L. C.) Why, as you say, Lory, I believe it will be as well.

Lory. Yes, yes; I'll tell them to discharge you below, honest friend.

Post. Please your honour, there are the turnpikes, too.

Young F. Ay, ay, the turnpikes by all means.

Post. And I hope your honour will order me something for myself.

Young F. To be sure; bid them give you a crown.

Lory. Yes, yes—my master doesn't care what you charge them—so get along you——

Post. And there's the hostler, your honour.

Lory. (L.) Pshaw! damn the hostler—would you impose upon the gentleman's generosity? [*Pushes him out,* L.] A rascal, to be so curst ready with his change!

Young F. (C.) Why, faith, Lory, he had nearly pos'd me.

Lory. (*Returns,* C.) Well, sir, we are arrived at Scarborough, not worth a guinea: I hope you'll own yourself a happy man—you have outliv'd all your cares.

Young F. How so, sir?

Lory. Why you have nothing left to take care of.

Young F. Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

Lory. Sir, if you could prevail with somebody else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for it. But now, sir, for my Lord Foppington, your elder brother.

Young F. Damn my eldest brother.

Lory. With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity, however. Look you, sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

Young F. Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him nor starve.

Lory. Why what will you do, then?

Young F. Cut his throat, or get some one to do it for me.

Lory. 'Gad so, sir, I'm glad to find I was not so well acquainted with the strength of your conscience as with the weakness of your purse.

Young F. Why, art thou so impenetrable a blockhead as to believe he'll help me with a farthing?

Lory. Not if you treat him *de haut en bas*, as you used to do.

Young F. Why how would'st have me treat him?

Lory. Like a trout—tickle him.

Young F. I can't flatter.

Lory. Can you starve?

Young F. Yes.

Lory. I can't—good-by-t'ye, sir.

Young F. Stay—thou'lt distract me. But who comes here—my old friend, Colonel Townly.

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY, L.

My dear Colonel, I am rejoiced to meet you here.

Col. T. (C.) Dear Tom, this is an unexpected pleasure—what, are you come to Scarborough to be present at your brother's wedding?

Lory. (R. C.) Ah, sir, if it had been his funeral, we should have come with pleasure.

Col. T. What, honest Lory, are you with your master still?

Lory. Yes, sir, I have been starving with him ever since I saw your honour last.

Young F. Why Lory is an attached rogue—there's no getting rid of him.

Lory. True, sir, as my master says, there's no seducing me from his service—till he's able to pay me my wages. [*Aside.*

Young F. Go, go, sir—and take care of the baggage.

Lory. Yes, sir—the baggage! O Lord! [*Takes up the Portmanteau.*] I suppose, sir, I must charge the landlord to be very particular where he stows this?

Young F. Get along, you rascal. [*Exit* LORY, *with the Portmanteau,* L.] But, Colonel, are you acquainted with my proposed sister-in-law?

Col. T. Only by character—her father, Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, lives within a quarter of a mile of this place, in a lonely old house, which nobody comes near. She never goes abroad, nor sees company at home; to prevent all misfortunes, she has her breeding within doors; the parson of the parish teaches her to play upon the dulcimer, the clerk to sing, her nurse to dress, and her father to dance;—in short, nobody has free admission there but our old acquaintance, Mother Coupler, who has procured your brother this match, and is, I believe, a distant relation of Sir Tunbelly's.

Young F. (R. C.) But is her fortune so considerable?

Col. T. Three thousand a-year, and a good sum of money, independent of her father, beside.

Young F. 'Sdeath! that my old acquaintance, Dame Coupler, could not have thought of me, as well as my brother, for such a prize.

Col. T. 'Egad, I wouldn't swear that you are too late—his lordship, I know, has'nt yet seen the lady—and, I believe has quarrelled with his patroness.

Young F. My dear Colonel, what an idea have you started!

Col. T. Pursue it if you can, and I promise you you shall have my assistance; for beside my natural contempt for his lordship, I have at present the enmity of a rival towards him.

Young F. What, has he been addressing your old flame, the widow Berinthia?

Col. T. Faith, Tom, I am at present most whimsically circumstanced. I came here a month ago to meet the lady you mention; but she failing in her promise, I, partly from pique, and partly from idleness, have been diverting my chagrin by offering up incense to the beauties of Amanda, our friend Loveless's wife.

Young F. I never have seen her, but have heard her spoken of as a youthful wonder of beauty and prudence.

Col. T. She is so, indeed; and Loveless being too careless and insensible of the treasure he possesses—my lodging in the same house has given me a thousand opportunities of making my assiduities acceptable: so that in less than a fortnight, I began to bear my disappointment from the widow with the most Christian resignation.

Young F. And Berinthia has never appear'd?

Col. T. Oh, there's the perplexity; for just as I began not to care whether I ever saw her again or not, last night she arrived.

Young F. And instantly resumed her empire?

Col. T. No, faith—we met—but the lady not condescending to give me any serious reasons for having fool'd me for a month, I left her in a huff.

Young F. Well, well, I'll answer for it she'll soon resume her power, especially as friendship will prevent your pursuing the other too far—but my coxcomb of a brother is an admirer of Amanda's too, is he?

Col. T. Yes, and I believe is most heartily despised by her—but come with me, and you shall see her and your old friend Loveless.

Young F. I must pay my respects to his lordship—perhaps you can direct me to his lodgings.

Col. T. Come with me; I shall pass by it.

Young F. I wish you could pay this visit for me, or could tell me what I should say to him.

Col. T. Say nothing to him—apply yourself to his bag, his sword, his feather, his snuff-box; and when you are well with them, desire him to lend you a thousand pounds, and I'll engage you prosper.

Young F. 'Sdeath and furies! why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? O Fortune, Fortune, thou art a jilt, by Gad! [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Dressing Room.*

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON, *in his Dressing-gown, and* LA VAROLE, L.

Lord F. (L. C.) Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality—strike me dumb—even the boors of this northern spa have learn'd the respect due to a title. [*Aside.*] La Varole!

La Var. Mi lor——

Lord F. You han't yet been at Muddymoat-hall, to announce my arrival, have you?

La Var. Not yet, mi lor.

Lord F. Then you need not go till Saturday, [*Exit* LA VAROLE, R.] as I am in no particular haste to view my intended sposa, I shall sacrifice a day or two more to the pursuit of my friend Loveless's wife—Amanda is a charming creature—strike me ugly: and if I have any discernment in the world, she thinks no less of my Lord Foppington.

Re-enter LA VAROLE, R.

La Var. Mi lor, de shoemaker, de tailor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

Lord F. 'Tis well; admit them.

La Var. Hey, messieurs, entrez.

Enter TAILOR, SHOEMAKER, &c. *and stand* R.; *Servants stand about the Dressing-table*, C.

Lord F. (C.) So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to show yourselves masters in your professions.

Tai. I think I may presume, sir——

La Var. (R. C. *a little up the Stage.*) My lor, you clown, you.

Tai. (R.) My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon, my

lord. I hope, my lord, your lordship will be pleased to own I have brought your lordship as accomplished a suit of clothes as ever peer of England wore, my lord; will your lordship please to view 'em now?

Lord F. Ay; but let my people dispose the glasses so that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all round.

[*Servants place around him several large Glasses.*

Whilst he puts on his Coat, enter YOUNG FASHION *and* LORY, L.

Young F. (L.) Hey-day! what the devil have we here?—Sure my gentleman's grown a favourite at court, he has got so many people at his levee. [*Apart.*

Lory. (L.) Sir, these people come in order to make him a favourite at court—they are to establish him with the ladies. [*Apart.*

Young F. Good heaven! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it should be in the power of a laced coat to recommend a gallant to them! [*Apart.*

Lory. Sir, tailors and hair-dressers debauch all the women. [*Apart.*

Young F. Thou say'st true.—But now for my reception. [*Apart.*

Lord F. (*To* TAILOR.) Death, and eternal tortures! Sir—I say the coat is too wide here by a foot.

Tai. My lord, if it had been tighter, 'twould neither have hook'd nor button'd.

Lord F. Rat the hooks and buttons, sir! Can any thing be worse than this? As Gad shall judge me, it hangs on my shoulders like a chairman's surtout.

Tai. 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

Lory. There, sir, observe what respect does. [*Apart.*

Young F. Respect! D—n him for a coxcomb—but let's accost him. [*Apart.*] Brother, I'm your humble servant.

Lord F. (*Looking round to the* L.) O Lard, Tam, I did not expect you in England—Brother, I'm glad to see you—but what has brought you to Scarborough, Tam?—Look you, sir, [*to the* TAILOR] I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous wrapping gown, therefore pray get me another suit with all possible expedition; for this is my eternal aversion. [*Exit* TAILOR, R.]—Well but, Tam, you don't tell me what has driven

you to Scarborough.—Mrs. Calico, are not you of my mind?

Semp. (R.) Directly, my lord.—I hope your lordship is pleased with your ruffles?

Lord F. (*Sits* C.) In love with them, stab my vitals! Bring me my bill, you shall be paid to-morrow.

Semp. I humbly thank your lordship. [*Exit*, R.

Lord F. Hark thee, shoemaker, these shoes a'n't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoe. (R.) My lord, I think they fit you very well.

Lord F. They hurt me just below the instep.

Shoe. (*Kneels, and feels his Foot.*) No, my lord, they don't hurt you there.

Lord F. I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. (*Rising.*) Why then, my lord, if those shoes pinch you, I'll be d—n'd.

Lord F. Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

Shoe. Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit, but that shoe does not hurt you—I think I understand my trade.

Lord F. Now, by all that's good and powerful, thou art an incomprehensive coxcomb—but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My lord, I have work'd for half the people of quality in this town these twenty years, and 'tis very hard I shouldn't know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

Lord F. Well, pr'ythee begone about thy business. (*Exit* SHOEMAKER, R.) Mr. Mendlegs, a word with you.—The calves of these stockings are thicken'd a little too much; they make my legs look like a porter's.

Mend. My lord, methinks they look mighty well.

Lord F. Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am—I have studied them all my life—therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crown-piece less.

Mend. Indeed, my lord, they are the same kind I had the honour to furnish your lordship with in town.

Lord F. Very possibly, Mr. Mendlegs; but that was in the beginning of the winter, and you should always remember, Mr. Hosier, that if you make a nobleman's spring legs as robust as his autumnal calves, you commit a monstrous impropriety, and make no allowance for the fatigues of the winter. [*Rises, exit* HOSIER, R.

Jewel. (R.) I hope, my lord, those buckles have had the unspeakable satisfaction of being honoured with your lordship's approbation?

Lord F. Why, they are of a pretty fancy; but don't you think them rather of the smallest?

Jewel. My lord, they could not well be larger, to keep on your lordship's shoe.

Lord F. My good sir, you forget that these matters are not as they used to be: formerly, indeed, the buckle was a sort of machine, intended to keep on the shoe; but the case is now quite reversed, and the shoe is of no earthly use, but to keep on the buckle. Now give me my watches, *(*SERVT. *fetches the watches)* my chapeau, *(*SERVT. *brings a dress hat)* my handkerchief, *(*SERVT. *pours some scented liquid on a handkerchief and brings it)* my snaff bax, *(*SERVT. *brings snuff box)* there, now the business of the morning is pretty well over. [*Exit* JEWELLER, R.

Young F. Well, Lory, what dost think on't? a very friendly reception from a brother, after three years absence! [*Apart.*

Lory. Why, sir, 'tis your own fault—here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him. [*Apart.*

Young F. *(*SERVANTS *all go off,* R.*)* Nor ever shall, while they belong to a coxcomb. [*Apart.*] Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you.

Lord F. (R. C.) Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I have an engagement which I would not break for the salvation of mankind. Hey! —there!—is my carriage at the door?—You'll excuse me, brother. [*Crossing from* R. *to* L.

Young F. (C.) Shall you be back to dinner?

Lord F. (C.) As Gad shall judge me, I can't tell; for it is passible I may dine with some friends at Donner's.

Young F. Shall I meet you there? for I must needs talk with you.

Lord F. (L.) That I'm afraid mayn't be quite so praper; for those I commonly eat with are a people of nice conversation; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large—but there are other ordinaries in town—very good beef ordinaries—I suppose, Tam, you can eat beef?—However, dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, stap my vitals! [*Exit,* L.

Young F. (L.) Hell and furies! Is this to be borne?

Lory. Faith, sir, I could almost have given him a knock o'the pate myself.

Young F. 'Tis enough; I will now show you the excess of my passion, by being very calm. Come, Lory, lay your loggerhead to mine, and, in cold blood, let us contrive his destruction.

Lory. Here comes a head, sir, would contrive it better than both our loggerheads, if she would but join in the confederacy.

Young F. By this light, Madam Coupler; she seems dissatisfied at something: let us observe her.

[*They retire* L.

Enter Mrs. COUPLER, R.

Mrs. C. (R.) Soh! I am likely to be well rewarded for my services truly; my suspicions, I find, were but too just.—What! (R. C.) refuse to advance me a petty sum, when I am upon the point of making him master of a galleon! But let him look to the consequences, an ungrateful, narrow-minded coxcomb.

Young F. (*Comes forward on her* L.) So he is, upon my soul, old lady; it must be my brother you speak of.

Mrs. C. Ha!—stripling, how came you here? What, hast spent all, eh? And art thou come to dun his lordship for assistance?

Young F. No, I want somebody's assistance to cut his lordship's throat, without the risk of being hang'd for him.

Mrs. C. 'Egad, sirrah, I could help thee to do him almost as good a turn, without the danger of being burn'd in the hand for't.

Young F. How—how, old Mischief?

Mrs. C. Why, you must know I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother.

Young F. I'm very much beholden to you, truly!

Mrs. C. You may before the wedding-day yet: the lady is a great heiress, the match is concluded, the writings are drawn, and his lordship is come hither to put the finishing hand to the business.

Young F. I understand as much.

Mrs. C. Now you must know, stripling, your brother's a knave.

Young F. Good.

Mrs. C. He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds for helping him to this fortune, and has promised me as much more, in ready money, upon the day of the marriage; which, I understand by a friend, he never designs to pay me; and his just now refusing to pay me a part, is a proof of it. If therefore you will be a generous young rogue, and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll help you to the lady.

Young F. And how the devil wilt thou do that?

Mrs. C. Without the devil's aid, I warrant thee. Thy brother's face not one of the family ever saw; the whole busines has been managed by me, and all his letters go through my hands. Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, my relation—for that's the old gentleman's name—is apprised of his lordship's being down here, and expects him to-morrow to receive his daughter's hand, but the peer, I find, means to bait here a few days longer, to recover the fatigue of his journey, I suppose. Now you shall go to Muddymoat-hall in his place—I'll give you a letter of introduction: and if you don't marry the girl before sun-set, you deserve to be hang'd before morning.

Young F. Agreed, agreed; and for thy reward——

Mrs. C. Well, well;—though I warrant thou hast not a farthing of money in thy pocket now—no—one may see it in thy face.

Young F. Not a souse, by Jupiter.

Mrs. C. Must I advance then? Well, be at my lodgings, next door, this evening, and I'll see what may be done—we'll sign and seal, and when I have given thee some further instructions, thou shalt hoist sail and begone. [*Exit*, R.

Young F. (c) So, Lory, fortune, thou seest, at last takes care of merit: we are in a fair way to be great people.

Lory. (L. *c.*) Ay, sir, if the devil don't step between the cup and the lip, as he used to do.

Young F. Why, faith, he has play'd me many a damn'd trick to spoil my fortune; and, 'egad, I am almost afraid he's at work about it again now; but if I should tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

Lory. Indeed, sir, I should not.

Young F. How dost know?

Lory. Because, sir, I have wondered at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

Young F. No!—What wouldst thou say, if a qualm of conscience should spoil my design?

Lory. I would eat my words, and wonder more than ever.

Young F. Why faith, Lory, though I have play'd many a roguish trick, this is so full-grown a cheat, I find I must take pains to come up to't——I have scruples.

Lory. They are strong symptoms of death. If you find they increase, sir, pray make your will.

Young F. No, my conscience shan't starve me neither; but thus far I'll listen to it. Before I execute this project, I'll try my brother to the bottom. If he has yet so much humanity about him as to assist me—though with a moderate aid—I'll drop my project at his feet, and show him how I can do for him much more than what I'd ask he'd do for me. This one conclusive trial of him I resolve to make.—

Succeed or fail, still vict'ry is my lot;
If I subdue his heart, 'tis well—if not,
I will subdue my conscience to my plot. [*Exeunt* L.

SCENE III.

Enter LOVELESS *and* AMANDA, R.

Love. (R.) How do you like these lodgings, my dear? For my part, I am so pleas'd with them, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay here, if you are satisfied.

Aman. (R.) I am satisfied with every thing that pleases you, else I had not come to Scarborough at all.

Love. (C.) O! a little of the noise and folly of this place will sweeten the pleasures of our retreat; we shall find the charms of our retirement doubled when we return to it.

Aman. (R. C.) That pleasing prospect will be my chiefest entertainment, whilst, much against my will, I engage in those empty pleasures which 'tis so much the fashion to be fond of.

Love. I own most of them are, indeed, but empty; yet there are delights of which a private life is destitute, which may divert an honest man, and be a harmless entertainment to a virtuous woman: good music is one; and truly (with some small allowance) the plays, I think, may be esteemed another.

Aman. Plays, I must confess, have some small charms. What do you think of that you saw last night?

Love. To say truth, I did not mind it much—my attention was for some time taken off to admire the workmanship of nature, in the face of a young lady who sat some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsome.

Aman. So exquisitely handsome!

Love. Why do you repeat my words, my dear?

Aman. Because you seem'd to speak them with such pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their echo.

Love. Then you are alarmed, Amanda?

Aman. It is my duty to be so when you are in danger.

Love. You are too quick in apprehending for me. I view'd her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of love.

Aman. Take heed of trusting to such nice distinctions. But were your eyes the only things that were inquisitive? Had I been in your place, my tongue, I fancy, had been curious too. I should have ask'd her where she liv'd—yet still without design—who was she, pray?

Love. Indeed I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Love. Upon my honour then, I did not ask.

Aman. Nor do you know what company was with her?

Love. I do not. But why are you so earnest?

Aman. I thought I had cause.

Love. But you thought wrong, Amanda; for turn the case, and let it be your story: should you come home and tell me you had seen a handsome man, should I grow jealous because you had eyes?

Aman. But should I tell you he was exquisitely so, and that I had gazed on him with admiration, should you not think 'twere possible I might go one step further, and inquire his name?

Love. She has reason on her side; I have talk'd too much; but I must turn off another way. [*Aside.*] Will you then make no difference, Amanda, between the language of our sex and yours? There is a modesty restrains your tongues, which makes you speak by halves when you commend; but roving flattery gives a loose to ours; which makes us still speak double what we think.

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Serv. Madam, there is a lady at the door in a chair desires to know whether your ladyship sees company? her name is Berinthia.

Aman. Oh dear! 'tis a relation I have not seen these five years, pray her to walk in. [*Exit* SERVANT, L.] Here's another beauty for you; she was, when I saw her last, reckoned extremely handsome.

Love. Don't be jealous now; for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter BERINTHIA, L.

Ha! by heavens, the very woman! [*Aside.*

Ber. Dear Amanda, I did not expect to meet you in Scarborough.

Aman. Sweet cousin, I'm overjoyed to see you.—Mr. Loveless, here's a relation and a friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Love. If my wife never desires a harder thing, madam, her request will be easily granted.

Re-enter a SERVANT, L.

Serv. (L.) Sir, my Lord Foppington presents his humble service to you, and desires to know how you do. He's at the next door; and if it be not inconvenient to you, he'll come and wait upon you.

Love. (L. C.) Give my compliments to his lordship, and I shall be glad to see him. [*Exit* SERVANT, L.] If you are not acquainted with his lordship, madam, you will be entertained with his character.

Aman. Now it moves my pity more than my mirth to see a man, whom nature has made no fool, be so very industrious to pass for an ass.

Love. No, there you are wrong, Amanda; you should never bestow your pity upon those who take pains for your contempt: pity those whom nature abuses, never those who abuse nature.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON, L.

Lord F. (L.) Dear Loveless, I am your most humble servant.

Love. (L. C.) My lord, I'm yours.

Lord F. (C.) Madam, your ladyship's very obedient slave.

Love. My lord, this lady is a relation of my wife's.

Lord F. [*Kisses her hand.*] The beautifullest race of people upon earth, rat me. (R. C.) Dear Loveless, I am overjoyed that you think of continuing here. I am, stap my vitals. (R.) For Gad's sake, madam, how has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the fatigue of a country life? [*To* AMANDA, R.

Aman. (R.) My life has been very far from that, my lord, it has been a very quiet one.

Lord F. (R.) Why that's the fatigue I speak of, madam; for 'tis impossible to be quiet, without thinking: now thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.

Aman. Does not your lordship love reading then?

Lord F. (R. C.) Oh, passionately, madam; but I never think of what I read. For example, madam, my life is a perpetual stream of pleasure, that glides through with such a variety of entertainments, I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of 'em. I rise, madam, when in town, about twelve o'clock. I don't rise sooner, because it is the worst thing in the world for the complexion: nat that I pretend to be a beau; but a man must endeavour to look decent, lest he makes so odious a figure in the side-box, the ladies should be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play. So at twelve o'clock, I say, I rise. Naw, if I find it is a good day, I resolve to take the exercise of riding; so drink my chocolate, and draw on my boots, by two. On my return, I dress; and after dinner, lounge perhaps to the opera.

Ber. (R. C.) Your lordship, I suppose, is fond of music?

Lord F. Oh, passionately, on Tuesdays and Saturdays; for then there is always the best company, and one is not expected to undergo the fatigue of listening.

Aman. Does your lordship think that the case at the opera?

Lord F. Most certainly, madam. There is my Lady Tattle, my Lady Prate, my Lady Titter, my Lady Sneer, my Lady Giggle, and my Lady Grin—these have boxes in the front, and while any favourite air is singing, are the prettiest company in the wauld, stap my vitals! Mayn't we hope for the honour to see you added to our society, madam?

Aman. Alas, my lord, I am the worst company in

the world at a concert, I'm so apt to attend to the music.

Lord F. Why, madam, that is very pardonable in the country or at church, but a monstrous inattention in a polite assembly. But I am afraid I tire the company.

Love. Not at all. Pray go on.

Lord F. Why then, ladies, there only remains to add, that I generally conclude the evening at one or other of the clubs; nat that I ever play deep; indeed I have been for some time tied up from losing above five thousand paunds at a sitting.

Love. But isn't your lordship sometimes obliged to attend the weighty affairs of the nation?

Lord F. Sir, as to weighty affairs, I leave them to weighty heads; I never intend mine shall be a burden to my body.

Ber. Nay, my lord, but you are a pillar of the state.

Lord F. An ornamental pillar, madam; for sooner than undergo any part of the fatigue, rat me, but the whole building should fall plump to the ground.

[*Goes* R.

Aman. (R. C.) But, my lord, a fine gentleman spends a great deal of his time in his intrigues; you have given us no account of them yet.

Lord F. (R.) Soh! She would inquire into my amours—that's jealousy, poor soul! I see she's in love with me. [*Aside.*] O Lord, madam, I had like to have forgot a secret I must needs tell your ladyship.—Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen.

Love. [*Leading* BERINTHIA *up the stage.*] Not I, my lord, I am too fashionable a husband to pry into the secrets of my wife.

Lord F. [*Squeezing* AMANDA'S *hand.*] I am in love with you to desperation, strike me speechless! [*Apart.*

Aman. [*Strikes him on the ear.*] Then thus I return your passion, an impudent fool!

Lord F. Gad's curse, madam, I am a peer of the realm.

Love. [*Hastily returning.*] Hey! what the devil, do you affront my wife, sir? Nay then——

[*Draws.—They fight.*

Aman. What has my folly done? Help! murder! help! Part them, for heaven's sake.

Lord F. [*Falls back and leans on his sword.*] Ah! quite through the body, stap my vitals!

Enter SERVANTS, L.

Love. [*Runs to* LORD FOPPINGTON.] I hope I han't killed the fool, however. Bear him up—Call a surgeon there.

Lord F. Ay, pray make haste.

[*They set him in a chair*, R. C.

Love. This mischief you may thank yourself for.

Lord F. I may so; love's the devil indeed, Ned.

Enter PROBE *and* SERVANT, L.

Serv. Here's Mr. Probe, sir, was just going by the door.

Lord F. He's the welcomest man alive.

Probe. (L. C.) Stand by, stand by, stand by; pray, gentlemen, stand by. Lord have mercy upon us, did you never see a man run through the body before?—Pray stand by.

Lord F. Ah, Mr. Probe, I'm a dead man.

Probe. A dead man, and I by! I should laugh to see that, 'egad.

Love. (L.) Pr'ythee, don't stand prating, but look upon his wound.

Probe. Why, what if I won't look upon his wound this hour, sir?

Love. Why then he'll bleed to death, sir!

[*Ladies stand in the back ground.*

Probe. Why then I'll fetch him to life again, sir.

Love. 'Slife! he's run through the body, I tell thee.

Probe. I wish he was run through the heart, and I should get the more credit by his cure. Now I hope you are satisfied? Come, now let me come at him—now let me come at him [*Viewing his Wound*]—Oons! what a gash is here! Why, sir, a man may drive a coach and six horses into your body.

Lord F. Oh!

Probe. Why, what the devil have you run the gentleman through with a scythe?——A little scratch between the skin and the ribs, that's all. [*Aside.*

Love. Let me see his wound.

Probe. Then you shall dress it, sir; for if any body looks upon it I wont.

Love. Why thou art the veriest coxcomb I ever saw.

Probe. Sir, I am not master of my trade for nothing.

Lord F. Surgeon!

Probe. Sir.

Lord F. Are there any hopes?

Probe. Hopes! I can't tell. What are you willing to give for a cure?

Lord F. Five hundred paunds with pleasure.

Probe. Why then perhaps there may be hopes; but we must avoid a further delay.—Here, help the gentleman into a chair, and carry him to my house presently ——that's the properest place—to bubble him out of his money. [*Aside.*] Come, come—there, in with him.

Lord F. [*As he is borne away to the* L.] Dear Loveless, adieu: if I die, I forgive thee; and, if I live, I hope thou wilt do as much by me. I am sorry you and I should quarrel, but I hope here's an end on't; for if you are satisfied, I am.

Love. I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any further, so you may be at rest, sir.

Lord. F. Thou art a generous fellow, strike me dumb —but thou hast an impertinent wife, stap my vitals!— [*Aside.*

Probe. So—carry him off—carry him off—we shall have him prate himself into a fever by-and-by—carry him off. [*Exeunt, with* LORD FOPPINGTON, L.

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY, L.

Col. T. (L. C.) So, so, I am glad to find you all alive —I met a wounded peer carrying off. For heaven's sake what was the matter?

Love. (C.) O, a trifle—he would have made love to my wife before my face, so she obliged him with a box o'the ear, and I run him through the body, that was all.

Col. T. Bagatelle on all sides. But pray, madam, how long has this noble lord been an humble servant of yours?

Aman. This is the first I have heard on't—so I suppose 'tis his quality more than his love has brought him into this adventure. He thinks his title an authentic passport to every woman's heart below the degree of a peeress.

Col. T. He's coxcomb enough to think any thing; but I would not have you brought into trouble for him —I hope there's no danger of his life?

Love. None at all—he's fallen into the hands of a roguish surgeon, who, I perceive, designs to frighten a

little money out of him—but I saw his wound—'tis nothing—he may go to the ball to-night if he pleases.

Col. T. I am glad you have corrected him without further mischief, or you might have deprived me of the pleasure of executing a plot against his lordship, which I have been contriving with an old acquaintance of yours.

Love. Explain——

Col. T. His brother, Tom Fashion, is come down here, and we have it in contemplation to save him the trouble of his intended wedding; but we want your assistance. Tom would have called, but he is preparing for his enterprize, so I promised to bring you to him—so, sir, if these ladies can spare you——

Love. I'll go with you with all my heart—[*Aside.*]—though I could wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that creature—Good gods! how engaging she is—but what have I to do with beauty? I have already had my portion, and must not covet more.

Aman. Mr. Loveless, pray one word with you before you go. [*Exit* COLONEL TOWNLY, L.

Love. What would my dear?

Aman. Only a woman's foolish question, how do you like my cousin here?

Love. Jealous already, Amanda?

Aman. Not at all—I ask you for another reason.

Love. Whate'er her reason be, I must not tell her true. [*Aside.*] Why, I confess she's handsome: but you must not think I slight your kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the women who may claim that character, she is the last that would triumph in my heart.

Aman. I'm satisfied.

Love. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Aman. (L.) At night I will—adieu.

Love. I'm yours. [*Kissing her.—Exit,* L.

Aman. I'm glad to find he does not like her, for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. [*Aside.*

Ber. [*Aside,* L.] So! I find my colonel continues in his airs; there must be something more at the bottom of this than the provocation he pretends from me. [*Aside.*

Aman. (C.) For heaven's sake, Berinthia, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me?

Ber. Why one way in the world there is—and but one.

Aman. And pray what is that?

Ber. It is to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en sleep here to-night.

Ber. To-night.

Aman. Yes, to-night.

Ber. Why, the people where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you so, Amanda?—Why then they shall think what they please—for I'm a young widow, and I care not what any body thinks.——Ah, Amanda, it's a delicious thing to be a young widow.

Aman. You'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Poh! because you are in love with your husband.

Aman. Pray, 'tis with a world of innocence I would inquire whether you think those we call women of reputation, do really escape all other men as they do those shadows of beaus?

Ber. Oh, no, Amanda; there are a sort of men make dreadful work amongst 'em—men that may be called the beau's antipathy—for they agree in nothing but walking upon two legs. These have brains—the beau has none. These are in love with their mistress—the beau with himself. They take care of their reputation—the beau is industrious to destroy it. They are decent—he's a fop; in short, they are men—he's an ass.

Aman. If this be their character, I fancy we had here, e'en now, a pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His lordship and Colonel Townly?

Aman. The same.

Ber. As for the lord, he is eminently so; and for the other, I can assure you there's not a man in town who has a better interest with the women, that are worth having an interest with.

Aman. He answers the opinion I had ever of him—[*Takes her hand*]—I must acquaint you with a secret—'tis not that fool alone has talked to me of love, Townly has been tampering too.

Ber. So, so! here the mystery comes out! [*Aside*] Colonel Townly!—impossible, my dear!

Aman. 'Tis true, indeed; though he has done it in vain; nor do I think that all the merit of mankind com-

bined, could shake the tender love I bear my husband; yet I will own to you, Berinthia, I did not start at his addresses, as when they came from one whom I contemned.

Ber. O, this is better and better. [*Aside.*] Well said, innocence! and you really think, my dear, that nothing could abate your constancy and attachment to your husband?

Aman. Nothing, I am convinced.

Ber. What if you found he lov'd another woman better?

Aman. Well!

Ber. Well!—why were I that thing they call a slighted wife, somebody should run the risk of being that thing they call—a husband. Don't I talk madly?

Aman. Madly, indeed!

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Aman. That I dare swear you are. I know how to make allowances for your humour—but you resolve then never to marry again?

Ber. Oh, no!—I resolve I will.

Aman. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I don't—but I consider I'm a woman, and form my resolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my opinion is, form what resolution you will, matrimony will be the end on't.

Ber. I doubt it—but a——Heavens! I have business at home, and am half an hour too late.

Aman. As you are to return with me, I'll just give some orders, and walk with you.

Ber Well, make haste, and we'll finish this subject as we go. [*Exit* AMANDA, L.] Ah, poor Amanda, (C.) you have led a country life. Well, this discovery is lucky! Base Townly!—at once false to me and treacherous to his friend! and my innocent and demure cousin too! I have it in my power to be revenged on her, however. Her husband, if I have any skill in countenance, would be as happy in my smiles, as Townly can hope to be in hers. I'll make the experiment, come what will on't. The woman who can forgive the being robb'd of a favoured lover, must be either an idiot or something worse. [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON *and* LA VAROLE, R.

Lord F. Hey, fellow, let my vis-a-vis come to the door.

La Var. Will your lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the weather?

Lord F. (R.) Sir, I will venture as soon as I can to expose myself to the ladies.

La Var. (C.) I wish your lordship would please to keep house a little longer; I'm afraid your honour does not well consider your wound.

Lord F. (R. C.) My wound!—I would not be in eclipse another day, though I had as many wounds in my body as I have had in my heart. So mind, Varole, let these cards be left as directed; for this evening I shall wait on my future father-in-law, Sir Tunbelly, and I mean to commence my devoirs to the lady, by giving an entertainment at her father's expense; and hark thee, tell Mr. Loveless I request he and his company will honour me with their presence, or I shall think we are not friends.

La Var. I will be sure, mi lor. [*Exit*, L.

Enter YOUNG FASHION, L.

Young F. (L.) Brother, your servant; how do you find yourself to-day?

Lord F. (R. C.) So well that I have ardered my coach to the door—so there's no danger of death this baut, Tam.

Young F. I'm very glad of it.

Lord F. That I believe's a lie. [*Aside.*]—Pr'ythee, Tam, tell me one thing, did not your heart cut a caper up to your mauth, when you heard I was run through the bady?

Young F. Why do you think it should?

Lord F. (C.) Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my uncle was shot through the head.

Young F. (C.) It then did very ill.

Lord F. Pr'ythee, why so?

Young F. Because he used you very well.

Lord F. Well!—Naw, strike me dumb, he starv'd me; he has let me want a thausand women, for want of a thausand paund.

Young F. Then he hinder'd you from making a great many ill bargains; for I think no woman worth money that will take money.

Lord F. If I was a younger brother I should think so too.

Young F. Then you are seldom much in love?

Lord F. Never, stap my vitals.

Young F. Why then did you make all this bustle about Amanda?

Lord F. Because she's a woman of insolent virtue, and I thought myself piqu'd, in honour, to debauch her.

Young F. (L. C.) Very well.—Here's a rare fellow for you, to have the spending of ten thousand pounds a year. But now for my business with him. [*Aside.*]—Brother, though I know to talk of any business (especially of money) is a theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the ladies, my necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me—

Lord F. The greatness of your necessities, Tam, is the worst argument in the waurld for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good speech, but strike me dumb, it has the worst beginning of any speech I have heard this twelvemonth.

Young F. I'm sorry you think so.

Lord F. I do believe thou art—but come, let's know the affair quickly.

Young F. Why then, my case in a word is this—The necessary expenses of my travels have so much exceeded the wretched income of my annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for five hundred pounds, which is spent. So, unless you are so kind as to assist me in redeeming it, I know no remedy but to take a purse.

Lord F. Why faith, Tam, to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the waurld—for if you succeed you are relieved that way, if you are taken [*Drawing his hand round his neck*]—you are relieved t'other.

Young F. I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a humour; I hope I shall find the effects on't.

Lord F. Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing, that I should give you five hundred pawnds?

Young F. I do not ask it as a due, brother; I am willing to receive it as a favour.

Lord F. Then thou art willing to receive it any how, strike me speechless. But these are d——n'd times to give money in; taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and boquets so dear, that the devil take me, I am reduced to that extremity in my cash, I have been forced to retrench in that one article of sweet pawder, till I have brought it down to five guineas a maunth—now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred pawnds?

Young F. If you can't I must starve, that's all.—Damn him. [*Aside.*

Lord F. All I can say is, you should have been a better husband.

Young F. Ouns!—If you can't live upon ten thousand a-year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

Lord F. Don't be in a passion, Tam, for passion is the most unbecoming thing in the waurld—to the face. Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you melancholy, but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a running horse does require more attendance than a coach horse.—Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and me.

Young F. Yes—she has made you older.—Plague take her. [*Aside.*

Lord F. That is not all, Tam.

Young F. Why, what is there else?

Lord F. [*Looks first on himself and then on his Brother.*] Ask the ladies.

Young F. Why, thou essence-bottle, thou musk-cat!—dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me but what fortune has given thee?

Lord F. (L.) I do, stap my vitals.

Young F. (R.) Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the prince of coxcombs.

Lord F. Sir, I am proud at being at the head of so prevailing a party.

Young F. Will nothing provoke thee?——Draw, coward.

Lord F. Look you, Tam, you know I have always

taken you for a mighty dull fellow, and here is one of the foolishest plats broke out that I have seen a lang time. Your poverty makes life so burdensome to you, you would provoke me to a quarrel, in hopes either to slip through my lungs into my estate, or to get yourself run through the guts, to put an end to your pain, but I will disappoint you in both your designs; far with the temper of a philasapher, and the discretion of a statesman—I shall leave the room with my sword in the scabbard. [*Exit*, L. S. E.

Young F. So! farewell, brother; and now, conscience, I defy thee.—Lory!

Enter LORY, L.

Lory. Sir.

Young F. Here's rare news, Lory; his lordship has given me a pill has purged off all my scruples.

Lory. Then my heart's at ease again. For I have been in a lamentable fright, sir, ever since your conscience had the impudence to intrude into your company.

Young F. Be at peace; it will come there no more, my brother has given it a wring by the nose, and I have kick'd it down stairs. So run away to the inn, get the chaise ready quickly, and bring it to dame Coupler's without a moment's delay.

Lory. Then, sir, you are going straight about the ortune?

Young F. I am.—Away—fly, Lory.

Lory. The happiest day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already; now then I shall get my wages.

[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

Enter LOVELESS *and* SERVANT, R. S. E.

Love. (R.) Is my wife within?

Serv. (R.) No, sir, she has gone out this half hour.

Love. Well, leave me. [*Exit* SERVANT, R.] How strangely does my mind run on this widow (C.)—never was my heart so suddenly seized on before—that my wife should pick out her, of all womankind, to be her playfellow. But what fate does, let fate answer for—I sought it not—soh!—by heav'ns!—here she comes.

Enter BERINTHIA, L.

Ber. (L. C.) What makes you look so thoughtful, sir? I hope you are not ill?

Love. I was debating, madam, whether I was so or not, and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then so hard a matter to decide? I thought all people were acquainted with their own bodies, though few people know their own minds.

Love. What if the distemper I suspect be in the mind?

Ber. Why then I'll undertake to prescribe you a cure.

Love. Alas! you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far at least then you allow me to be a physician.

Love. Nay, I'll allow you to be so yet further; for I have reason to believe, should I put myself into your hands, you would increase my distemper.

Ber. How?

Love. Oh, you might betray me to my wife.

Ber. And so lose all my practice.

Love. Will you then keep my secret?

Ber. I will.

Love. Well—but swear it.

Ber. I swear by woman.

Love. Nay, that's swearing by my deity; swear by your own, and I shall believe you.

Ber. (C.) Well then, I swear by man!

Love. I'm satisfied. Now hear my symptoms, and give me your advice. The first were these: when I saw you at the play, a random glance you threw at first alarm'd me. I could not turn my eyes from whence the danger came—I gaz'd upon you till my heart began to pant—nay, even now on your approaching me, my illness is so increas'd, that if you do not help me I shall, whilst you look on, consume to ashes.

[*Takes her Hand.*

Ber. O Lord, let me go; 'tis the plague, and we shall be infected. [*Breaking from him.*

Love. Then we'll die together, my charming angel.

Ber. O 'gad! the devil's in you. Lord, let me go—here's somebody coming.

Enter a SERVANT, R.

Serv. (R.) Sir, my lady's come home, and desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell her I'm coming. [*Exit* SERVANT, R.]—But before I go, one glass of nectar to drink her health. [*To* BERINTHIA.

Ber. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by heavens.

Love. [*Kissing her.*] In matters of love, a woman's oath is no more to be minded than a man's. [*Exit*, R.

Ber. Um!

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY, L. S. E.

Col. T. (L.) Soh! what's here—Berinthia and Loveless—and in such close conversation!—I cannot now wonder at her indifference in excusing herself to me!—O rare woman—well then, let Loveless look to his wife, 'twill be but the retort courteous on both sides. (C.) Your servant, madam, I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a colour.

Ber. (R. C.) No better than I used to have, I suppose.

Col. T. A little more blood in your cheeks.

Ber. (L. C.) I have been walking!

Col. T. Is that all? Pray was it Mr. Loveless went from here just now?

Ber. O yes—he has been walking with me.

Col. T. He has!

Ber. Upon my word I think he is a very agreeable man!—and there is certainly something particularly insinuating in his address!

Col. T. So, so! she has'n't even the modesty to dissemble! [*Aside.*]—Pray, madam, may I, without impertinence, trouble you with a few serious questions?

Ber. As many as you please; but pray let them be as little serious as possible.

Col. T. Is it not near two years since I have presumed to address you?

Ber. I don't know exactly—but it has been a tedious long time.

Col. T. Have I not, during that period, had every reason to believe that my assiduities were far from being unacceptable?

Ber. Why, to do you justice, you have been extremely troublesome—and I confess I have been more civil to you than you deserved.

Col. T. Did I not come to this place at your express desire, and for no purpose but the honour of meeting you?—and after waiting a month in disappointment,

have you condescended to explain, or in the slightest way apologize, for your conduct?

Ber. O, heavens! apologize for my conduct!—apologize to you!—O, you barbarian!—But pray now, my good serious Colonel, have you any thing more to add?

Col. T. Nothing, madam, but that after such behaviour I am less surprised at what I saw just now: it is not very wonderful that the woman who can trifle with the delicate addresses of an honourable lover, should be found coquetting with the husband of her friend.

Ber. Very true—no more wonderful than it was for this honourable lover to divert himself in the absence of this coquette, with endeavouring to seduce his friend's wife! O, Colonel, Colonel, don't talk of honour or your friend, for heaven's sake.

Col. T. 'Sdeath! how came she to suspect this! [*Aside.*]—Really, madam, I don't understand you.

Ber. (L.) Nay—nay—you saw I did not pretend to misunderstand you. But here comes the lady: perhaps you would be glad to be left with her for an explanation.

Col. T. O, madam, this recrimination is a poor resource; and to convince you how much you are mistaken, I beg leave to decline the happiness you propose me. Madam, your servant.

Enter AMANDA, R.—COLONEL TOWNLY *whispers* AMANDA, *and exit*, R.

Ber. (L. C.) He carries it off well, however—upon my word—very well!—how tenderly they part!—[*Aside.*]—So, cousin—I hope you have not been chiding your admirer for being with me—I assure you we have been talking of you.

Aman. (R. C.) Fie, Berinthia!—my admirer—will you never learn to talk in earnest of any thing?

Ber. (C.) Why this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part I only tell you matter of fact.

Aman. I'm sure there's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me on this subject, I scarce know how to take it. I have just parted with Mr. Loveless—perhaps it is fancy, but I think there is an alteration in his manner which alarms me.

Ber. And so you are jealous? is that all?

Aman. That all!—is jealousy, then, nothing?

Ber. It should be nothing, if I were in your case.

Aman. Why, what would you do?

Ber. I'd cure myself.

Aman. How?

Ber. Care as little for my husband as he did for me. Look you, Amanda, you may build castles in the air, and fume, and fret, and grow thin, and lean, and pale, and ugly, if you please; but I tell you, no man worth having, is true to his wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

Aman. Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did not suspect him.

Ber. Think so! I am sure of it.

Aman. You are sure on't?

Ber. Positively—he fell in love at the play.

Aman. Right—the very same—but who could have told you this?

Ber. Um—O—Townly!—I suppose your husband has made him his confidant.

Aman. O base Loveless?—and what did Townly say on't?

Ber. So, so—why should she ask that? [*Aside.*]—Say! why he abused Loveless extremely, and said all the tender things of you in the world.

Aman. Did he?—Oh! my heart!—I'm very ill—dear Berinthia, don't leave me a moment. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*Outside of Sir Tunbelly's House.*

Enter Young FASHION *and* LORY, L.

Young F. (L.) So—here's our inheritance, Lory, if we can but get into possession—but methinks the seat of our family looks like Noah's ark, as if the chief part on't were designed for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

Lory. (L.) Pray, sir, don't let your head run upon the orders of building here—get but the heiress, let the devil take the house.

Young F. (R. C.) Get but the house! let the devil take the heiress, I say—but come, we have no time to squander, knock at the door—[LORY *knocks two or three times at the gate in the* C. *of back ground.*] What the devil, have they got no ears in this house.—Knock harder.

Lory. 'Egad, sir, this will prove some enchanted

castle—we shall have the giant come out, by-and-by, with his club, and beat our brains out. [*Knocks again.*

Young F. Hush, they come.

Serv. [*Within.*] Who is there?

Lory. Open the door and see—is that your country breeding?

Serv. Ay, but two words to that bargain—Tummas is the blunderbuss prim'd?

Young F. Ouns! give 'em good words, Lory—or we shall be shot here a fortune catching.

Lory. 'Egad, sir, I think you're in the right on't—ho!—Mr. What-d'ye-call-'um—will you please to let us in? or are we to be left to grow like willows by you moat side?

[SERVANT *looks over the Wall with a Blunderbuss in his hand.*

Serv. Well naw, what's ya're business?

Young F. Nothing, sir, but to wait upon Sir Tunbelly, with your leave.

Serv. To weat upon Sir Tunbelly? why you'll find that's just as Sir Tunbelly pleases.

Young F. But will you do me the favour, sir, to know whether Sir Tunbelly pleases or not?

Serv. Why, look you, d'ye see, with good words much may be done. Ralph, go thy ways, and ask Sir Tunbelly if he pleases to be waited upon—and, dost hear, call to nurse, that she may lock up Miss Hoyden before the gates open.

Young F. D'ye hear that, Lory?

Gates open—Enter SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY, M. D. *with* SERVANTS, *armed with Guns, Clubs, Pitchforks, &c.*

Lory. (L.) O! [*Runs behind his Master*] O Lord, O Lord, Lord, we are both dead men!

Young F. (L.) Fool! thy fear will ruin us.

[*Apart to* LORY.

Lory. My fear, sir? 'Sdeath, sir, I fear nothing.—[*Apart.*] Would I were well up to the chin in a horse-pond! [*Aside.*

Sir T. Who is it here hath any business with me?

Young F. Sir, 'tis I, if your name be Sir Tunbelly Clumsy.

Sir T. Sir, my name is Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, whether

you have any business with me or not.——So you see I am not asham'd of my name, nor my face either.

Young F. Sir, you have no cause, that I know of.

Sir T. Sir, if you have no cause either, I desire to know who you are; for, till I know your name, I shan't ask you to come into my house; and when I do know your name, 'tis six to four I don't ask you then.

Young F. Sir, I hope you'll find this letter an authentic passport. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Sir T. Cod's my life, from Mrs. Coupler!——I ask your lordship's pardon ten thousand times. [*To his Servant.*] Here, run in a-doors quickly; get a Scotch coal fire in the parlour, set all the Turkey-work chairs in their places, get the brass candlesticks out, and be sure stick the socket full of laurel—run—[*Turns to* YOUNG FASHION.] My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon.—[*To the* SERVANT.] And, do you hear, run away to nurse, bid her let Miss Hoyden loose again. [*Exit* SERVANT.] I hope your honour will excuse the disorder of my family——We are not used to receive men of your lordship's great quality every day. Pray where are your coaches and servants, my lord?

Young F. Sir, that I might give you and your daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer akin to you, I left my equipage to follow me, and came away post with only one servant.

Sir T. Your lordship does me too much honour—it was exposing your person to too much fatigue and danger, I protest it was; but my daughter shall endeavour to make you what amends she can; and though I say it, that should not say it, Hoyden has charms.

Young F. Sir, I am not a stranger to them, though I am to her: common fame has done her justice.

Sir T. My lord, I am common fame's very grateful, humble servant. My lord, my girl's young——Hoyden is young, my lord: but this I must say for her, what she wants in art, she has in breeding; and what's wanting in her age, is made good in her constitution——So pray, my lord, walk in; pray, my lord, walk in.

Young F. Sir, I wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in Sir Tunbelly Clumsy's House.*

MISS HOYDEN, *discovered.*

Miss H. Sure nobody was ever used as I am. I know well enough what other girls do, for all they think to make a fool o'me. It's well I have a husband a coming, or i'cod I'd marry the baker, I would so. Nobody can knock at the gate, but presently I must be locked up; and here's the young greyhound can run loose about the house all the day long, so she can——'Tis very well——

Nurse. [*Without, opening the Door.*] Miss Hoyden, miss, miss, miss! Miss Hoyden!

Enter NURSE.

Miss H. Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha?——What do you din a body's ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you?

Nurse. What do I din your ears for? Here's one come will din your ears for you.

Miss H. What care I who's come? I care not a fig who comes, or who goes, as long as I must be lock'd up like the ale-cellar.

Nurse. That, miss, is for fear you should be drank before you are ripe.

Miss H. Oh, don't trouble your head about that; I'm as ripe as you, though not so mellow.

Nurse. Very well. Now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my lord to-night.

Miss H. My lord! Why, is my husband come?

Nurse. Yes, marry, is he; and a goodly person too. [*Flinging away her knife, loaf, and butter.*

Miss H. [*Hugs* NURSE.] Oh, my dear nurse, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again; no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the back, and a great pinch by the cheek.

Nurse. Ah, the poor thing! see now it melts; it's as full of good nature as an egg's full of meat.

Miss H. But, my dear nurse, don't lie now—is he come, by your troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Miss H. O Lord! I'll go and put on my laced tucker, though I'm lock'd up for a month for't.

[*Exeunt* L. MISS HOYDEN *goes off capering and twirling her Doll by its Leg.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Sir Tunbelly Clumsy's.*

Enter MISS HOYDEN *and* NURSE, L.

Nurse. (c.) Well, miss, how do you like your husband that is to be?

Miss H. (c.) O Lord, Nurse, I'm so overjoyed I can scarce contain myself.

Nurse. Oh, but you must have a care of being too fond; for men, now-a-days, hate a woman that loves 'em.

Miss H. Love him! why, do you think I love him, Nurse? 'Ecod, I would not care if he was hang'd, so I were but once married to him. No, that which pleases me is to think what work I'll make when I get to London; for when I am a wife and a lady both, 'ecod I'll flaunt it with the best of 'em. Ay, and I shall have money enough to do so too, Nurse.

Nurse. Ah, there's no knowing that, miss; for though these lords have a power of wealth indeed—yet, as I have heard say, they give it all to their sluts and their trulls, who joggle it about in their coaches, with a murrain to 'em, whilst poor madam sits sighing and wishing, and has not a spare half-crown to buy her a "Practice of Piety."

Miss H. Oh, but for that, don't deceive yourself, Nurse; for this I must say of my lord, he's as free as an

open house at Christmas; for this very morning he told me I should have six hundred a year to buy pins. Now if he gives me six hundred a year to buy pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy petticoats?

Nurse. Ah, my dearest, he deceives thee foully, and he's no better than a rogue for his pains. These Londoners have got a gibberish with 'em would confound a gipsy. That which they call pin-money, is to buy everything in the versal world, down to their very shoe-knots. Nay, I have heard some folks say that some ladies, if they'll have gallants as they call 'em, are forced to find them out of their pin-money too. But look, look, if his honour be not coming to you! Now, if I were sure you would behave yourself handsomely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

Miss H. That's my best nurse, do as you'd be done by. Trust us together this once, and if I don't show my breeding, I wish I may never be married, but die an old maid.

Nurse. Well, this once I'll venture you. But if you disparage me——

Miss H. Never fear. [*Exit* NURSE, R.

Enter YOUNG FASHION, L.

Young F. (L. C.) Your servant, madam, I'm glad to find you alone, for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

Miss H. (C.) Sir, (my lord, I meant), you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil answer.

Young F. You give so obliging one, it encourages me to tell you in a few words what I think, both for your interest and mine. Your father, I suppose you know, has resolved to make me happy in being your husband; and I hope I may obtain your consent to perform what he desires.

Miss H. Sir, I never disobey my father in any thing but eating green gooseberries.

Young F. (C.) So good a daughter must needs be an admirable wife. I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the violence of my love, that you won't have the cruelty to defer my happiness so long as your father designs it.

Miss H. Pray, my lord, how long is that?

Young F. Madam, a thousand years—a whole week.

Miss H. Why I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up. I'm sure Nurse told me so.

Young F. And it shall be to-morrow morning, if you'll consent.

Miss H. If I'll consent? Why I thought I was to obey you as my husband?

Young F. That's when we are married. Till then, I'm to obey you.

Miss H. Why then, if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing. I'll obey you now, and when we are married, you shall obey me.

Young F. With all my heart. But I doubt we must get Nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the chaplain.

Miss H. No more we shan't, indeed; for he loves her better than he loves his pulpit, and would always be a preaching to her by his good will.

Young F. Why then, my dear, if you'll call her hither, we'll persuade her presently.

Miss H. O lud, I'll tell you a way how to persuade her to any thing.

Young F. How's that?

Miss H. Why tell her she's a handsome, comely woman, and give her half-a-crown.

Young F. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of them.

Miss H. O gemini! for half that she'd marry you herself. I'll run and call her. [*Exit*, R.

Young F. Soh! matters go on swimmingly. This is a rare girl, i'faith. I shall have a fine time on't with her at London.

Enter LORY, L.

So, Lory, what's the matter?

Lory. (L.) Here, sir—an intercepted packet from the enemy; your brother's postillion brought it. I knew the livery, pretended to be a servant of Sir Tunbelly's, and so got possession of the letter.

Young F. [*Looks at the Letter*, L. C.] Ouns! he tells Sir Tunbelly here that he will be with him this evening, with a large party to supper. 'Egad, I must marry the girl directly.

Lory. Oh, zounds, sir, directly to be sure. Here she comes. [*Exit*, L.

Young F. (C.) And the old Jesabel with her.

Re-enter MISS HOYDEN *and* NURSE, R.

How do you do, good Mrs. Nurse? I desired your young lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary care and kind conduct in her education: pray accept of this small acknowledgment for it at present, and depend upon my further kindness when I shall be that happy thing, her husband.

[*Gives her Money.*

Nurse. (R. C.) Gold, by the maakins! [*Aside.*] Your honour's goodness is too great. Alas! all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good milk, and so your honour would have said, an you had seen how the poor thing thrived—and how it would look up in my face—and crow and laugh, it would.

Miss H. [*To* NURSE, *taking her angrily aside to the* R.] Pray one word with you. Pr'ythee, Nurse, don't stand ripping up old stories, to make one ashamed before one's love. Do you think such a fine proper gentleman as he is, cares for a fiddle-come tale of a child? If you have a mind to make him have a good opinion of a woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now. [*Goes to* FASH.] I hope your honour will excuse my mis-manners to whisper before you; it was only to give some orders about the family.

Young F. (L. C.) Oh, every thing, madam, is to give way to business; besides, good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

Miss H. (C.) Pray, sir, are young ladies good housewives at London-town? Do they darn their own linen?

Young F. Oh, no, they study how to spend money, not to save.

Miss H. 'Ecod, I don't know but that may be better sport, ha, Nurse?

Young F. Well, you shall have your choice when you come there.

Miss H. Shall I?—then, by my troth, I'll get there as fast as I can. His honour desires you'll be so kind as to let us be married to-morrow. [*To* NURSE.

Nurse. To-morrow, my dear madam?

Young F. (R. C.) Ay, faith, Nurse, you may well be

surprised at Miss's wanting to put it off so long. To-morrow! no, no; 'tis now, this very hour, I would have the ceremony performed.

Miss H. (c.) 'Ecod, with all my heart.

Nurse. Oh, mercy! worse and worse!

Young F. Yes, sweet Nurse, now and privately; for all things being signed and sealed, why should Sir Tumbelly make us stay a week for a wedding-dinner?

Nurse. But if you should be married now, what will you do when Sir Tumbelly calls for you to be married?

Miss H. Why then we will be married again.

Nurse. What twice, my child?

Miss H. 'Ecod, I don't care how often I'm married, not I.

Nurse. Well, I'm such a tender-hearted fool, I find I can refuse you nothing. So you shall e'en follow your own inventions.

Miss H. Shall I?—O Lord, I could leap over the moon.

Young F. Dear Nurse, this goodness of yours shall be still more rewarded. But now you must employ your power with the chaplain, that he may do his friendly office too, and then we shall be all happy. Do you think you can prevail with him?

Nurse. Prevail with him; or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Young F. I'm glad to hear it; however, to strengthen your interest with him, you may let him know I have several fat livings in my gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

Nurse. Nay, then I'll make him marry more folks than one, I'll promise him.

Miss H. Faith, do, Nurse, make him marry you too; I'm sure he'll do't for a fat living.

Young F. Well, Nurse, while you go and settle matters with him, your lady and I will go and take a walk in the garden. [*Exit* NURSE, R.] Come, madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me?

[*Takes* MISS HOYDEN *by the hand.*

Miss H. Oh dear yes, sir; I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Garden.—Moonlight.*

Enter LOVELESS, R. S. E.

Love. (C.) Now, does she mean to make a fool of me, or not? I shan't wait much longer, for my wife will soon be inquiring for me to set out on our supping-party. Suspense is at all times the devil—but of all modes of suspense, the watching for a loitering mistress is the worst. But let me accuse her no longer; she approaches with one smile, to o'erpay the anxieties of a year.

Enter BERINTHIA, R.

O, Berinthia, what a world of kindness are you in my debt! had you staid five minutes longer——

Ber. You would have gone, I suppose?

Love. 'Egad, she's right enough. [*Aside.*

Ber. (R.C.) And I assure you 'twas ten to one that I came at all. In short, I begin to think you are too dangerous a being to trifle with; and as I shall probably only make a fool of you at last, I believe we had better let matters rest as they are.

Love. You cannot mean it, sure?

Ber. What more would you have me give to a married man?

Love. How doubly cruel to remind me of my misfortunes!

Ber. A misfortune to be married to so charming a woman as Amanda?

Love. I grant all her merit, but——'Sdeath! now see what you have done by talking of her—she's here, by all that's unlucky, and Townly with her—I'll observe them.

Ber. O God, we had better get out of the way; for I should feel as awkward to meet her as you.

Love. Ay, if I mistake not, I see Townly coming this way also. I must see a little into this matter.

[*Steps aside,* L. S. E.

Ber. Oh, if that's your intention, I am no woman, if I suffer myself to be outdone in curiosity.

[*Goes on the other side,* R. S. E.

Enter AMANDA, L.

Aman. (L.) Mr. Loveless come home, and walking

on the lawn! I will not suffer him to walk so late, though perhaps it is to show his neglect of me. Mr. Loveless, I must speak with you. Ha! Townly again! How I am persecuted!

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY, L.

Col. T. (C.) Madam, you seem disturbed.

Aman. (R.) Sir, I have reason.

Col. T. (R. C.) Whatever be the cause, I would to heaven it were in my power to bear the pain, or to remove the malady.

Aman. Your interference can only add to my distress.

Col. T. Ah, madam, if it be the sting of unrequited love you suffer from, seek for your remedy in revenge: weigh well the strength and beauty of your charms, and rouse up that spirit a woman ought to bear. Disdain the false embraces of a husband. See at your feet a real lover; his zeal may give him title to your pity, although his merit cannot claim your love.

Love. So, so, very fine, i'faith. [*Aside.*

Aman. (C.) Why do you presume to talk to me thus? Is this your friendship to Mr. Loveless? I perceive you will compel me at last to acquaint him with your treachery.

Col. T. (L. C.) He could not upbraid me if you were—he deserves it from me; for he has not been more false to you, than faithless to me.

Aman. To you?

Col. T. Yes, madam; the lady for whom he now deserts those charms which he was never worthy of, was mine by right; and I imagined too, by inclination.—Yes, madam Berinthia, who now——

Aman. Berinthia! Impossible!

Col. T. 'Tis true, or may I never merit your attention. She is the deceitful sorceress who now holds your husband's heart in bondage.

Aman. I will not believe it.

Col. T. By the faith of a true lover, I speak from conviction. This very day I saw them together, and overheard——

Aman. (L.) Peace, sir, I will not even listen to such slander—this is a poor device to work on my resentment, to listen to your insidnous addresses. No, sir, though Mr. Loveless may be capable of error, I am convinced I cannot be deceived so grossly in him, as to

believe what you now report; and for Berinthia, you should have fixed on some more probable person for my rival, than she who is my relation and my friend: for while I am myself free from guilt, I will never believe that love can beget injury, or confidence create ingratitude.

Col. T. If I do not prove to you——

Aman. You never shall have an opportunity. From the artful manner in which you first showed yourself to me, I might have been led, as far as virtue permitted, to have thought you less criminal than unhappy; but this last unmanly artifice merits at once my resentment and contempt. [*Exit*, L.

Col. T. Sure there's divinity about her; and she has dispensed some portion of honour's light to me: yet can I bear to lose Berinthia without revenge or compensation? Perhaps she is not so culpable as I thought her. I was mistaken when I began to think lightly of Amanda's virtue, and may be in my censure of my Berinthia. Surely I love her still, for I feel I should be happy to find myself in the wrong. [*Exit*, L.

Re-enter LOVELESS *and* BERINTHIA.

Ber. (R. C.) Your servant, Mr. Loveless.

Love. (L. C.) Your servant, madam.

Ber. Pray what do you think of this?

Love. Truly, I don't know what to say.

Ber. Don't you think we steal forth two contemptible creatures?

Love. Why tolerably so, I must confess.

Ber. And do you conceive it possible for you ever to give Amanda the least uneasiness again?

Love. No, I think we never should, indeed.

Ber. We!—why, monster, you don't pretend that I ever entertain'd a thought?

Love. Why then, sincerely and honestly, Berinthia, there is something in my wife's conduct which strikes me so forcibly, that if it were not for shame, and the fear of hurting you in her opinion, I swear I would follow her, confess my error, and trust to her generosity for forgiveness——

Ber. Nay, pr'ythee, don't let your respect for me prevent you; for as my object in trifling with you was nothing more than to pique Townly, and as I perceive he has been actuated by a similar motive, you may de-

pend on't I shall make no mystery of the matter to him.

Love. By no means inform him; for though I may choose to pass by his conduct without resentment, how will he presume to look me in the face again?

Ber. How will you presume to look him in the face again?

Love. He who has dared to attempt the honour of my wife!

Ber. You, who have dared to attempt the honour of his mistress! Come, come, be ruled by me, who affect more levity than I have, and don't think of anger in this cause. A readiness to resent injuries, is a virtue only in those who are slow to injure.

Love. Then I will be ruled by you; and when you shall think proper to undeceive Townly, may your good qualities make as sincere a convert of him, as Amanda's have of me. When truth's extorted from us, then we own the robe of virtue is a sacred habit.

Could women but our secret counsels scan—
Could they but reach the deep reserve of man—
To keep our love they'd rate their virtue high,
They live together, and together die. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*Sir Tunbelly Clumsy's House.*

Enter MISS HOYDEN, NURSE, *and* YOUNG FASHION, L.

Young F. This quick dispatch of the chaplain's I take so kindly, it shall give him claim to my favour as long as I live, I assure you.

Miss H. And to mine, too, I promise you.

Nurse. I most humbly thank your honours; and may your children swarm about you like bees about a honey-comb.

Miss H. I'cod, with all my heart—the more the merrier, I say—ha, Nurse?

Enter LORY, L.

Lory. One word with you, for heaven's sake.

[*Taking* YOUNG FASHION *hastily aside.*

Young F. (L.) What the devil's the matter?

Lory. (L.) Sir, your fortune's ruin'd if you are not married. Yonder's your brother arrived, with two coaches and six horses, twenty footmen, and a coat

worth four-score pounds—so judge what will become of your lady's heart.

Young F. Is he in the house yet?

Lory. No, they are capitulating with him at the gate. Sir Tunbelly luckily takes him for an impostor; and I have told him that we had heard of this plot before.

Young F. That's right.—[*Turning to* MISS HOYDEN.] My dear, here's a troublesome business my man tells me of, but don't be frighten'd, we shall be too hard for the rogue. (C.) Here's an impudent fellow at the gate (not knowing I was come hither incognito) has taken my name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss H. (R. C.) Oh, the brazen-faced varlet; it's well we are married, or may be we might never have been so.

Young F. 'Egad, like enough. [*Aside.*]—Pr'ythee, Nurse, run to Sir Tunbelly, and stop him from going to the gate before I speak with him.

Nurse. (R.) An't please your honour, my lady and I had best lock ourselves up till the danger be over.

Young F. Do so, if you please.

Miss H. Not so fast; I won't be lock'd up any more, now I'm married.

Young F. Yes, pray, my dear, do, till we have seiz'd this rascal.

Miss H. Nay, if you'll pray me, I'll do any thing.

[*Exit* MISS HOYDEN *and* NURSE, R.

Young F. [*To* LORY.] Hark you, sirrah, things are better than you imagine. The wedding's over.

Lory. The devil it is, sir! [*Capers about.*

Young F. Not a word—all's safe—but Sir Tunbelly don't know it, nor must not yet. So I am resolved to brazen the brunt of the business out, and have the pleasure of turning the impostor upon his lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY, L.

Did you ever hear, sir, of so impudent an undertaking?

Sir T. (L.) Never, by the mass; but we'll tickle him, I'll warrant you.

Young F. They tell me, sir, he has a great many people with him, disguised like servants.

Sir T. Ay, ay, rogues enow, but we have master'd them. We only fired a few shot over their heads, and

the regiment scower'd in an instant. Here, Tummus, bring in your prisoner.

Young F. If you please, Sir Tunbelly, it will be best for me not to confront the fellow yet, till you have heard how far his impudence will carry him.

Sir T. 'Egad, your lordship is an ingenious person. Your lordship then will please to step aside.

Lory. 'Fore heaven, I applaud my master's modesty.

[*Exit with* YOUNG FASHION, R.

Enter SERVANTS, *with* LORD FOPPINGTON *disarmed*, L.

Sir T. (R. C.) Come, bring him along, bring him along.

Lord F. (C.) What the plague do you mean, gentlemen? is it fair time, that you are all drunk before supper?

Sir T. Drunk, sirrah! here's an impudent rogue for you now. Drunk or sober, bully, I'm a justice o'the peace, and know how to deal with strollers.

Lord F. Strollers!

Sir T. Ay, strollers. Come, give an account of yourself. What's your name? where do you live? do you pay scot and lot? Come, are you a freeholder or a copyholder?

Lord F. And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent questions?

Sir T. Because I'll make you answer 'em, before I have done with you, you rascal you.

Lord F. Before Gad, all the answers I can make to them is, that you are a very extraordinary old fellow, stap my vitals!

Sir T. Nay, if thou art joking deputy lieutenants, we know how to deal with you. Here, draw a warrant for him immediately.

Lord F. A warrant! What the devil is't thou wouldst be at, old gentleman?

Sir T. I would be at you, sirrah (if my hands were not tied as a magistrate), and with these two double fists beat your teeth down your throat, you dog you.

[*Driving him* L.

Lord F. (L.) And why wouldst thou spoil my face at that rate?

Sir T. For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

Lord F. Rab thee of thy daughter! Now do I begin

to believe I am in bed and asleep, and that all this is but a dream. Py'thee, old father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one question?

Sir T. I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

Lord F. Why then, it is, whether thou didst not write to my Lord Foppington, to come down and marry thy daughter?

Sir T. Yes, marry, did I, and my Lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my daughter before she's a day older.

Lord F. Now give me thy hand, old dad; I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir T. The fellow's mad—here, bind him hand and foot. [*They bind him.*

Lord F. Nay, pr'ythee, knight, leave fooling; thy jest begins to grow dull.

Sir T. Bind him, I say—he's mad: bread and water, a dark room, and a whip, may bring him to his senses again.

Lord F. Pr'ythee, Sir Tunbelly, why should you take such an aversion to the freedom of my address, as to suffer the rascals thus to skewer down my arms like a rabbit? 'Egad, if I don't awake, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent dreams that ever I dreamt in my life. [*Aside.*

Re-enter MISS HOYDEN *and* NURSE, R.

Miss H. [*Going up to him,* L.] Is this he that would have run——Fough, how he stinks of sweets! [*Crossing to* R.] Pray, father, let him be dragged through the horse-pond.

Lord F. This must be my wife, by her natural inclination to her husband. [*Aside.*

Miss H. Pray, father, what do you intend to do with him—hang him?

Sir T. (C.) That at least, child.

Nurse. (R.) Ay, and it's e'en too good for him too.

Lord F. Madame la gouvernante, I presume; hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary families that ever man of quality march'd into. [*Aside.*

Sir T. (L. C.) What's become of my lord, daughter?

Miss H. He's just coming, sir.

Lord F. (C.) My lord, what does he mean by that, now? [*Aside.*

Re-enter YOUNG FASHION *and* LORY, R.

Stap my vitals, Tam, now the dream's out. [*Runs* L.

Young F. Is this the fellow, sir, that design'd to trick me of your daughter?

Sir T. This is he, my lord; how do you like him? Is not he a pretty fellow to get a fortune?

Young F. I find by his dress, he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

Miss H. (L.) Oh, gemini! Is this a beau? Let me see him again. [*Surveys him.*] Ha! I find a beau is no such ugly thing, neither.

Young F. 'Egad, she'll be in love with him presently—I'll e'en have him sent away to jail. [*Aside.*]—Sir, though your undertaking shows you a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you han't confidence enough to expect much favour from me?

[*To* LORD FOPPINGTON.

Lord F. Strike me dumb, Tam, thou art a very impudent fellow.

Nurse. Look, if the varlet has not the effrontery to call his lordship, plain Thomas.

Lord F. My Lord Foppington, shall I beg one word with your lordship?

Nurse. Ho, ho, it's my lord with him now. See how afflictions will humble folks.

Miss H. Pray, my lord, [*To* FASHION] don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your ear off.

Lord F. (L. C.) I am not altogether so hungry as your ladyship is pleased to imagine. Look you, Tam, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forgive what's past, and accept of the five thousand pounds I offer—thou mayst live in extreme splendour with it, stap my vitals!

[*Apart to* YOUNG FASHION.

Young F. It's a much easier matter to prevent a disease than to cure it. A quarter of that sum would have secured your mistress, twice as much cannot redeem her. [*Apart. Leaving him.*

Sir T. (R.) Well, what says he?

Young F. (C.) Only the rascal offered me a bribe to let him go.

Sir T. (R. C.) Ay, he shall go, with a plague to him—lead on, constable.

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Serv. Sir, here is muster Loveless, and muster Colonel Townly, and some ladies, to wait on you.

[*To* YOUNG F.

Lory. So, sir, what will you do now? [*Aside.*

Young F. Be quiet; they are in the plot. [*Aside to* LORY.]—Only a few friends, Sir Tunbelly, whom I wish'd to introduce to you.

Lord F. (L.) Thou art the most impudent fellow, Tam, that ever nature yet brought into the world. Sir Tunbelly, strike me speechless, but these are my friends and acquaintance, and my guests, and they will soon inform thee whether I am the true Lord Foppington or not.

Enter LOVELESS, COLONEL TOWNLY, AMANDA, *and* BERINTHIA, L.—LORD FOPPINGTON *accosts them as they pass, but none answer him.*

Young F. So, gentlemen, this is friendly; I rejoice to see you.

Col. T. My lord, we are fortunate to be the witnesses of your lordship's happiness.

Love. But your lordship will do us the honour to introduce us to Sir Tunbelly Clumsy?

Aman. And us to your lady.

Lord F. [*Amazed*, L.] Ged take me, but they are all in a story.

Sir T. Gentlemen, you do me much honour; my Lord Foppington's friends will ever be welcome to me and mine.

Young F. (R. C.) My love, let me introduce you to these ladies.

Miss H. (R. C.) By goles, they look so fine and so stiff, I am almost asham'd to come nigh 'em.

Aman. (R.) A most engaging lady, indeed!

Miss H. Thank ye, ma'am.

Ber. (C.) And I doubt not will soon distinguish herself in the beau monde.

Miss H. Where is that?

Young F. You'll soon learn, my dear.

Love. (L. C.) But, Lord Foppington——

Lord F. (L.) Sir!

Love. Sir! I was not addressing myself to you, sir!

Pray who is this gentleman? He seems rather in a singular predicament——

Col. T. (L. C.) For so well-dress'd a person, a little oddly circumstanced, indeed.

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha! So, these are your friends and your guests, ha, my adventurer?

Lord F. I am struck dumb with their impudence, and cannot positively say whether I shall ever speak again or not.

Sir T. (C.) Why, sir, this modest gentleman wanted to pass himself upon me as Lord Foppington, and carry off my daughter.

Love. A likely plot to succeed, truly, ha, ha!

Lord F. As Gad shall judge me, Loveless, I did not expect this from thee. Come, pr'ythee confess the joke; tell Sir Tunbelly that I am the real Lord Foppington, who yesterday made love to thy wife; was honoured by her with a slap on the face, and afterwards pink'd through the body by thee.

Sir T. A likely story, truly, that a peer would behave thus?

Love. A pretty fellow, indeed, that would scandalize the character he wants to assume; but what will you do with him, Sir Tunbelly?

Sir T. Commit him, certainly, unless the bride and bridegroom choose to pardon him.

Lord F. Bride and bridegroom! For Gad's sake, Sir Tunbelly, 'tis tarture to me to hear you call 'em so.

Miss H. (R.) Why, you ugly thing, what, would you have him call us dog and cat?

Lord F. By no means, miss; for that sounds ten times more like man and wife than t'other.

Sir T. A precious rogue this to come a wooing!

Re-enter a SERVANT, L.

Serv. There are some gentlefolks below to wait upon Lord Foppington.

Col. T. 'Sdeath, Tom, what will you do now?

[*Apart to* YOUNG FASHION.

Lord F. Now, Sir Tunbelly, here are witnesses, who I believe are not corrupted.

Sir T. Peace, fellow! Would your lordship choose to have your guests shown here, or shall they wait till we come to 'em?

Young F. I believe, Sir Tunbelly, we had better not have these visitors here yet. 'Egad, all must out. [*Aside.*

Love. Confess, confess, we'll stand by you.

[*Apart to* YOUNG FASHION.

Lord F. Nay, Sir Tunbelly, I insist on your calling evidence on both sides—and if I do not prove that fellow an impostor——

Young F. Brother, I will save you the trouble, by now confessing that I am not what I have passed myself for. Sir Tunbelly, I am a gentleman, and I flatter myself a man of character; but 'tis with great pride I assure you I am not Lord Foppington.

Sir T. Ouns!—what's this?—an impostor?—a cheat?—fire and foggots, sir, if you are not Lord Foppington, who the devil are you?

Young F. Sir, the best of my condition is, I am your son-in-law; and the worst of it is, I am brother to that noble peer.

Lord F. Impudent to the last, Gad dem me.

Sir T. My son-in-law! Not yet I hope.

Young F. Pardon me, sir; thanks to the goodness of your chaplain, and the kind offices of this old gentlewoman.

Lory. 'Tis true, indeed, sir; I gave your daughter away, and Mrs. Nurse, here, was clerk.

Sir T. Knock that rascal down! But speak, Jesabel, how's this?

Nurse. Alas! your honour, forgive me! I have been overreach'd in this business as well as you. Your worship knows, if the wedding-dinner had been ready, you would have given her away with your own hands.

Sir T. But how durst you do this, without acquainting me?

Nurse. Alas, if your worship had seen how the poor thing begg'd and pray'd, and clung and twin'd about me like ivy round an old wall, you would say, I, who had nurs'd it, and rear'd it, must have had a heart like stone to refuse it.

Sir T. Ouns! I shall go mad! Unloose my lord there, you scoundrels.

Lord F. Why, when these gentlemen are at leisure, I should be glad to congratulate you on your son-in-law, with a little more freedom of address.

Miss H. 'Egad, though, I don't see which is to be my husband, after all.

Love. Come, come, Sir Tunbelly, a man of your understanding must perceive, that an affair of this kind is not to be mended by anger and reproaches.

Col. T. (R. C.) Take my word for it, Sir Tunbelly, you are only tricked into a son-in-law you may be proud of; my friend, Tom Fashion, is as honest a fellow as ever breath'd.

Love. That he is, depend on't; and will hunt or drink with you most affectionately; be generous, old boy, and forgive them——

Sir T. (L. C.) Never. The hussy!—when I had set my heart on getting her a title.

Lord F. (L.) Now, Sir Tunbelly, that I am untruss'd—give me leave to thank thee for the very extraordinary reception I have met with in thy damn'd, execrable mansion; and at the same time to assure you, that of all the bumpkins and blockheads I have had the misfortune to meet with, thou art the most obstinate and egregious, strike me ugly!

Sir T. What's this? I believe you are both rogues alike.

Lord F. No, Sir Tunbelly, thou wilt find, to thy unspeakable mortification, that I am the real Lord Foppington, who was to have disgraced myself by an alliance with a clod; and that thou hast match'd thy girl to a beggarly younger brother of mine, whose title-deeds might be contain'd in thy tobacco-box.

Sir T. Puppy! puppy!—I might prevent their being beggars, if I chose it; for I could give 'em as good a rent-roll as your lordship.

Lord F. Ay, old fellow, but you will not do that—for that would be acting like a Christian, and thou art a barbarian, stap my vitals.

Sir T. Udzookers! Now six such words more, and I'll forgive them directly.

Love. 'Slife, Sir Tunbelly, you should do it, and bless yourself, Ladies, what say you?

Aman. Good sir Tunbelly, you must consent.

Ber. Come, you have been young yourself, Sir Tunbelly.

Sir T. Well then, if I must, I must; but turn—turn that sneering lord out, however, and let me be revenged on somebody. But first look whether I am a barbarian or not; there, children, I join your hands; and when I'm in a better humour, I'll give you my blessing.

Love. (C.) Nobly done, Sir Tunbelly; and we shall see you dance at a grandson's christening yet.

Miss H. By goles though, I don't understand this. What, an't I to be a lady, after all? only plain Mrs.—— What's my husband's name, Nurse?

Nurse. (R.) Squire Fashion.

Miss H. Squire, is he?—Well, that's better than nothing.

Lord F. Now I will put on a philosophic air, and show these people, that it is not possible to put a man of my quality out of countenance. [*Aside.*] Dear Tam, since things are fallen out, pr'ythee give me leave to wish thee joy; I do it de bon cœur, strike me dumb! You have married into a family of great politeness and uncommon elegance of manners, and your bride appears to be a lady beautiful in person, modest in her deportment, refined in her sentiments, and of nice morality, split my windpipe!

Miss H. By goles, husband, break his bones, if he calls me names.

Young F. Your lordship may keep up your spirits with your grimace, if you please; I shall support mine, by Sir Tunbelly's favour, with this lady and three thousand pounds a year.

Lord F. Well, adieu, Tam—ladies, I kiss your hands. Sir Tunbelly, I shall now quit this thy den; but while I retain the use of my arms, I shall ever remember thou art a demn'd, horrid savage; Ged demn me. [*Exit,* L.

Sir T. By the mass, 'tis well he's gone—for I should ha' been provoked, by-and-by, to ha' dun un a mischief. Well, if this is a lord, I think Hoyden has luck o'her side, in troth.

Col. T. She has indeed, Sir Tunbelly——but I hear the fiddles; his lordship, I know, had provided 'em.

Love. O, a dance and a bottle, Sir Tunbelly, by all means.

Sir T. I had forgot the company below; well—what—we must be merry then, ha? and dance and drink, ha? Well, 'fore George, you shan't say I do these things by halves. Son-in-law there looks a hearty rogue, so we'll have a night on't: and which of these ladies will be the old man's partner, ha?—'Ecod, I don't know how I came to be in so good a humour.

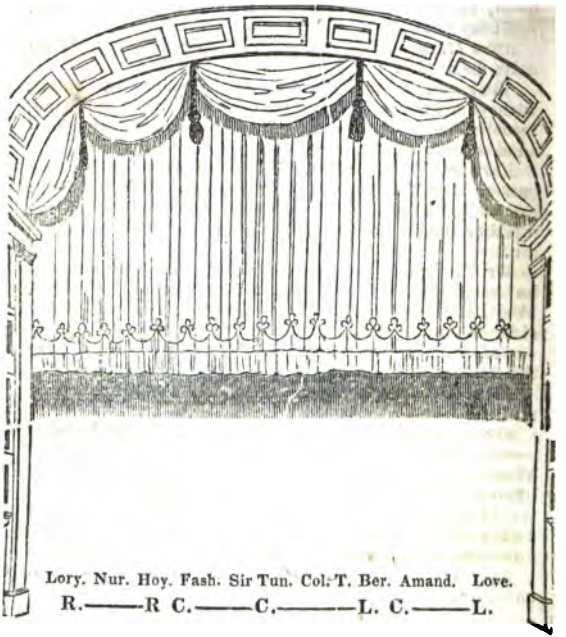
Ber. Well, Sir Tunbelly, my friend and I both will endeavour to keep you so: you have done a generous

action, and are entitled to our attention. If you should be at a loss to divert your new guests, we will assist you to relate to them the plot of your daughter's marriage, and his lordship's deserved mortification; a subject which perhaps may afford no bad evening's entertainment.

Sir T. 'Ecod, with all my heart; though I am a main bungler at a long story.

Ber. Never fear, we will assist you, if the tale is judged worth being repeated; but of this you may be assured, that while the intention is evidently to please, British auditors will ever be indulgent to the errors of the performance. [*Exeunt.*

POSITIONS OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN:



Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, London.

BEFORE we enter upon a description of this splendid edifice, it may not be uninteresting to the juvenile portion of our readers to see a brief account of the erection and destruction of former edifices on the same spot.

The first was built in 1662; destroyed by fire 1672; rebuilt 1674; pulled down 1791; rebuilt 1794; destroyed again by fire on Friday evening, Feb. 24, 1809.

The latter conflagration broke out next Brydges-street, in the coffee-room on the first tier, immediately over the lounge, or lobby. The engines, although instantly sent for, could not reach the scene of destruction in time to give effectual assistance. The figure of Apollo, at the top of the theatre, fell down with a tremendous crash, in about a quarter of an hour after the discovery of the flames; and the most serious fears were entertained for all the houses situated in Vinegar-yard, Woburn-court, and the adjacent passages. The inhabitants began to remove their most valuable effects, but soon found it impossible to carry their wishes into execution, in consequence of the multitude of people that crowded from every quarter of the metropolis.

When the fire was first discovered in the interior of the theatre, several attempts were made to extinguish it; but it had completely identified itself with the wood,

and in less than five minutes after the entrance of Mr. Johnston, the mechanist, who, residing close to the house, was one of the first that witnessed the progress of the flames, the boxes, pit, and stage, were covered with fire and smoke. A few papers and accounts were taken from the treasury with great difficulty and danger. All efforts were in vain to preserve a single vestige of the interior of the house. The flames were visible to a vast extent, from the commanding situation of the theatre, and of course attracted crowds in every direction. Russell-street, Drury-lane, Catherine-street, Bow-street, Tavistock-street, Long-acre, and Covent-garden, were absolutely filled with spectators. Such was the force of the conflagration, that its heat was very strongly felt at the church in Covent-garden, and at the bottom of Catherine-street, in the Strand. It was esteemed a fortunate circumstance by some, that there was no performance at the theatre on that evening (being a Friday in Lent); while others think that, had there been an audience in the house, the alarm would have been so instantly given, as to lead to the almost immediate extinction of the flames.

Shortly after one o'clock the chief part of the fronts in Russell and Brydges-streets fell in with a horrible crash; and before two, the side in Vinegar-yard fell with a dreadful noise. The edifice was erected upon timber peers, cased with brick, and faced with white cement. The destruction of the whole building is of course easily accounted for.

About twelve o'clock intelligence of the conflagration reached the House of Commons, and the fire was distinctly visible from the gallery windows. Several of the members quitted the House, and went upon Westminster-bridge to view the flames, which, from that point, presented a spectacle more terrific than any that has been witnessed in this capital since the great fire of 1666. Mr. W. Elliott and Lord Temple suggested the propriety of an adjournment, in consideration of the great personal calamity which the House had just been informed had befallen a right honourable gentleman (Mr. Sheridan), for whom every one must feel. Mr. Sheridan, in a low tone of voice, and evidently much affected, said, he did not think the misfortune which had happened to himself was of a proper nature to interrupt the

proceedings of the House. This sentiment was with difficulty acquiesced in, and the debate proceeded.

Those who recollect how beautiful and conspicuous an object the theatre appeared from the bridge, may form some conception of the awful picture it exhibited, glowing in every part with ignited matter.

After Mr. Sheridan had arrived at the fatal spot from the House of Commons, and it was evident that no human exertion could rescue this favourite scene of "harmless pleasure" from the fury of the devouring element, he was prevailed upon to adjourn to the Piazza Coffee-house, where he received every possible attention from the proprietors, and was consoled as feelingly as the case would admit by many private friends, amongst whom were the Duke of York and Lord Mountjoy.

Among the articles which Mr. Sheridan lost, and which he most dearly prized, were, two piano-fortes, formerly belonging to the late Mrs. Sheridan, and for one of which he had been offered 1,000*l.* which he refused to take; a very valuable clock, which stood between the green-room and the private boxes, formerly the property of Mr. Garrick, which was worth 700*l.*, and which required winding up but once a year; an organ, which stood on the stage, of Handel's, worth 800*l.*, and the whole of Mr. Sheridan's magnificent furniture, which was conveyed thither when Mr. Sheridan left Somerset-house.

The rapidity of the flames was unexampled. As soon as it had reached the front boxes, it ran along like a train of powder. This was owing to the very dry oil paint of the fronts. From the boxes it communicated to the fly-wings of the stage, and thus spread one universal torrent of fire over the whole hollow extent of the theatre. If the walls had been a solid mass of masonry, like the Albion Mills, the fire would, in all probability, have been limited to the area; but the building was a timber carcase, nogged and faced with brick; so that when the fire reached the beam-ends, the casing gave way, and piece after piece was precipitated to the ground.

Description of the present Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, erected 1812.

THERE are two principles to be observed in architecture, upon which beauty depends; these are proportion and simplicity; and these, without distracting the reader with Athenian instances or classical comparisons, we wish to intimate to him he will find in the elevation of the front of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane. In contemplating this elegant object, he will observe that, by the combination of the two principles to which we have adverted, harmony is produced, which, in architecture, as we have heard the late Sir William Chambers remark, is a property that pleases every spectator, though many of them do not know the principle from which their pleasure arises.

Mr. Benjamin Wyatt was the architect, and it must be confessed to his praise, that he erected a building, of which the primary feature is, its convenience and suitableness to its end, united with no small portion of beauty and elegance.

If the maxim be true, that the perfection of every thing is its capacity to attain its object, it will be impossible to deny Mr. Wyatt this praise in an eminent degree. The grand entrance is in Brydges-street, through a spacious hall, leading to the boxes and pit.—This hall is supported by fine Doric columns, and illuminated by two large brass lamps: three large doors lead from this hall into the house, and into a rotunda of great beauty and elegance. On each side of the rotunda are passages to the great stairs, which are peculiarly grand and spacious; over them is an ornamented ceiling, with a turret light. The body of the Theatre presents nearly three-fourths of a circle from the stage. This circular appearance is partly an optical deception, and has the effect of making the spectator imagine himself nearly close upon the stage, though seated in a centre box.

There are three circles of boxes, each containing twenty-four boxes, with four rows of seats, and sufficient room between each; there are seven slip boxes on each side, ranging with the first gallery, and the like number of private boxes nearly upon a level with the pit. The boxes will hold 1200 individuals; the pit about 850; the lower gallery 480; and the upper gal-

lery 280; in all, 2810 persons may be accommodated. The entrance to all the boxes and pit is easy and secure. The Theatre is indebted to Colonel Congreve, for an excellent contrivance, which promises effectually to secure the building from fire. The appearance of the house is brilliant without being gaudy, and elegant without affectation. The fronts of the boxes are adorned by paintings, from the best scenes in Shakspeare, and have all diversified ornaments, which are neatly gilt, and give a variety and relief to the general aspect. We must not omit the just praise which is due to the architect for those arrangements, which exclude the interruption caused by indecent persons, and, by necessary attractions, draw off the noisy and frivolous part of the audience from the grave and sober hearers.

The grand saloon is 86 feet long, circular at each extremity, and separated from the box corridors by the rotunda and grand staircase. It has a richly gilt stove at each corner, over which are finely imitated black and yellow-veined marble slabs as pedestals in the niches.—The ceiling is arched, and the general effect of two massy Corinthian columns of verd antique at each end, with ten corresponding pilasters on each side, is grand and pleasing. The rooms for coffee and refreshments at the ends of the saloon, though small, are very neat; they consist of recesses, Corinthian pilasters, four circular arches supporting domes with sky-lights, from which glass lamps are suspended. On the north-side of the Theatre is the wardrobe. The retiring rooms for the stage boxes, are decorated with rich crimson carpets, and with deep crimson embossed paper. The private boxes have no anti-chambers.

We have now to notice the pit, orchestra, and stage: there are seventeen rows of seats in the pit, with four short ones, in consequence of the orchestra making two projections into it. The orchestra is about eight feet wide, and extends nearly the whole width of the pit.—The stage is about 33 feet wide, the proscenium 19½, and the whole constructed so as to render the circular appearance of the Theatre nearly complete. There are two stage boxes on each side, forming an acute angle with the stage, and above them are niches with statues. The space over the side boxes, and ranging with the upper gallery, is left entirely open; hence the more perfect transmission of sound to the remotest parts of the

house, where the lowest whisper may be distinctly heard. Upon the whole, the edifice and its decorations discover a truly English and highly cultivated taste; they do great honour to the architect, Mr. Wyatt, and to the gentlemen who conducted the undertaking.

Since the above hasty sketch was written, the interior of this house has undergone a total and magnificent change, the most prominent features of which are, the reduction of the area, the enlargement of the stage in width, the removal of the stage-doors, and the institution of boxes in their room. The avenues have been improved and embellished, and the saloon, which is absolutely lined with looking-glass from the ceiling to the floor, is the most splendid object of the kind to be found in this country. The whole of the interior of this house presents an appearance of unrivalled splendour, and is replete with every convenience. Two new water tanks have been placed over the roof, in addition to the two already there, but which were not deemed competent to effective service. Additional embellishments have been inserted in the divisions in the roof, at a distance from the centre, consisting of a honeysuckle, with a scroll on either side, to each subdivision. The chandelier has been dismounted, and assumes a different shape. The lights are removed closer to the ceiling. The whole of the drops, of which we believe there are about 20,000, are formed into a kind of bell, having the appearance of a dome inverted. The lights are inside, so that the offensive gas evaporates without the least offence to the audience, or tarnishing the embellishments. The corners of the upper gallery have been reduced, and the view from that part considerably improved. The second circle of boxes, above the dress, has undergone several changes. The private boxes have been formed on each side, and a sort of basket added to the back of the others. To the back of the first circle six private boxes have been added, similar to those in the dress circle. A tier of chandeliers illumes this circle, and, very judiciously, wax candles will be used, instead of gas. The seats throughout the house have been newly covered, and all the embellishments retouched.

On the 10th of October, 1812, this Theatre was opened for the performance of *Hamlet*, and the farce of *The Devil to Pay*. Mr. Elliston came forward and spoke the following

ADDRESS, BY LORD BYRON.

In one dread night our city saw, and sighed,
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.
Ye who beheld, O sight, admired and mourned,
Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorned!
Through clouds of fire, the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven,
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the started Thames,
While thousands, thronged around the burning dome,
Shrank back appalled, and trembled for their home;
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own;
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurped the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;
Say—shall this new nor less aspiring pile,
Reared, where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and *you?*
Yes—it shall be—The magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame,
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*:—
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell,
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*
As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers, may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelmed the gentlest, stormed the sternest heart;
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew,
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sighed his last thanks, and wept his last adieu.
But still for living wit the wreathes may bloom
Nor at only *waste* their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claimed and claims—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse,
With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!
Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write;

Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry, as they of theirs.
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass,
To claim the sceptered shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazoned on our line:
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!
Friends of the Stage—to whom both Players and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject,
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbear to blame,
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause.
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And Reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!
This greeting o'er—the ancient rule obey'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too—whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please—long, long may you preside.

DOLBY, Printer, 299, Strand, London.

DOLBY'S BRITISH THEATRE.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

I. R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sculpt.*

Goldfinch. I'm the lad!—been to Hatchett's—bespoke the wedding coach.
Widow Warren. But——Sir——
Goldfinch. Pannels stripe painted—hammer-cloth fringed—green and white—curtains festooned—patent wheels—silver furniture—all flash—light as a band-box—trundle and spin after my greys like a tandem down hill—pass—shew 'em the road—whurr—whiz gig!—that's your sort!

ACT III. SCENE 1.

Dolby's British Theatre.

THE ROAD TO RUIN,

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY T. HOLCROFT, 1745-1809.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS, FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH

NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

ALSO

AN AUTHENTIC DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME, AND THE GENERAL STAGE BUSINESS.

As Performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

Embellished with a Wood Engraving, from an original Drawing made expressly for this Work, by Mr. I. R. CRUIKSHANK, and executed by Mr. WHITE.

London:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY T. DOLBY, BRITANNIA PRESS, 299, STRAND, NEAR THE CORNER OF NEWCASTLE STREET.

Price Sixpence.

REMARKS.

The "*Road to Ruin*" is both amusing and instructive. Allowing for some extravagancies which are really necessary to attract the attention of a mixed auditory to the passing scene, the Characters and the Plot are sufficiently reasonable to excite curiosity, and to satisfy persons of correct morals and good understandings.

Thomas Holcroft, the author of this Comedy, was born in Orange Court, Leicester Square, London, December 22, 1744. He was by trade a shoemaker. The father of Mr. Holcroft was of unsettled habits, and the son accompanied him in most of his rambles. Mr. Holcroft, (the son) was a servant to the Hon. Mr. Vernon; and his chief employment was to ride his master's race-horses, and train them for the turf at Newmarket.

Mr. Holcroft was much attached to the study of music, and also applied much of his time and attention to painting. Notwithstanding these inclinations and occupations, his main pursuit, until he was about twenty-five, was shoemaking. At about the age just mentioned he became acquainted with Charles Macklin and Sam. Foote, and from associating with such company,

he soon conceived a passion for the stage. As an actor he was not very successful. He wrote the play of *Duplicity*, the success of which induced him to withdraw from the stage, as an actor, and to devote his attention principally to dramatic composition. He wrote upwards of thirty pieces for the stage, besides other works, and translated several works of acknowledgment.

Mr. Holcroft was, by one of those measures which those who administer the affairs of government during times of difficulty and danger, sometimes resort to, without clearly understanding what they are doing, arrested on a charge of high treason. His conduct, however, was so open and candid, and the proofs of his innocence, as the investigation proceeded, becoming more and more apparent, he was discharged without being put upon his trial.

Costume.

OLD DORNTON.—Plain black.

HARRY DORNTON.—Dress hat, blue dress coat, black breeches, black silk stockings.

MILFORD.—Blue dress coat, white waistcoat, white trowsers, round black hat.

SULKY.—Plain brown suit.

SILKY.—Ditto.

WIDOW WARREN.—White satin, trimmed with green. Second dress—White satin, with a profusion of gold spangles, white satin turban, with ditto, and white plumes.

SOPHIA.—White muslin, with a slight pink trimming.

Cast of the Characters in the Comedy of THE ROAD TO RUIN, *at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane,* 1823.

Old Dornton	Mr. Munden.
Harry Dornton	Mr. Elliston.
Mr. Milford	Mr. Penley.
Mr. Sulky	Mr. Terry.
Goldfinch	Mr. Harley.
Silky	Mr. Knight.
Mr. Smith	Mr. Mercer.
Widow Warren	Mrs. Harlowe.
Sophia	Miss S. Booth.
Jenny	Mrs. Orger.
Mrs. Ledger	Mrs. Willmott.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a *Character* appears upon the Stage, the point of *Entrance*, as well as every subsequent change of *Position*, till its *Exit*, is noted, with a fidelity which may in all cases be relied on; the object being, to establish this Work as a *Standard Guide to the Stage business*, as now conducted on the London boards.

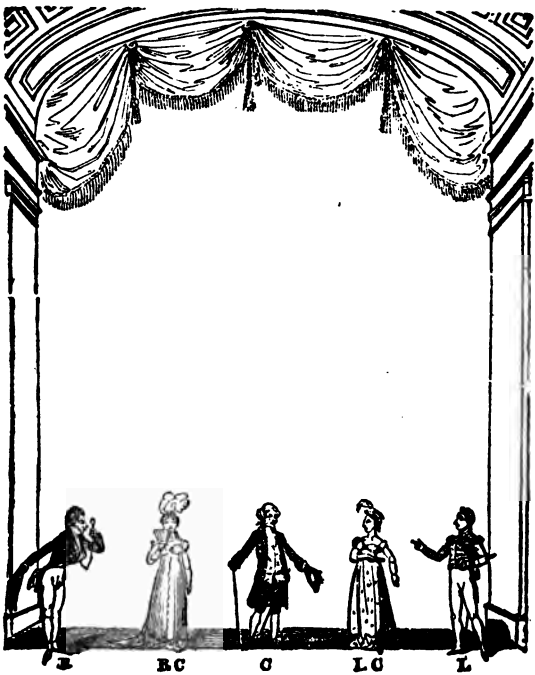
EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*. The following view of the Stage with Five Performers in front, will, it is presumed, fully demonstrate the *Relative Positions*.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*



THE ROAD TO RUIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Dornton's House.*

Enter MR. DORNTON, L.

Dorn. (C.) Past two o'clock and not yet returned!—Well, well, (R.)—it's my own fault!—Mr. Smith! (L.)

Enter Mr. SMITH, L.

Mr. Smith. (L.C.) Sir.

Dorn. (C.) Is Mr. Sulky come in?

Mr. Smith. No, sir.

Dorn. Are you sure Harry Dornton, said he should return to-night?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir.

Dorn. And you don't know where he is gone?

Mr. Smith. He did not tell me, sir.

Dorn. (Angrily.) I ask you if you know!

Mr. Smith. I believe to Newmarket, sir.

Dorn. You always believe the worst!—I'll sit up no longer.—Tell the servants to go to bed. And do you hear, should he apply to you for money, don't let him have a guinea.

Mr. Smith. Very well, sir.

Dorn. I have done with him; he is henceforth no son of mine! Let him starve!

Mr. Smith. He acts very improperly, sir, indeed.

Dorn. Improperly! How? *(Taking* SMITH'S *hand.)* What does he do? [*Alarmed.*

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Dorn. Have you heard any thing of—?

Mr. Smith. (Confused) No—no, sir—Nothing—nothing but what you yourself tell me.

Dorn. Then how do you know he has acted improperly?

Mr. Smith. He is certainly a very good hearted young gentleman, sir.

Dorn. Good-hearted! How dare you make such an assertion?

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Dorn. How dare you, Mr. Smith, insult me so? Is not his gaming notorious; his racing, driving, riding, and associating with knaves, fools, debauchees, and black legs?

Mr. Smith. Upon my word, sir, I—

Dorn. Upon *your* word. But it's over! His name has this very day been struck out of the firm! Let his drafts be returned. It's all ended! And, observe, not a guinea! If you lend him any yourself, I'll not pay you. I'll no longer be a fond doating father? Therefore take warning! Take warning, I say! Be his distress what it will, not a guinea! Though you should hereafter see him begging, starving in the streets, not so much as the loan or the gift of a single guinea.

[*With vehemence.*

Mr. Smith. (c.) I shall be careful to observe your orders, sir.

Dorn. Sir! (c.) Why, would you see him starve? Would you see him starve and not lend him a guinea? Would you, sir? Would you?

Mr. Smith. Sir! Certainly not, except in obedience to your orders!

Dorn. (With amazement and compassion.) And could any orders justify your seeing a poor unfortunate youth, rejected by his father, abandoned by his friends, starving to death?

Mr. Smith. There is no danger of that, sir.

Dorn. I tell you the thing shall happen! He shall starve to death! [*Distressed at the supposition.*] I'll never look on him more as a son of mine; and I'm very certain, when I have forsaken him, all the world will forsake him too, [*Weeps.*] Yes, yes! He is born to be a poor wretched outcast!

Mr. Smith. I hope, sir, he still will make a fine man.

Dorn. Will! There is not a finer, handsomer, nobler looking youth in the kingdom; no, not in the world!

Mr. Smith. I mean a worthy good man, sir.

Dorn. How can you mean any such thing? The company he keeps would corrupt a saint.

Mr. Smith. Sir, if you will only tell me what your pleasure is, I will endeavour to act like a faithful servant.

Dorn. I know you are a faithful servant, Mr. Smith. [*Takes his hand.*] I know you are.—But you—You are not a father.

Enter Mr. SULKY, L.—*Exit* Mr. SMITH, L.

Dorn. Well, Mr. Sulky, have you heard any thing of him?

Sulky. (L. C.) Yes.

Dorn. And, hay—? [*Impatiently.*] Any thing consoling, any thing good?

Sulky. No.

Dorn. No?—No, say you!—Where is he? What is he about?

Sulky. I don't know.

Dorn. Don't—? You love to torture me, sir! You love to torture me.

Sulky. Humph!

Dorn. For heaven's sake, tell me what you have heard!

Sulky. I love to torture you.

Dorn. Put me out of my pain! If you are not a tiger, put me out of my pain!

Sulky. [*Slowly drawing a newspaper out of his pocket*] There; read!

Dorn. Dead!

Sulky. Worse.

Dorn. Mercy defend me! Where? What?

Sulky. The first paragraph in the postscript: the beginning line in capitals.

Dorn. [*Reads.*] "The junior partner of the great banking house, not a mile from the Post-office, has again been touched at Newmarket, for upwards of ten thousand pounds." [*Pause.*] It can't be!

Sulky. Humph.

Dorn. Why, can it?

Sulky. Yes.

Dorn. How do you know? What proof have you that this is not a lie?

Sulky. His own hand-writing.

Dorn. How!

Sulky. Bills at three days sight to the full amount have already been presented.

Dorn. And accepted?

Sulky. Yes.

Dorn. But!—Why!—Were you mad, Mr. Sulky? Were you mad?

Sulky. I soon shall be.

Dorn. Is not his name struck off the firm?

Sulky. They were dated two days before.

Dorn. The credit of my house begins to totter!

Sulky. Well it may!

Dorn. What the effect of such a paragraph may be, I cannot tell!

Sulky. I can;—Ruin.

Dorn. Are you serious, sir?

Sulky. I am not inclined to laugh.—A run against the house, stoppage, disgrace, bankruptcy.

Dorn. Really, Mr. Sulky, you——

Sulky. Yes. I know I offend. I was bred in your house, you used me tenderly, I served you faithfully and you admitted me a partner. Don't think I care for myself. No. I can sit at the desk again. But you! You! first man of the first commercial city on earth, your name in the Gazette! Were it mine only, I would laugh at it. What am I? Who cares for me?

[*Crosses to* R.

Dorn. Where is the vile? [*Calling.*] Mr. Smith!—Thomas!—William!

Enter MR. SMITH, L.

Call all the servants together, Mr. Smith; clerks, footmen, maids, every soul! Tell them their young master is a scoundrel!

Mr. Smith. Very well, sir.

Dorn. Sir? Bid them shut the door in his face! I'll turn the first away that lets him set foot in this house ever again!

Mr. Smith. Very well, sir.

Dorn. Very well, sir? Damn your very well, sir! I tell you it is not very well, sir. He shall starve, die, rot in the street! Is that very well, sir?

[*Exeunt* DORNTON *and* SMITH, L.

Sulky. (R.) He has a noble heart. A fond father's heart. The boy was a fine youth. But he spoiled him; and now he quarrels with himself and all the world, be-

cause he hates his own folly. [*A knocking at the street door*, L.] So! here is the youth returned.

[*Knocking again.—Exit*, R.

Enter MR. DORNTON *with* SERVANTS, L.

Dorn. (C.) Don't stir! On your lives don't go to the door! Are the bolts and locks all fastened?

Servants. All, sir. [*Knocking.*

Dorn. Don't mind his knocking! Go to bed every soul of you instantly, and fall fast asleep! He shall starve in the streets! [*Knocking again.*] Fetch me my blunderbuss! Make haste! [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, *and* POSTILLIONS, L.

Postil. (L. C.) We smoked along, your honour!

Harry. [*Knocks at* D. F. L. C.] I know you did. Had you been less free with your whip, you would have been a crown the richer. Your next step should be to turn drummers, and handle the cat-o'nine-tails.

Postil. It is very late, your honour!

Harry. Be gone! I'll give you no more. [*Knocks.*

[*Exeunt* POSTILLIONS, L.

Dorn. [*At the window over him, throwing up the sash and presenting the blunderbuss;* MR. SULKY *with him.*] Knock again, you scoundrel, and you shall have the full contents loaded to the muzzle, rascal!

Harry. So! I suspected dad was in his tantrums.

Mil. You have given him some cause.

Harry. Very true. [*To his Father.*] Consider, my dear sir, the consequences of lying out all night!

Dorn. Be gone, villain!

Harry. Bad women, sir: damps, night air!

Dorn. Will you be gone?

Harry. Watch-houses, pick-pockets, cut-throats!

Sulky. Come, come, sir. [*Shutting the window.*

Mil. We shall not get in.

Harry. Pshaw! How little do you know of my father! The door will open in less than fifteen seconds.

Mil. Done for a hundred!

Harry. Done, done! [*Take out their watches—the door opens.*] I knew you were had; double or quits we find the cloth laid, and supper on the table.

Mil. No, it won't do. [*Exeunt into the house.*

SCENE III.—*Dornton's House.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, *and a Footman*, L.

Foot. (L. C.) My old master is in a bitter passion, sir.

Harry. (C.) I know it.

Foot. He is gone down to turn the servant out of doors that let you in.

Harry. Is he? Then go you and let your fellow-servant in again.

Foot. I dare not, sir.

Harry. Then I must. [*Exit*, L.

Foot. (L.) He inquired who was with my young master.

Mil. Well!

Foot. And when he heard it was you, sir, he was ten times more furious. [*Exit* FOOTMAN, R.

Re-enter HARRY DORNTON, L.

Harry. (C.) All's well that ends well. This has been a cursed losing voyage, Milford!

Mil. (C.) I am a hundred and fifty in.

Harry. And I ten thousand out!

Mil. I believe I had better avoid your father, for the present.

Harry. I think you had. Dad considers you as my tempter; the cause of my ruin.

Mil. And I being in his debt, he conceives he may treat me without ceremony.

Harry. Nay, damn it, Jack, do him justice: it is not the money you had of him, but the ill advice he imputes to you, that galls him.

Mil. I hear he threatens to arrest me.

Harry. Yes! He has threatened to strike my name out of the firm, and disinherit me, a thousand times!

Mil. Oh, but he has been very serious in menacing me.

Harry. And me too.

Mil. You'll be at the tennis-court to morrow?

Harry. No.

Mil. What, not to see the grand match?—

Harry. No.

Mil. Oh yes, you will.

Harry. No, I am determined.

Mil. Yes, over night; you'll waver in the morning.

Harry. No. It is high time, Jack, to grow prudent.

Mil. Ha, ha, ha! My plan is formed: I'll soon be out of debt.

Harry. How will you get the money?

Mil. By calculation.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Mil. (R.) I am resolved on it.. How many men of rank and honour, having lost their fortunes, have doubly recovered them!

Harry. And very honourably!

Mil. Who doubts it?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Nobody! nobody!

Mil. But pray, Harry, what is it you find so attractive in my late father's amorous relict?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! What, the Widow Warren?

Mil. She seems to think and even reports you are to marry her! [*Both sit at a table* C.

Harry. Marry? Her? A coquette of forty, who ridiculously apes all the airs of a girl! Fantastic, selfish, and a fool! And marry? Disgusting idea! Thou wert philosophising, as we drove, on the condition of a post-horse—

Mil. Well?

Harry. I would rather be a post-horse, nay, the brute that drives a post-horse, than the base thing thou hast imagined! [*Rises and comes forward.*

Mil. Then why are you so often there? [*Rises.*

Harry. (C.) Because I can't keep away.

Mil. (R. C.) What, is it her daughter, Sophia?

Harry. Lovely, bewitching innocent!

Mil. The poor young thing is fond of you?

Harry. I should be half mad if I thought she was not; yet am obliged to half hope she is not!

Mil. Why?

Harry. What a question! Am I not a profligate, and in all probability ruined—Not even my father can overlook this last affair!—No!—Heigho!

Mil. The loss of my father's will, and the mystery

vate drawer; and that it is now a full month since a gentleman of Montpellier, coming to England, was entrusted with it. But no such gentleman has yet appeared.

Mil. If it should have got into the hands of the Widow——

Sulky. Which I suspect it has! You are a couple of pretty gentlemen! But beware! Misfortune is at your heels! Mr. Dornton vows vengeance on you both, and justly. He is not gone to bed; and, if you have confidence enough to look him in the face, I would have you stay where you are.

Mil. I neither wish to insult, nor be insulted.

[*Exit*, R.

Sulky. [*Retiring up the stage to the table.*] Do you know, sir, your father turned the poor fellow into the street, who compassionately opened the door for you?

Harry. Yes; and my father knows I as compassionately opened the door for the poor fellow in return.

Sulky. Very well, sir! Your fame is increasing daily.

Harry. [*Rising.*] I am glad to hear it.

Sulky. Humph! Then perhaps you have paragraphed yourself?

Harry. [*Comes forward with him.*] Paragraphed? What? Where?

Sulky. (R. C.) In the St. James's Evening.

Harry. (C.) Me?

Sulky. Stating the exact amount.

Harry. Of my loss?

Sulky. Yours.—You march through every avenue to fame, dirty or clean.

Harry. Well said! Be witty when you can; sarcastic you must be, in spite of your teeth. But I like you the better. You are honest. You are my cruet of Cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.

Sulky. Well, sir, when you know the state of your own affairs, and to what you have reduced the house, you will perhaps be less ready to grin.

Harry. Reduced the house! Ha, ha, ha!

[DORNTON *appears* L.

Enter MR. DORNTON, *with Newspaper in his hand*, L.

Dorn. (L.) So, sir!

Harry. [*Bowing*, L. C.] I am happy to see you, sir.

Dorn. You are there, after having broken into my house at midnight!—And you are here [*Holding up the Paper*] after having ruined me and my house by your unprincipled prodigality! Are you not a scoundrel?

Harry. No, sir; I am only a fool.

Sulky. (R.) Good night to you, gentlemen. [*Going*, R.

Dorn. Stay where you are, Mr. Sulky. I beg you [*Crosses* R. *to* SULKY] to stay where you are, and be a witness to my solemn renunciation of him and his vices!

Sulky. (R.) I have witnessed it a thousand times.

Dorn. But this is the last. Are you not a scoundrel, I say? [*To* HARRY.

Harry. (C.) I am your son.

Dorn. [*Calling* L.] Mr. Smith! Bring in those deeds.

Enter MR. SMITH, *with papers*, L.

You will not deny you are an incorrigible squanderer?

Harry. (L. C.) I will deny nothing.

Dorn. (C.) A nuisance, a wart, a blot, a stain upon the face of nature!

Harry. A stain that will wash out, sir.

Dorn. A redundancy, a negation; a besotted sophisticated incumbrance; a jumble of fatuity; your head, your heart, your words, your actions, all a jargon; incoherent and unintelligible to yourself, absurd and offensive to others! [SMITH *retires*, L.

Harry. I am whatever you please, sir.

Dorn. Bills never examined, every thing bought on credit, the price of nothing asked! Conscious you were weak enough to wish for baubles you did not want, and pant for pleasures you could not enjoy, you had not the effrontery to assume the circumspect caution of common sense! And, to your other destructive follies, you must add the detestable vice of gaming!

Harry. These things, sir, are much easier done than defended.

Dorn. But here—[*To* SMITH, *who advances* L.]—Give me that parchment! The partners have all been summoned! Look, sir! your name has been formally erased!

Harry. The partners are very kind.

Dorn. The suspicions already incurred by the known profligacy of a principal in the firm, the immense sums

you have drawn, this paragraph, the run on the house it will occasion, the consternation of the whole city—

[SMITH *retires to back ground.*

Harry. All very terrible, and some of it very true.

[*Half aside*

Dorn. [*Passionately.*] If I should happily outlive the storm you have raised, it shall not be to support a prodigal, or to reward a gambler! You are disinherited! Read! [*Taking more papers from* SMITH *at* C.

Harry. Your word is as good as the Bank, sir.

Dorn. I'll no longer act the doating father, fascinated by your arts! [SMITH *stands* R.

Harry. I never had any art, sir, except the one you taught me.

Dorn. I taught you! What, scoundrel? What?

Harry. That of loving you, sir.

Dorn. Loving me!

Harry. Most sincerely!

Dorn. [*Forgetting his passion.*] Why, can you say, Harry—Rascal! I mean—that you love me?

Harry. I should be a rascal indeed if I did not, sir.

Dorn. Harry! Harry! [*Greatly agitated.*] No; confound me if I do! Sir, you are a vile——

Harry. I know I am.

Dorn. And I'll never speak to you more. [*Going,* L.

Harry. Bid me good night, sir. Mr. Sulky here will bid me good night, and you are my father! Good night, Mr. Sulky.

Sulky. (R.) Good night. [*Exit,* R.

Harry. Come, sir.

Dorn. Good. [*Struggling with passion.*] I won't! If I do——

Harry. Reproach me with my follies, strike out my name, disinherit me, I deserve it all, and more. But say, "Good night, Harry!"

Dorn. I won't!—I won't!—I won't!

Harry. (L. C.) Poverty is a trifle; we can whistle it off; but enmity——

Dorn. I will not!

Harry. Sleep in enmity! And who can say how soundly? (L.) Come! good night.

Dorn. I won't! I won't! [*Runs off,* L.

Harry. Say you so? [*Goes back to the table.*] Why then, my noble-hearted dad, [*Returning*] I am indeed a scoundrel!

Re-enter MR. DORNTON, R.

Dorn. (R.) Good night! [*Exit*, R.
Harry. (C.) Good night! [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

Enter JENNY *and* MRS. LEDGER, L.

Jenny. (L.) I tell you, good woman, I can do nothing for you.

Mrs. L. (L.) Only let me see Mrs. Warren.

Jenny. And get myself snubbed. Not I, indeed.

Enter SOPHIA, R.

Sophia. (R.) La, Jenny! Yonder's my mamma, with a whole congregation of milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, haberdashers, lace-men, feather-men, and—and all the world, consulting about second mourning!

Jenny. (L. C.) I know it.

Sophia. (C.) It will be six months to-morrow, since the death of my father-in-law; and she has been busy giving orders for this fortnight, that every thing might be brought home and tried on to-day. I do believe she'll sleep in her new clothes!

Jenny. How you run on, miss!

Sophia. What would my dear grandma' say, if she saw her? Why she is even fonder of finery than I am!

Jenny. Sure, miss, you are not fond of finery?

Sophia. [*Skipping about.*] Oh, but I am. I wonder why she won't let me wear high-heeled shoes! I am sure I am old enough; I shall be eighteen next Christ-

mas day, at midnight: which is only nine months and two days! And since she likes to wear slips, and sashes, and ringlets, and—nonsense, like a girl, why should not I have high heels and gowns, and satins, and trains, and sweeps, [*Mimicking*] and—like a woman?

Jenny. It's very true what your mamma tells you, miss; you have been spoiled by your old fond grandmother, in Gloucestershire.

Sophia. Nay, Jenny, I won't hear you call my dear grandma' names! Though every body told the loving old soul she would spoil me.

Jenny. And now your mamma has sent for you up to town, to finish your *keddecation*.

Sophia. Yes, she began on the very first day. There was the stay-maker sent for to screw up my shape; the shoe-maker to cripple my feet; the hair-dresser, to burn my hair; the jeweller, to bore my ears; and the dentist, to file my teeth.

Jenny. Ah! You came here such a hoyden! [*To* MRS. LEDGER.] What, an't you gone yet, mistress?

Sophia. La, Jenny, how can you be so cross to people? What is the matter with this good woman?

Jenny. Oh! nothing but poverty.

Sophia. Is that all? Here, [*Rummaging her pockets*] give her this half crown, and make her rich.

Jenny. Rich indeed!

Sophia. What, is not it enough? La, I am sorry I spent all my money yesterday! I laid it out in sweetmeats, cakes, a canary bird, and a poll parrot. But I hope you are not very, very poor? [*Crosses to* L.

Mrs. L. (L.) My husband served the late alderman five-and-twenty years. His master promised to provide for him; but his pitiless widow can see him thrown with a broken heart upon the parish.

Sophia. Oh dear!—Stop!—Stop a bit! [*Capering off* L.] Be sure you don't go!

Enter MR. SULKY, R.

Sulky. (R.) Where's your mistress, girl?

Jenny. (C.) My name is Jane Cocket, sir.

Sulky. Where's your mistress?

Jenny. Busy, sir.

Sulky. Tell her to come down.—Don't stare, girl, but go and tell your mistress I want her.

Jenny. [*Aside.*] Humph! Mr. Black and gruff!
[*Exit*, R.

Re-enter SOPHIA, *running with great eagerness*, R.

Sophia. I've got it! Here! Take this, good woman; go home and be happy! Take it, I tell you!
[*Offering a purse.*

Sulky. (C.) Who is this? Mrs. Ledger! How does your worthy husband?

Mrs. L. Alack, sir, ill enough: likely to starve in his latter days.

Sulky. How! Starve?

Mrs. L. The Widow refuses to do any thing for him.

Sulky. (L. C.) Humph!

Mrs. L. Service, age, and honesty are poor pleas, with affluence, ease, and Mrs. Warren.

Sulky. Humph!

Mrs. L. You, sir, I understand, are the late alderman's executor?

Sulky. I can't tell.

Mrs. L. Perhaps you may be able to serve my husband?

Sulky. I don't know. However, give my respects to him. He shan't starve: tell him that.

Sophia. Nay, but take this in the mean time.

Sulky. Ay; take it, take it. [*Exit* MRS. LEDGER, L. S. E.] And who are you, Miss Charity?

Sophia. Me, sir? Oh! I—I am my grandma's grand-daughter.

Sulky. Humph!

Sophia. Sophia Freelove.

Sulky. Oh!—The widow's daughter by her first husband?

Sophia. Yes, sir.

Re-enter JENNY, R.

Sulky. Where's your mistress?

Jenny. (R.) Coming, sir. So! [*To* SOPHIA.] You have stolen your mamma's purse, Miss?

Sophia. La, don't say so; I only ran away with it! She was bargaining for some smuggled lace with one of your acquaintance, and I thought I could dispose of her money to better advantage.

Jenny. Without her consent?

Sophia. Yes, to be sure; I knew I should never dispose of it in that manner with her consent.

Jenny. Well! Here comes your mamma. [*Exit*, L.

Enter the WIDOW WARREN, R. *in a fantastic girlish Morning Dress, surrounded by Milliners, &c. and their Attendants with Band-boxes; all talking as they enter.*—SOPHIA *humming a tune, and capering about in the back ground.*

Widow. (R.) So you'll be sure not to forget my chapeau-a-la-Prusse, Mr. Mincing!

Hatter. (R.) Certainly not, madam.

Widow. (C.) And you'll make a delicate choice of the feathers?

Hatter. The selection will be elegant, madam.

Widow. Yes. I know, Mr. Mincing, you're a charming man! And you will let me have my pierrot a-la-Coblentz by nine in the morning, Mrs. Tiffany?

Mantua-maker. (R.) To a minute, ma'am.

Sulky. Madam, when you have a moment's leisure—

Widow. Be quiet, you fright; don't interrupt me!—And my caraco a-la-hussar, and my bavaroises a-la-duchesse. And put four rows of pearl in my turban.

Milliner. Ver vell, me ladyship.

Widow. And you'll all come togther exactly at nine?

Omnes. We'll all be here! [*Going*, R.

Widow. And don't forget the white ermine tippets, and the black fox muffs, and the Kamschatka furs, that you mentioned, Mr. Weazel!

Furrier. I'll bring a fine assortment, madam.

Widow. And, and, and—No; no—you may all go; —I can think of nothing else;—I shall remember more to-morrow.

Hatter—Furrier—Milliner, &c.—Thank you, madam!—Very much obliged to you, ma'am!—Dee ver good bonjour to me ladyship. [*Together.—Exeunt*, R.

Widow. (R.) What was it you were saying, Mr. Sulky?—Pray, child, what have you done with my purse?

Sophia. Given it away, ma'.

Widow. (R. C.) Given it away, minikin?

Sophia. Yes, ma'.

Widow. (C.) Given my purse away! To whom? For what purpose?

Sophia. (L. C.) La, ma', only—only to keep a poor woman from starving!

Widow. I protest, child, your grandmother has totally ruined you!

Sulky. (C.) Not quite, madam: she has left the finishing to you.

Widow. What were you saying, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. You won't give me leave to say any thing, madam.

Widow. You know you are a shocking troublesome man, Mr. Sulky! I have a thousand things to remember, and can't bear teasing! It fatigues my spirits! So pray relate this very urgent business of yours in a single word. What would you have?

Sulky. Justice.

Widow. Lord, what do you mean? Do you think I am in the commission?

Sulky. Yes, of follies innumerable!

Widow. You are a sad savage, Mr. Sulky! And who is it you want justice for?

Sulky. Your late husband's son, John Milford.

Widow. Now pray don't talk to me! You are a very intrusive person! You quite derange my ideas! I can think of nothing soft or satisfactory while you are present!

Sulky. Will you hear me, madam?

Widow. I can't! I positively can't! It is an odious subject!

Sophia. Nay, ma', how can you be so cross to my brother Milford?

Widow. Your brother, child?—Country education! How often, minikin, have I told you he is no brother of yours!

Sophia. La, ma', he was your husband's son!

Widow. Yes, his ba—Faugh!—Odious word!—Your brother?

Sophia. Yes, that he is! For he is in distress.

Sulky. Humph!

Widow. (R.) And would you now, you who pretend to be a very prudent—ridiculous kind of a person, wish to see me squander the wealth of my poor dear little old dead man on Mr. Milford, and his profligate companions?

Sulky. Not I indeed, madam; though the profligate

to whom you make love should happen to be one of them!

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, the monster! I make love!—You have no eyes, Mr. Sulky! [*Walking about with a conceited air.*] You are really blind! But I know whom you mean.

Sulky. I mean young Dornton, madam.

Widow. To be sure you do! Whom could you mean? Elegant youth! Rapturous thought!

Sophia. I am sure, sir, young Mr. Dornton is no profligate!

Sulky. [*Significantly.*] You are sure?

Sophia. Yes, that I am!

Sulky. Humph.

Sophia. And its very scandalous, very scandalous indeed, to say he is my ma's lover!

Sulky. Humph.

Sophia. Because he is a fine genteel young gentleman; and you know ma' is—

Widow. (C.) Pray, minikin, be less flippant with your tongue.

Sophia. Why la, ma', you yourself know you are too—!

Widow. Go up to your chamber, child!

Sophia. I am sure, ma', I say it is very scandalous to call the handsome Mr. Dornton your lover!

[*Exit, skipping,* R.

Sulky. (C.) Do you blush?

Widow. (R.) Blush, indeed? Blush? Ha, ha, ha! You are a very unaccountable creature, Mr. Sulky!—Blush at the babbling of a child?

Sulky. Who is your rival.

Widow. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! My rival? The poor minikin! My rival? But I have a message for you! Now do compose your features to softness and complacency! Look pleasant if you can! Smile for once in your life! [*Crosses to* SULKY, R.

Sulky. Don't make love to me! I'll have nothing to say to you!

Widow. (R.) Ha, ha, ha! Love?

Sulky. Yes, you make love to Dornton! Nay, you make love to the booby Goldfinch! Even I am not secure in your company!

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! You are a shocking being,

Mr. Sulky! But if you should happen to see Mr. Dornton, do astonish your acquaintance; do a good-natured thing, and tell him I am at home all the day. Love to you? Ha, ha, ha! Oh, you figure! You caricature of tenderness! You insupportable thing!

[*Exit*, R.

Sulky. [*Sighs.*] Ah! All labour in vain! [*Crossing.*

Enter JENNY, L.

Stand out of the way, girl! [*Exit*, L.

Jenny. (C.) There she goes! [*Looking after the* WIDOW.] That's lucky! This way, sir!

Enter HARRY DORNTON, *followed by a* SERVANT, *with Bills in his hand*, L.

Jenny. My mistress is gone up to her toilette, sir; but I can send you somebody you may like better!

[*Exit*, R.

Harry. (C.) Obliging Abigail! [*Looking over his papers.*] 'Sdeath! What, all these tradesmen's bills?

Servant. All, sir. Mr. Smith sent me after you with them.

Harry. When were they brought?

Servant. Some last night, but most this morning.

Harry. Ill news travels fast, and honesty is devilish industrious. Go round to them all, return their bills, and bid them come themselves to-day. Has Mr. Williams, the hosier, sent in his bill?

Servant. No, sir.

Harry. I thought as much; tell him to come with the rest, and on his life not to fail.

Servant. Very well, sir. [*Exit*, L.

Enter SOPHIA, *in high spirits*, R.

Sophia. (R. C.) Oh, Mr. Dornton, I am glad to see you! Do you know, I've got the song by heart that you was so good as to teach me!

Harry. And do you know, my charming Sophia, you are the most delightful, beautiful, bewitching scholar that ever took lesson!

Sophia. La, Mr. Dornton, I'm sure I'm very stupid!

Harry. That you are all intelligence, all grace, all wit!

Sophia. To be sure my ma' caught me singing it, and

she was pettish; because you know it's all about love, and ends with a happy marriage.

Harry. But why pettish?

Sophia. La, I can't tell. I suppose she wants to have all the marriage in the world to herself! Its her whole talk! I do believe she'd be married every morning that she rises, if any body would have her!

Harry. Think not of her, my sweet Sophia, but tell me—

Sophia. (c) What?

Harry. I dare not ask.

Sophia. Why!

Harry. Lest I should offend you.

Sophia. Nay now, Mr. Dornton, that is not right of you! I am never offended with any body, and I am sure I should not be offended with you! My grandma' always said I was the best tempered girl in the world.—What is it?

Harry. Were you? [*Taking her hand.*] Did you ever know what it is to love?

Sophia. La, now, how could you ask one such a question? You know very well one must not tell! Besides, you know too one must not be in love!

Harry. Why not?

Sophia. Because—Because I'm but a girl. My grandma' has told me a hundred times, it's a sin for any body to be in love before they be a woman grown, full one-and-twenty; and I am not eighteen!

Harry. Love, they say, cannot be resisted.

Sophia. Ah, but I have been taught better!—it may be resisted: nobody need be in love unless they like: and so I won't be in love, for I won't wilfully do amiss. [*With great positiveness.*] No! I won't love any person, though I should love him ever so dearly!

Harry. [*Aside.*] Angelic innocence! [*Aloud.*] Right, lovely Sophia, guard your heart against seducers.

Sophia. Do you know it is full five weeks since Valentine's day; and, because I'm not one-and-twenty, nobody sent me a Valentine!

Harry. And did you expect one?

Sophia. Nay! I can't say but I did think! In Gloucestershire, if any young man happens to have a liking for a young woman, she is sure to hear of it on Valen-

tine's day. But perhaps Valentine's day does not fall so soon here as it does in the country.

Harry. Why, it is possible you may yet receive a Valentine.

Sophia. Nay now, but don't you go to think that I am asking for one; for that would be very wrong of me, and I know better. My grandma' told me I must never mention nor think of such things till I am a woman, full one-and-twenty grown; and that if I were to find such a thing at my window, or under my pillow, or concealed in a plum-cake—

Harry. A plum-cake?

Sophia. Yes, I assure you, I have heard of a Valentine sent baked in a plum-cake—and indeed, I would not receive such a thing for the world, no not from the finest man on earth, if I did not think him to be a true and faithful, true, true lover!

Harry. But how must he prove his faith and truth?

Sophia. Why first he must love me very dearly!—With all his heart and soul! And then he must be willing to wait till I am one-and-twenty.

Harry. And would not you love in return?

Sophia. N—yes, when I come to be one-and-twenty.

Harry. Not sooner?

Sophia. Oh no! I must not!

Harry. Surely you might if you pleased?

Sophia. Oh, but you must not persuade me to that! If you do, I shall think you are a bad man, such as my grandma' warned me of!

Harry. And do you think me so?

Sophia. Do I?—No!—I would not think you so for a thousand, thousand golden guineas!

Harry. [*Aside.*] Fascinating purity! What am I about? To deceive or trifle with such unsuspecting affection, would indeed be villainy!

Gold. [*Without,* L.] Is she above! must see her!

Sophia. (L.) La, I hear that great, ridiculous, horse-jockey Goldfinch coming up! [*Sighs.*] Good bye, Mr. Dornton?

Harry. (R.) Heaven bless you, Sophia!—sweet Sophia, heaven bless you, my lovely angel! heigho!

Sophia. Heigho! [*Exit,* L.

Gold. [*Without,* L.] Is she here?

Serv. [*Without,* L.] I don't know, sir.

Enter GOLDFINCH, L.

Gold. (L.) Hah! my tight one!

Harry. [*Surveying him.*] Well, Charles?

Gold. How you stare!—an't I the go? that's your sort!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Gold. Where's the Widow?

Harry. Gone up to dress, and will not be down these two hours.

Gold. (C.) A hundred to eighty I'd sup up a string of twenty horses in less time than she takes to dress her fetlocks, plait her mane, trim her ears, and buckle on her body clothes!

Harry. (C.) You improve daily, Charles!

Gold. (L. C.) To be sure! that's your sort! An't I a genus! [*Strutting about.*

Harry. Quite an original!—you may challenge the whole fraternity of the whip to match you!

Gold. Match me! Newmarket can't match me!—That's your sort! [*Strutting.*

Harry. Oh no! ha, ha, ha! you are harder to match than one of your own pied ponies—a very different being from either your father or grandfather.

Gold. Father or grandfather!——Shakebags both.

Harry. How!

Gold. Father a sugar-baker, grandfather a slop-seller:—I'm a gentleman—that's your sort!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! and your father was only a man of worth!

Gold. Kept a gig! [*Contemptuously.*] Knew nothing of life! never drove four!

Harry. No, but he was a useful member of society.

Gold. A usef——what's that?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! A pertinent question.

Gold. A gentleman like me a useful member of society! bet the long odds nobody ever heard of such a thing!

Harry. You have not acquired your character in the world for nothing, Charles.

Gold. World! what does the world say?

Harry. Strange things. It says you have got into the hands of jockeys, jews, and swindlers; and that, though old Goldfinch was in his day one of the richest

men on 'Change, his son will shortly become poorer than the poorest black leg at Newmarket.

Gold. Damn the world!

Harry. With all my heart, damn the world, for it says little better of me.

Gold. Bet you seven to five the Eclipse colts against the Highflyers, the second spring meeting.

Harry. No.—I have done with Highflyer and Eclipse too. So you are in pursuit of the Widow?

Gold. Full cry! must have her!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! heigho! you must?

Gold. All up with me else! If I don't marry the Widow, I must smash! I've secured the knowing one.

Harry. Whom do you mean? the maid?

Gold. Promised her a hundred on the wedding day.

Enter JENNY, R.

Jenny. My mistress can't see you at present, gentlemen.

Gold. Can't see me? [*Vexed.*] Take Harriet an airing in the phaeton.

Harry. What, is Harriet your favourite?

Gold. To be sure! I keep her.

Harry. You do? [JENNY *retires*, L.

Gold. Fine creature!

Harry. Well bred?

Gold. Just to my taste! Like myself, free and easy. That's your sort!

Harry. A fine woman?

Gold. Prodigious! Sister to the Irish Giant! Six feet in her stockings!—That's your sort!—Sleek coat, flowing mane, broad chest, all bone!—Dashing figure in a phaeton!—Sky blue habit, scarlet sash, green hat, yellow ribands, white feathers, gold band and tassel!—That's your sort!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Heigho! Why you are a high fellow, Charles!

Gold. To be sure! know the odds! hold four in hand! turn a corner in style! reins in form—elbows square—wrist pliant—hayait!—drive the Coventry stage twice a week all summer—pay for an inside place—mount the box—tip the coachy a crown—beat the mail—come in full speed! rattle down the gateway! take care of your

heads! never kill'd but one woman and a child in all my life—that's your sort! [*Going*, L.

Jenny. [*Aside to* GOLD.] Take him with you.

[*Exit*, L.

Gold. Want a hedge? Take guineas to pounds—Precipitate against Dragon?

Harry. No.

Gold. [*Aside.*] Wish I could have him a few!—odd or even for fifty?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! odd enough!

Gold. Will you cut a card, hide in the hat, chuck in the glass, draw cuts, heads or tails, gallop the maggot, swim the hedgehog, any thing?

Harry. Nothing.

Gold. I'm up to all—that's your sort! get him with me and pigeon him. [*Aside.*] Come and see my greys—been to Tattersall's and bought a set of six—smokers! beat all England for figure, bone, and beauty! Hayait, charmers! that's your sort! bid for two pair of mouse ponies for Harriet.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! The Irish Giantess drawn by mouse ponies!

Gold. Come and see 'em.

Harry. No.—I am weary of the company of stable-boys.

Gold. Why so? Shan't play you any tricks. If they squirt water at you, or make the colts kick you, tell me, and I'll horsewhip 'em—Arch dogs! deal of wit!

Harry. When they do, I'll horsewhip them myself.

Gold. Yourself? 'Ware that!—wrong there!

Harry. I think I should be right.

Gold. Do you! what—been to school?

Harry. To school! why yes—I—

Gold. Mendoza! oh! Good morrow! [*Going*, L.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! There goes one of my friends! heigho!

Enter MILFORD *hastily*, L. *followed by* GOLDFINCH.

Gold. What is it, Jack? tell me! [*Eagerly.*

Mil. (c.) Come Harry! we shall be too late! they are about to begin! we may have what bets we please!

Gold. (c.) Where? what?

Mil. The great match! the famous Frenchman, and Will the marker! A thousand guineas aside!

Gold. What, tennis?

Mil. Yes. The Frenchman gives fifteen and a bisque.

Gold. To Will the marker?

Mil. Yes.

Gold. Will, for a hundred!

Mil. Done!

Gold. Done, done!

Harry. I bar the bet; the odds are five to four already.

Gold. What, for the Mounseer?

Harry. Yes.

Gold. I'll take it, five hundred to four.

Harry. Done!

Gold. Done, done!

Harry. No, I bar!—I forgot—I have cut. I'll never bet another guinea.

Mil. You do for a hundred?

Harry. Done!

Mil. Done, done! ha, ha, ha!

Harry. Pshaw!

Gold. What a cake!

Mil. But you'll go?

Harry. No.

Mil. Yes, you will. Come, come, the match is begun! every body is there! the Frenchman is the first player in the world!

Harry. It's a noble exercise.

Mil. Ay! Cato himself delighted in it.

Harry. (R. C.) Yes, it was much practised by the Romans.

Gold. (L.) The Romans! who are they?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Mil. Ha, ha, ha!—Will you go, or will you not, Harry?

Harry. I can't, Jack. My conscience won't let me!

Mil. Pshaw! Zounds, if we don't make haste it will be all over!

Harry. Do you think it will?—No—I won't—I must not.

Mil. [*Taking hold of him.*] Come along, I tell you.

Harry. No.

Mil. They have begun!

Gold. Have they?—I'm off! [*Exit*, L.

Mil. [*Still struggling with* HARRY.] What folly!—come along.

Harry. No, I will not.

Mil. [*Leaving him and going.*] Well, well, if you're so positive—

Harry. [L. *Calling.*] Stay, Jack; stay—I'll walk up the street with you, but I won't go in.

Mil. Double or quits the hundred that you won of me last night you do!

Harry. I don't for a thousand!

Mil. (L. *without.*) No, no, the hundred.

Harry. I tell you I won't. I won't go in with you.

Mil. Done for the hundred!

Harry. Done, done! [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*The Parlour of the Tennis-court.—Markers engaged with Rackets and Balls.—Sheriff's Officer, two Followers, and one of the Markers,* L.—*Shout.*

Mark. Hurrah!

Officer. Pray is Mr. Milford in the court?

Mark. I'll bet you gold to silver the Frenchman loses! hurrah? [*Exit*, R.

Enter Mr. SMITH *from the Court*, M. D.

Mr. Smith. He is not there.

Officer. Are you sure?

Mr. Smith. The crowd is very great, but I can neither see him nor any of his companions.

Officer. Then he will not come.

Mr. Smith. I begin to hope so!

Officer. [*Examining his writ.*] "Middlesex to wit—one thousand pounds—Dornton against John Milford."

Mr. Smith. You must take none but substantial bail. [*Shout.*] What a scene!

Officer. He will not be here.

Mr. Smith. Heaven send! [*Shout.*

Enter GOLDFINCH, L. *and a Marker, running across.*

Gold. Is the match begun?

Mar. The first game is just over.

Gold. Who lost?

Mar. The Frenchman!

Gold. Hurrah!

Mar. Hurrah!

Gold. Damn the Mounseers!—That's your sort.

[*Exit into the Court, in the back Scene.*

Mr. Smith. That's one of his companions. I begin to tremble;' [*Aside*] stand aside! Here they both come!

Officer. Which is he?

Mr. Smith. The second. [*Shout*, M. D.

Enter HARRY DORNTON *and* MILFORD, *in haste*, L.

Harry. I hear them! I hear them! Come along!

Mil. Ha, ha, ha!—Harry!—You would not go!—You were determined! [*Shout.*

Harry. Zounds! Come along!

[*Exit in haste*, M. D.—MILFORD *follows him laughing.*

Officer. [*Stopping him.*] A word with you, sir, if you please.

Mil. With me? Who are you? What do you want?

Officer. You are my prisoner.

Mil. Prisoner! Damnation! Let me go!

Officer. I must do my duty, sir.

Mil. Here, here; this is your duty.

[*Taking out his purse.*

Mr. Smith. [*Advancing.*] It must not be, sir.

Mil. Mr. Smith!—What, at the suit of Dornton?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir. 'Tis your own fault. Why do you lead his son to these places? He heard you were to bring him here.

Mil. Furies! Marker! [*To a Servant passing.*] Tell Harry Dornton to come to me instantly.

Serv. Yes, sir. [*Exit*, M. D.

[*Shout.*]

Mil. Zounds! Let me but go and see the match!

Mr. Smith. You must not, sir.

Enter MARKER, M. D.

Mil. [*To another Marker.*] Marker!

Mar. Sir!

Mil. Who wins?

Mar. The Frenchman has the best on't.

Mil. Tell Harry Dornton I am here in trouble. Desire him to come this moment.

Mar. Very well, sir. [*Exit*, M. D.

[*Shout.*]

Mil. [*To the Officer.*] I'll give you ten guineas for five minutes!

Mr. Smith. Take him away, sir.

Officer. You must come along, sir.

Mil. [*To a Marker, returning,* M. D.] Have you told him?

Mar. He can't come, sir.

Mil. Very well, Harry! Very well! [*To the second Marker.*] Well, sir?

Mar. He would not leave the court for a thousand pounds. [*Exit,* M. D.

Officer. Come, come, sir! [*To his two Attendants.*] Bring him along!

Mil. Hands off, scoundrels! [*Shout,* M. D.] Fiends! [*Exeunt,* L.

SCENE III.—*The House of Mr. Silky.—A Room of Business, Ledger, Letter-files, Ink-stand, &c.*

SILKY *discovered, and* JACOB *entering,* L.

Sil. (L. C.) Well, Jacob! Have you been?

Jacob. (R.) Yes, sir.

Sil. Well, and what news? How is he? Very bad?

Jacob. Dead, sir.

Sil. [*Eagerly.*] Dead?

Jacob. As Deborah!

Sil. [*Aside.*] I'm a lucky man! [*Aloud.*] Are you sure he is dead, Jacob?

Jacob. (R. C.) I saw him with my own eyes, sir.

Sil. That's right, Jacob! I'm a lucky man! And what say the people at the hotel? Do they know who he is?

Jacob. Oh yes, sir! He was rich! A gentleman in his own country!

Sil. And did you take care they should not know you?

Jacob. To be sure, sir! You had given me my lesson!

Sil. Ay, ay, Jacob! That's right!—You are a fine boy! Mind me, and I'll make a man of you! And you think they had heard nothing of his having called on me?

Jacob. Not a word!

Sil. [*Aside.*] It was a lucky mistake!—[*Aloud.*]

Well, Jacob! Keep close! Don't say a word, and I'll give you—I'll give you a crown!

Jacob. You promised me a guinea, sir.

Sil. Did I, Jacob? Did I? Well, well! I'll give you a guinea! But be close! Did you call at the Widow Warren's?

Jacob. Yes, sir.

Sil. And will she see me?

Jacob. She desires you will be there in an hour.

Sil. Very well, Jacob. Keep close! Not a word about the foreign gentleman, or his having been here a week ago, or his being taken suddenly ill and dying!—[*Aside.*] It is a luckly stroke! Close, Jacob, my boy!

Jacob. But give me the guinea, sir!

Sil. What now, Jacob!

Jacob. If you please, sir. You may forget—

Sil. Well, there, Jacob; there! You'll be a rich man, Jacob! a cunning fellow! I read it in your countenance, Jacob! Close, Jacob, and then—

Jacob. Perhaps you'll give me another guinea?

Sil. Well said, Jacob! you'll be a great man. Mind what I say to you, and you'll be a great man! [*Knocking.* R.] Here's somebody coming! go Jacob! close!

Jacob. And another guinea? [*Exit,* R.

Sil. This is a lucky stroke!

Enter GOLDFINCH, R.

So, Mr. Goldfinch? What do you want?

Gold. Money—a thousand pounds directly.

Sil. (C.) Fine talking, Mr. Goodfinch! money's a scarce commodity! times are ticklish!

Gold. (R. C.) Tellee I must have it.

Sil. Give me but good security, and you know I'm your friend.

Gold. Yes; good security and fifty per cent!

Sil. Why look you there now! for all you know the last annuity I had of you, I gave a full hundred more than was offered by your friend Aaron, the Jew!

Gold. My friend? your friend! you collogue together!

Sil. Hear you now! for all you know I have always been your friend; always supplied you with money, have not I? and when I saw you running to ruin, I never told you of it, did I? I was willing to make all things easy!

Gold. Easy enough! you have pretty well eased me!

Sil. There is your companion, Jack Milford; I shall be a heavy loser by him!

Gold. Ah! it's all up with poor Jack! he's fixed at last!

Sil. What do you mean?

Gold. Old Dornton has sent the Nab-man after him!

Sil. And arrested him?

Gold. Yes, he's touched!

Sil. [*Crosses to* R. *and calls.*] Jacob!

Enter JACOB, R.

Run as fast as you can to my good friend Mr. Strawshoe, the attorney, and tell him to take out detainers for all the debts I have bought up against Mr. Milford; make haste!

Jacob. Yes, sir. [*Exit* R.

Gold. I thought you were Jack Milford's friend too!

Sil. So I am, Mr. Goldfinch; but I must provide for my family!

Gold. Come, come!—The bit!—tellee I want the coal, directly! sale at Tattersall's to-morrow morning! three Pot eight O brood mares with each an Eclipse colt! would not lose 'em for all Lombard-street, so will you let me have the bit?

Sil. Dear, dear! I tell you I can't, Mr. Goldfinch.

Gold. Then some other Jew must. [*Crosses to* R.

Sil. (L. C.) Jew! hear you! hear you! this is to be the friend of an ungrateful spendthrift! Calls me Jew! I, who go to morning prayers every day of my life, and three times to tabernacle on a Sunday!

Gold (R. C.) Yes! you cheat all day, tremble all night, and act the hypocrite the first thing in the morning. [*Going* R.

Sil. Nay, but stay, Mr. Goldfinch! stay! I want to talk to you! I have a scheme to make a man of you!

Gold. What! bind me 'prentice to an usurer.

Sil. Pshaw! you are in pursuit of the Widow Warren!

Gold. Well.

Sil. Now what will you give me, and I'll secure her to you?

Gold. You?

Sil. I.

Gold. Which way?

Sil. I have a deed in my power, I won't tell you what, but I have it, by which I can make her marry the man I please, or remain a widow all her life; and that I am sure she will never do if she can help it.

Gold. You a deed!

Sil. Yes, I.

Gold. Shew it me.

Sil. Not for twenty thousand pounds!—Depend upon me, I have it! I tell you I'm your friend, and you shall have her; that is, on proper conditions;—If not, Mr. Goldfinch, you shall not have her.

Gold. Indeed, Old Judas; well, what are your conditions?

Sil. I find the late alderman died worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds!

Gold. Ay!

Sil. Every farthing, Mr. Goldfinch! and my conscience tells me that, risk and character and all things considered, I must come in for my thirds.

Gold. Your conscience tells you that!

Sil. Yes, it does, Mr. Goldfinch;—fifty thousand is a fair price.

Gold. For the soul of a miser.

Sil. If you'll join me, say so.

Gold. Fifty thousand.

Sil. Not a farthing less! What, will there not be a hundred thousand remaining?

Gold. Why that's true!—It will cut a fine dash!

Sil. To be sure it will! Come with me; I'll draw up a sketch of an agreement. After which we must fight cunning. The widow is a vain, weak woman.—You must get her written promise.

Gold. Written?

Sil. Under her own hand; with a good round penalty in case of forfeiture.

Gold. Well said, old one.

Sil. Not less than twenty thousand pounds! A jury would grant half.

Gold. Damme you're a good one!

Sil. That would secure something, and we would snack!

Gold. Damme you're a deep one!

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think I am, Mr. Goldfinch?—Signed on a stamp!

Gold. You know a thing or two!

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think I do, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. You can teach 'em to bite the bubble!

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! You joke, Mr. Goldfinch, you joke!

Gold. But the devil will have you at last!

Sil. Lord forbid, Mr. Goldfinch! Don't terrify me!—I hate the devil, Mr. Goldfinch; indeed I do. I hate the name of him! Heaven keep me out of his fiery clutches!

Gold. No: he has you safe enough. Bait his trap but with a guinea, and he is sure to find you nibbling.

Sil. Don't talk about the devil, Mr. Goldfinch! Pray don't! But think about the Widow: secure her.

Gold. I must have the coal though this evening.

Sil. Don't lose a moment, Mr. Goldfinch.

Gold. Must not lose the Eclipse colts!

Sil. Pshaw, Mr. Goldfinch, think less of the colts and more of the Widow! Get her promise in black and white. [GOLD. *going* R.

Gold. [*Turns back.*] Tellee I must have 'em!

Sil. All will then be safe.

Gold. Must have 'em. [*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

Enter JENNY *and* SOPHIA, R.

Jenny. (C.) Oh, Miss! I have got something for you.

Sophia. (R. C.) Something for me! What is it? What is it?

Jenny. [*Holding her hand behind her.*] What will you give me?

Sophia. Oh, I'll give you.—[*Feeling in her pocket.*]

La, I've got no money! But I'll give you a kiss and owe you sixpence.

Jenny. No. A shilling without the kiss.

Sophia. Well, well, a shilling.

Jenny. There then. [*Giving her a small parcel.*

Sophia. La! What is it? [*Reads.*] "To Miss Sophia Freelove." And such a beautiful seal! Its a pity to break it. [*Opening the paper.*] La! Nothing but a plum-cake!

Jenny. Is that all?

Sophia. [*Considering.*] Ecod!—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I do think—As sure as sixpence it is!—It is!—

Jenny. Is what?

Sophia. Oh la, it is!

Jenny. What's the matter with the girl?

Sophia. Ecod, Jenny, it is the most curious plum-cake you ever saw!

Jenny. I see nothing curious about it!

Sophia. [R. *Kneeling.*] Oh, but you shall see! Give me a knife!—Oh no, that would spoil all!—Look you, Jenny, look!—Do but look! [*Breaks open the cake and finds a Valentine inclosed.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha! I told you so! The sweet, dear—! [*Kisses it.*] Did you ever see such a plum-cake in your whole life, Jenny?—And look here! [*Opening the Valentine.*] Oh, how beautiful!—The shape of a honey-suckle!—What should that mean?—And two doves cooing! But here!—Here's the writing:

"The woodbine sweet, and turtle dove
Are types of chaste and faithful love.
Ah! Were such peace and truth but mine,
I'd gladly be your Valentine!"

[*Repeating.*] Were such peace and truth but mine! La, now, Mr. Dornton, you know they are yours!

Jenny. So, so! Mr. Dornton sends you Valentines, Miss!

Sophia. Oh yes, Jenny! He is the kindest, sweetest, handsomest gentleman!

Jenny. You must give me that Valentine, Miss.

Sophia Give it you!

Jenny. Yes; that I may shew it your mamma.

Sophia. Indeed! but don't you think it! I would not give you this tiny bit of paper, no, not for a diamond as big—as big as the whole world!—And if you were to

take it from me, I'd never love you, nor forgive you, as long as I live!

Jenny. Oh! but indeed, Miss, I'm not obliged to keep secrets for nothing!

Sophia. Nay, Jenny, you know I am very good to you. And here!—Here!—Don't tell ma', and I'll give this silver thimble.

[*Exit* JENNY, L. SOPHIA *retires to the back ground.*

Enter WIDOW WARREN *and* Mr. SULKY, R.

Widow. (R.) You are a very shocking person, Mr. Sulky!—The wild man of the woods broke loose! Do return to your keeper, good Ourang Outang; and don't go about to terrify children!

Sulky. (R.) I tell you, madam, Mr. Milford is arrested.

Sophia. My brother?

Sulky. Locked up at a bailiff's in the next street.

Sophia. Oh, dear!

Widow. (C.) And pray now what is that to me?

Sulky. Madam!

Widow. I am not arrested.

Sulky. Would you were!

Widow. Oh the savage!

Sulky. The pitiless only should feel pain. The stony-hearted alone should be enclosed by walls of stone.

Sophia. [*Comes forward on* L.] Don't be cross with ma', sir; I'm sure she'll release my brother.

Widow. You are sure, minikin!

Sophia. (L. C.) Yes, ma'; for I am sure no soul on earth would suffer a fellow-creature to lie and pine to death, in a frightful dark dungeon, and fed with bread and water.

Sulky. (R. C.) Your late husband recommended the payment of his son's debts.

Widow. Recommended?

Sulky. Yes.

Widow. But leaving it to my own prudence.

Sulky. More's the pity.

Widow. Which prudence I shall follow.

Sulky. It will be the first time in your life.—You never yet followed prudence, you always ran before it.

Sophia. Nay, come, dear ma', I am sure you have a pitiful heart; I am sure you could not rest in your bed my poor brother was in prison.

Widow. Hold your prattle, child.

Sophia. Ah, I'm sure you'll make him happy, and pay his debts.

Widow. Why, Jenny. *Calling.*

Sulky. You won't?

Enter JENNY, L.

Sophia. La, dear sir, have patience—

Sulky. You are an angel; [*To* SOPHIA.] And you are——[*To* WIDOW.] [*Exit*, L.

Sophia. Nay, pray, sir, do stay! [*Exit following.*

Widow. I am glad the monster is gone; he is a very intolerable person.—Pray, Jenny, how did it happen that Mr. Dornton went away without seeing me?

Enter SERVANT *and* SILKY, L.

Servant. Mr. Silky, madam.

Widow. Leave us, Jenny. [*Exit* JENNY, R.] So, Mr. Silky.—What is this very urgent business of yours?

Sil. (L.) [*Looking cautiously round.*] Are we safe, madam? Will nobody interrupt us; nobody over-hear us?

Widow. (C.) No, no.—But what is the meaning of all this caution?

Sil. [*Carefully drawing the will from his pocket.*] —Do you know this hand-writing, madam? [*Both sit.*

Widow. Ah!—It is my poor old dear man's, I see.

Sil. You have heard of a will he left in France?

Widow. Pshaw! Will, indeed! He left no will.

Sil. Yes, he did, madam.

Widow. I won't believe it! He loved me too well to rob me of a single guinea! Poor simple soul! I was his darling!

Sil. His darling, madam?—With your permission, I will just read a single clause, in which his darling is mentioned! Look, madam; it is the alderman's hand! [*Reads.*] "But as I have sometimes painfully suspected the excessive affection which my said wife, Winifred Warren, professed for me during my decline, and that the solemn protestations she made never to marry again, should she survive me, were both done with si-

nister views, it is my will that, should she marry, or give a legal promise of marriage, written or verbal, that she shall be cut off with an annuity of six hundred a year; and the residue of my effects in that case to be equally divided between my natural son, John Milford, and my wife's daughter, Sophia Freelove."

Widow. Six hundred a year! An old dotard! brute! monster! I hate him now as heartily as when he was alive! But pray, sir, how came you by this will?

Sil. Why it was odd enough! And yet easy enough: My name is Silky, madam—

Widow. Well?

Sil. And you know the executor's name is Sulky—

Widow. Well?

Sil. The gentleman that delivered it only made a mistake of a letter, and gave it to Mr. Silky instead of Mr. Sulky.

Widow. And where is that gentleman?

Sil. Ah, poor man—He is dead.

Widow. Dead?

Sil. And gone.—

Widow. And does Mr. Sulky know of this will being delivered?

Sil. Not a syllable; it's all close and smooth.

Widow. So much the better.—Come, give it me, and—

Sil. Excuse me there, madam; I can't do that.

Widow. Why so?

Sil. My conscience won't let me; I must provide for my family.

Widow. And pray what provision is this will to make for your family, Mr. Silky?

Sil. Why, madam, I have a proposal.—You know the power of your own charms.

Widow. Which I believe is more than you do, Mr. Silky—

Sil. Hah; don't say so, madam;—Don't say so; Would I were a handsome, rich and well-born youth:—But you know Mr. Goldfinch?—Ah, ha, ha, ha; I could tell you a secret!

Widow. What, that he is dying for me, I suppose?

Sil. Ah!—So smitten!—Talks of nothing else!

Widow. And is that any secret, think you?

Sil. The alderman I find died worth more than a plum and a half—

Widow. Well?

Sil. I have talked the matter over with my friend, Mr. Goldfinch, and he thinks it but reasonable, that for a secret of so much importance, which would almost sweep the whole away, I should receive one third.

Widow. Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Silky?

Sil. I can't take less.

Widow. Why you are a greater rogue than even I thought you!

Sil. Lord, madam, it's no roguery; its only a knowledge of the world; a young husband with a hundred thousand pounds, or poor six hundred a year without any husband.

Widow. You are a very shocking old miser, Mr. Silky; a very repulsive sort of a person; what heart you had is turned to stone; you are insensible of the power of a pair of fine eyes; but I have made a conquest that places me beyond your reach—I mean to marry Mr. Dornton.

Sil. [*Rising surprised.*] What! old Mr. Dornton, madam?

Widow. [*Rising.*] Old Mr. Dornton, man! I never saw the figure in my life; no. The gay and gallant young Mr. Dornton; the pride of the city, and the lawful monarch of my bleeding heart.

Sil. Ha, ha, ha! young Mr. Dornton.

Widow. So you may take your will and light your fires with it; you will not make a penny of it in any other way. Mr. Sulky, the executor, is Mr. Dornton's partner, and when I marry Mr. Dornton he will never inflict the absurd penalty.

Sil. Ha, ha, ha! no, madam! when you marry Mr. Dornton, that he certainly never will! but if any accident should happen to prevent the match, you will then let me hear from you?

Widow. Lord, good man! don't mention the horrid idea! do leave me to my delightful meditations! I would indulge in soft sensibility and dreams of bliss; and not be disturbed by dead men's wills, or the sordid extortions of an avaricious old rogue!

Sil. Very well, madam! the secret for the present remains between ourselves! you'll be silent for your own sake! only remember, ha, ha, ha! if you should want me, I live at number forty. My name is on the door. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Dornton! good morning,

madam! [*Going* L.] Mr. Dornton! ha! ha! ha! you'll send if you should want me? [*Exit laughing*, L.

Widow. Jenny! [*Calling.*

Enter JENNY, R.

Jenny. Ma'am!

Widow. As I was saying, Jenny, pray how did it happen that Mr. Dornton went away without seeing me?

Jenny. Indeed, ma'am, I don't know.

Widow. Cruel youth.

Jenny. I'm sure, ma'am, I wonder how you can like him better than Mr. Goldfinch?

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch is very well, Jenny; but Mr. Dornton; oh! incomparable.

Jenny. I am sure, ma'am, if I was a rich lady, and a handsome lady, and a fine lady, like you, I should say Mr. Goldfinch for my money.

Widow. Should you, Jenny? Well, I don't know. [*Languishing.*

Gold. [*Without*, L.] Tellee I must see her.

Widow. As I live, here he comes;—he is such a boisterous person; how do I look, Jenny?

Jenny. [*After examining.*] You had better go up to your toilette for a minute.

Widow. That smooth-tongued old extortioner has put me into such a fluster.—Don't let him go, Jenny.

Jenny. Never fear, ma'am.

Widow. I'll not stay too long. [*Exit*, R.

Enter GOLDFINCH, L. *his clothes dirtied by a fall.*

Gold. (L.) Here I am—all alive.

Jenny. (C.) Dear; what's the matter?

Gold. (L. C.) Safe and sound; fine kick up.

Jenny. Have you been thrown?

Gold. Pitched five-and-twenty feet into a ditch—souse.

Jenny. Dear me.

Gold. Pretty commence;—no matter—limbs whole—heart sound—that's your sort!

Jenny. Where did it happen?

Gold. Bye road—back of Islington—had them tight in hand too—came to short turn and a narrow lane—up flew a damned dancing-master's umbrella—bounce—off they went—road repairing—wheelbarrow in the way—crash—out flew I—whiz—fire flashed—lay stunned—

got up—looked foolish—shafts broke—Snarler and Blackguard both down—Black-and-all-black paying away, pannels smashed, traces cut, Snarler lamed.

Jenny. Terrible!

Gold. Damned mad!—cursed a few, cut up Black-and-all-black, horsewhipped Tom, took coach, and drove here like a devil in a whirlwind.

Jenny. 'Tis very well your neck's not broke.

Gold. Little stiff—no matter—damn all dancing-masters and their umbrellas!

Jenny. You had better have been here, Mr. Goldfinch. You stand so long, shilly shally, that you'll be cut out at last. If you had but a license now in your pocket, I'd undertake to have you married in half an hour.

Gold. Do you think so?

Jenny. Think! I'm sure on't.

Gold. Damme, I'll post away and get one—must not lose her; the game's up if I do!—must have her!—be true to me, and I'll secure you the hundred. I'll be back from the Commons in a smack. [*Exit* JENNY, L.

Enter the WIDOW WARREN, R.

Gold. Ah, Widow! here am I!

[*Runs to her, kisses her eagerly, and dirties her clothes.*

Widow. (R.) I protest, Mr. Goldfinch!—was ever the like! [*Looking at herself.*

Gold. (C.) Never mind, brush off—I'm the lad!—been to Hatchet's—bespoke the wedding-coach.

Widow. But—Sir——

Gold. Pannels stripe painted—hammer-cloth fringed—green and white—curtains festooned—patent wheels—silver furniture—all flash—light as a bandbox—trundle and spin after my greys like a tandem down hill—pass—shew 'em the road—whurr—whizz-gig—that's your sort!

Widow. It will be superb!

Gold. Superb! [*With contempt.*] Tellee it will be the thing!—the go—the stare—the gape—the gaze!—the rich widow and the tight one!—there they go—that's your sort—I'm the boy that shall drive you.

Widow. Pardon me, Mr. Goldfinch; if a certain event were by the wise disposition of Providence to take place, I should think proper to drive.

Gold. You drive! If you do, damn me.

Widow. Sir!

Gold. I'm christened and called Charles—Charles Goldfinch—the knowing lad that's not to be had—winter and summer—fair weather and foul—low ruts or no ruts—never take a false quarter. No, no, Widow—I drive—hayait—ah! ah!—get on—St—St—touch White-foot in the flank—tickle Snarler in the ear—cut up the Yelper—take out a fly's eye—smack, crack—that's your sort!

Widow. I assure you, Mr. Goldfinch, you entertain very improper suppositions concerning—

Gold. Go for the license. [*Going.*

Widow. Nay, but surely, Mr.——

Gold. Go for the license—resolved—taken it here. [*Pointing to his forehead.*

Widow. If retrospect and—and affection threw no other obstacles in the way—yet the—the world—prudence.

Gold. The world!—prudence!—damn the world—damn prudence.

Widow. Oh but, sir——

Gold. The world nor nobody else has nothing to do with neither your prudence nor mine—we'll be married immediately—

Widow. Immediately, Mr. Goldfinch; I—

Gold. What, you won't?

Widow. Nay, Mr. Goldfinch—I—do not—absolutely renunciate—but I—wish—

Gold. It was over—know you do—go for the license—

Widow. Pray, dear Mr. Goldfinch—

Gold. Go for the license, I tellee.

Widow. Only a word—

Gold. To the wise—I'm he—go for the license—that's your sort. [*Exit,* L.

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch—I declare—— [*Exit, following,* L.

SCENE II.—*Dornton's House.*

Enter MR. DORNTON *and* MR. SMITH, R.

Dorn. (R.) Still the same hurry, the same crowd, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith. (R.) Much the same, sir: the house never experienced a day like this; Mr. Sulky thinks we shall never get through.

Dorn. Is Milford taken?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir.

Dorn. Unprincipled prodigal; my son owes his ruin to him alone. But he shall suffer.

Mr. Smith. My young master's tradesmen are waiting.

Dorn. Bid them come in. [*Exit* MR. SMITH, L.] All my own fault, my own fond folly: denied him nothing, encouraged him to spend; and now———

Re-enter MR. SMITH, *followed by upwards of twenty Tradesmen,* L. *who stand across back ground.*

Mr. Smith. (C.) This way, gentlemen.

Dorn. (C.) Zounds, what an army!—a vile, thoughtless profligate.

Enter CLERK, L.

Clerk. [*To* MR. DORNTON.] You are wanted in the counting-house, sir.

Dorn. Very well. I'll be with you in a moment, gentlemen—abandoned spendthrift!

[*Exit. followed by* MR. SMITH, L.

First T. I don't like this! what does this mean.

Second T. Danger!

Third T. He has been a good customer—none of your punctual paymasters, that look over their accounts.

First T. Oh, a different thing! nothing to be got by them—always take care to affront them.

Second T. Perhaps it is a trick of the old gentleman, to inspect into our charges.

Third T. I don't like that—rather hear of any tax than of taxing my bill.

First T. Humph! tradesmen begin to understand these things, and allow a reasonable profit.

Second T. Can't have less than fifty per cent. for retail credit trade!

Third T. To be sure not; if a man would live in style, and have a fortune as he ought.

First T. Hush; mind—all devilish hard run.

Omnes. Certainly.

First T. Not a guinea in the house; to-morrow's Saturday—hem!

Re-enter MR. DORNTON, L.

Dorn. Your servant, gentlemen, your servant.—Pray how happens it that you bring your accounts in here?

First T. We received notice, sir.

Dorn. You have none of you any demands upon me?

First T. Happy to serve you, sir.

Second T. We shall be glad of your custom, sir.

Omnes. All, all!

Dorn. And do you come expecting to be paid?

First T. Money, sir, is always agreeable!

Second T. Tradesmen find it a scarce commodity!

Third T. Bills come round quick!

Fourth T. Workmen must eat!

Second T. For my part, I always give a gentleman, who is a gentleman, his own time.

Dorn. I understand you! And what are you, sir, who seem to stand apart from the rest?

Hosier. [*Advancing*, R.] A hosier, sir. I am unworthy the company of these honest gentlemen, who live in style. I never affront a punctual paymaster, not I; and, what they will think strange, I get more by those who do look over their bills, than those who do not!

First T. Humph!
Second T. Blab! } [*Aside.*]
Third T. Shab!

Dorn. And what may be the amount of your bill, sir?

Hosier. A trifle, for which I have no right to ask.

Dorn. No right! what do you mean?

Hosier. Your son, sir, made me what I am; redeemed me and my family from ruin; and it would be an ill requital of his goodness, to come here, like a dun, at such a time as this; when I would rather, if that could help him, give him every shilling I have in the world.

Dorn. Would you? would you? [*Greatly affected.*] You look like an honest man! But what do you do here then?

Hosier. Mr. Dornton, sir, knew I should be unwilling to come, and sent me word he would never speak to me more if I did not; and, rather than offend him, I would even come here on a business like this.

Dorn. [*Shakes him by the hand.*] You are an hon-

nest fellow! an unaccountable!—and so Harry has been your friend?

Hosier. Yes, sir: a liberal-minded friend; for he lent me money, though I was sincere enough to tell him of his faults.

Dorn. Zounds, sir! how came you to be a weaver of stockings?

Hosier. I don't know, sir, how I came to be at all; I only know that here I am.

Dorn. A philosopher!

Hosier. I am not fond of titles, sir; I'm a man.

Dorn. Why is it not a shame, now, that the soul of Socrates should have crept and hid itself in the body of a stocking-weaver? Give me your bill.

Hosier. Excuse me, sir.

Dorn. Give me your bill, I tell you! I'll pay this bill myself.

Hosier. I cannot, must not, sir.

Dorn. Sir, I insist on—— [*All press forward.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, L.

So, sir. [*Turning angrily round.*] Why have you assembled these people, into whose debt you have dishonestly ran, wanting the power to pay: and who have as dishonestly trusted you, hoping to profit exorbitantly by your extravagance?

Harry. (L.) Oh, sir, you don't know them! they are a very complaisant, indulgent kind of people. Are not you, gentlemen?

First T. Certainly, sir.

Omnes. Certainly.

Harry. (C.) Be kind enough to wait a few minutes without, my very good friends.

[*Exeunt Tradesmen,* L.

Mr. Williams—— [*Takes his hand.*

Hosier. Sir—— [*Exit,* L.

Dorn. (C.) How dare you introduce this swarm of locusts here? How dare you?

Harry. (L. C.) [*With continued good humour.*] Despair, sir, is a dauntless hero.

Dorn. Have you the effrontery to suppose that I can or shall pay them? What is it you mean?

Harry. To let you see I have creditors.

Dorn. Cheats! Bloodsuckers!

Harry. Some of them: but that is my fault. They must be paid.

Dorn. Paid!

Harry. The innocent must not suffer for the guilty.

Dorn. You will die in an alms-house!

Harry. May be so; but the orphan's and the widow's curse shall not meet me there.

Dorn. Harry! Zounds. Paid! Whom do you mean to rob?

Harry. My name is Dornton, sir.

Dorn. Are you not—?

[*Overpowered with his feelings.*

Harry. Yes, sir.

Dorn. Quit the room. Begone.

Harry. You are the best of men, sir, and I—But I hate whining. Repentance is a pitiful scoundrel, that never brought back a single yesterday. Amendment is a fellow of more mettle. But it is too late. Suffer I ought, and suffer I must. My debts of honour discharged, do not let my tradesmen go unpaid.

Dorn. You have ruined me!

Harry. The whole is but five thousand pounds.

Dorn. But?—The counter is loaded with the destruction you have brought upon us all.

Harry. No, no—I have been a sad fellow, but not even my extravagance can shake this house.

Enter Mr. SMITH, L. *in consternation.*

Mr. Smith. Bills are pouring in so fast upon us we shall never get through!

Harry. [*With astonishment.*] What! What?

Mr. Smith. We have paid our light gold so often over, that the people are very surly!

Dorn. Pay it no more! Sell it instantly for what it is worth, disburse the last guinea, and shut up the doors!

Harry. [*To* Mr. SMITH.] Are you serious?

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Harry. [*Impatiently.*] Are you serious, I say! Is it not some trick to impose upon me?

Mr. Smith. Look into the shop, sir, and convince yourself! If we have not a supply in half an hour we must stop! [*Exit,* L.

Harry. [*Wildly.*] My father! Sir! [*Turning away.*]

Is it possible? Disgraced? Ruined? In reality ruined? By me? Are these things so?

Dorn. Harry. How you look. You frighten me.

Harry. [*Starting.*] It shall be done.

Dorn. What do you mean!—Calm yourself, Harry.

Harry. Ay! By heaven!

Dorn. Hear me, Harry.

Harry. This instant. [*Going,* R.

Dorn. [*Calling.*] Harry!

Harry. Don't droop! [*Returning.*] Don't despair! I'll find relief. [*Aside.*] First to my friend—He cannot fail? But if he should!—Why ay, then to Megæra! I will marry her, in such a cause, were she fifty widows, and fifty furies!

Dorn. Calm yourself, Harry.

Harry. I am calm! Very calm. It shall be done,—Don't be dejected—You are my father—You were the first of men in the first of cities—Revered by the good and respected by the great—You flourished prosperously!—But you had a son!—I remember it.

Dorn. Why do you roll your eyes, Harry?

Harry. (L.) I won't be long away.

Dorn. (L.) Stay where you are, Harry. [*Seizing his hand.*] All will be well! I am very happy! Do not leave me. I am very happy. Indeed I am, Harry,—Very happy!

Harry. Heaven bless you, sir. You are a worthy gentleman. I'll not be long!

Dorn. Hear me, Harry. I am very happy.

Enter MR. SMITH, L.

Mr. Smith. Sir, shall we send to the Bank for a thousand pounds worth of silver?

Harry. [*Furiously.*] No, scoundrel!

[*Breaks away and exit,* L.

Dorn. Harry! Harry! I am very happy. Harry Dornton—I am very happy! Very happy!

[*Exit,* Mr. SMITH *following,* L.

SCENE III.—*The House of Mr. Silky.*

Enter MR. SILKY *and* JACOB, R.

Sil. Mr. Goldfinch not called yet, Jacob?

Jacob. No, sir.

Sil. Nor any message from the widow?

Jacob. No, sir. [*Knocking*, R.

Sil. See who knocks, Jacob. [*Exit* JACOB, R. I dare say it is one or t'other! They must come to me at last!

Enter HARRY DORNTON, *in wild haste, following* JACOB, R.

Harry. [*Entering.*] Are you sure he is at home?

Jacob. He is here, sir. [*Exit*, R.

Harry. Mr. Silky— [*Panting.*

Sil. Ah! my dear Mr. Dornton, how do you do?—[*Both sit.*] I hope you are very well. I am exceedingly glad to see you! This call is so kind, so condescending. It gives me infinite pleasure.

Harry. Mr. Silky, you must instantly grant me a favour!

Sil. A favour! What is it? How can I serve you? I would run to the world's end.

Harry. You must exert your whole friendship!

Sil. Friendship, sir? Say duty! 'Twas you that made a man of me! I should have been ruined, in the Bench, I know not where or what, had you not come forward and supported me at the critical moment! And now I can defy the world.

Harry. [*Impatiently.*] Hear me! I know you can.

Sil. Oh yes. The sum you lent me, a lucky speculation, five years of continual good fortune, and other little lifts, have made me—; I won't say what. But, your father, and perhaps another or two excepted, I say perhaps, I'll shew my head with the proudest of 'em.

Harry. Why then I am a fortunate man!

Sil. To be sure you are. How can I serve you?—What can I do? Make me happy.

Harry. You can rescue me from phrensy!

Sil. Can I?—I am proud! Infinitely happy!—What? How? I am a lucky fellow! Tell me which way?—Where can I run? What can I do?

Harry. [*Hesitating.*] The request is serious—trying

Sil. So much the better! So much the better. Whom could I serve, if not you?—You! The son of the first man in the city!

Harry. [*Wildly.*] You mistake!

Sil. I don't! You are, you are! Dornton and Co. may challenge the world, the house of Hope perhaps excepted!

Harry. Woeful mistake!

Sil. Pooh!

Harry. Our house is in danger of stopping payment!

Sil. Sir! [*Rises.*] Stop payment!

Harry. My follies are the cause!

Sil. [*Turning away.*] Stop payment!

Harry. I have not been used to ask favours—but—

Sil. Stop payment!

Harry. Scorn me, curse me, spurn me, but save my father!

Sil. Stop payment!

Harry. [*Rises.*] What means this alteration in your countenance?

Sil. Oh dear no! Ha, ha, ha! Not in the least! Ha, ha, ha, I assure you, I, I, I—

Harry. I have told you our situation. Yourself and two other friends must jointly support my father by your credit, to the amount of fifty thousand pounds. Mark me!—Must!

Sil. Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Dornton! Fifty thousand pounds! Are you dreaming? Me? Fifty thousand pounds! Me? Or half the sum? Or a fifth of the sum? Me?

Harry. Prevaricating sound—Hear me, sir!

Sil. [*In fear.*] Yes, sir!

Harry. I must be calm. [*Bursting out.*] Are you not a—! I say—sir—You have yourself informed me of your ability, and I must insist; observe, sir! I insist on your immediate performance of this act of duty!

Sil. Duty, and fifty thousand pounds! Are you mad, Mr. Dornton? Are you mad? Or do you think me mad?

Harry. I think you the basest of wretches!

Sil. Nay, Mr. Dornton, I would do any thing to serve you—Any thing, I protest to heaven! Would go any where, run—

Harry. Of my errands, wipe my shoes! Any dirty menial office that cost you nothing. And this you call shewing your gratitude?

Sil. Is it not, Mr. Dornton?

Harry. [*His anger increasing.*] And will you give no help to the house?

Sil. Nay, Mr. Dornton—

Harry. After the favours you have been for years receiving, the professions you have been daily making, and the wealth you have by these means been hourly acquiring; will you not, sir?

Sil. [*Retreating.*] Nay, Mr. Dornton!

Harry. [*Advancing.*] Will you not, sir?

Sil. Don't hurt a poor old man! I can't!

Harry. [*Throwing him from him.*] Scoundrel!

[*Exit*, R.

Sil. Bless my heart! Stopt payment?—The house of Dornton!—Fifty thousand pounds?—I declare I am all of a tremble! Jacob!

Enter JACOB, R.

Have we any bills on the house of Dornton?

Jacob. I have just been examining the books, sir.—We have bills to the amount of—

Sil. How much? How much? A thousand pounds?

Jacob. Three, sir.

Sil. Three!—Three thousand? Bless my heart!

Jacob. We heard the news the very moment after young Mr. Dornton came in!

Sil. Run, pay the bills away!

Jacob. Where, sir?

Sil. Any where! Any body will take 'em! Run with them to my dear friend, Mr. Smallware! it is too far for him to have heard of the crash. Begone! Don't leave him! Give my very best respects to him! He will oblige me infinitely! Fly! And Jacob—Make haste, go to the clearing house, and get it whispered among the clerks. Then, if there are any of Dornton's bills to be bought at fifty per cent., discount, let me know. I will buy up all I can. [*Exit* JACOB, L.] It's a safe speculation—I know the house—there must be a good round dividend. [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE. I.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

Enter JENNY, L. *followed by* HARRY DORNTON, *who with an oppressed heart, but half drunk with wine and passion, assumes the appearance of wild and excessive gaiety.*

Harry. Away, handmaid of Hecate! Fly!

Jenny. Lord, sir, you don't mean as you say?

Harry. Will you begone, Cerberea? Invite my Goddess to descend in a golden shower, and suddenly relieve these racking doubts.

Jenny. Goddess! I knew you meant Miss Sophy!

Enter WIDOW, R. *and exit* JENNY, *dissatisfied,* R.

Widow. [*Smiling.*] Mr. Dornton!

Harry. Widow! Here am I! Phæton the second hurled from my flaming car! I come burning with fierce desires, devoutly bent on committing the deadly sin of matrimony! May these things be? Speak, my saving angel!

Widow. Nay, but—! Dear Mr. Dornton—!

Harry. Do not imagine, amiable Widow, that I am mad! No, no, no! Only a little flighty—Left my father furiously, drank three bottles of Burgundy frantickly, flew in amorous phrensy to the attack, and will carry the place or die on the spot! Powder and poison await my choice; and let me tell you, sweet Widow, I am a man of my word. So you'll have me, won't you?

Widow. Oh, Mr. Dornton—!

Harry. Why you would not see my father perish! Would you? and me expire! Would you?

Widow. Am I so very cruel?

Harry. Then say yes!—Yes, or—Pistols—Daggers—Cannon balls!

Widow. Yes, sir; yes, yes!

Harry. Hold, fair Widow! Kind Widow, hold! Be not rash!—I am the veriest villain!—Avoid me!—A ruined—! But that were indeed a trifle—My father! Him! him have I ruined! Heard you that? Bring

forth your hoards! Let him once more be himself, and bid me kiss the dust!

Widow. [*Aside.*] Elegant youth!

Harry. And wilt thou, Widow, be his support? [*Eagerly.*] Wilt thou?

Widow. Cruel question! How can I deny?

Harry. Immortal blessings be upon thee! My father—

Widow. Will be all rapture to hear—

Harry. [*Shakes his head.*] Ah, ha, ha, ha! [*Sighs.*] You don't know my father! A strange, affectionate—! That loves me—! Oh! He—! And you see how I use him! you see how I use him. But no matter.—Tol de rol—We'll be married to-night.

Widow. Oh, fie!

Harry. Ay, my Madona! To-night's the day. The sooner the better. 'Tis to rescue a father, blithsome Widow! A father! To save him have I fallen in love. Remember—Sin with open eyes, Widow—Money—I must have money. Early in the morn, ere counters echo with the ring of gold, fifty thousand must be raised!

Widow. It shall, Mr. Dornton.

Harry. Why, shall it? Shall it? Speak again, beautiful vision, speak! Shall it?

Widow. Dear Mr. Dornton, it shall.

Harry. Remember! Fifty thousand the first thing in the morning?

Widow. And would not a part this evening—?

[*Coquetting.*

Harry. [*Suddenly.*] What sayest thou? Oh, no! —Whoo!—Thousands—

Widow. I have a trifling sum.

Harry. [*Eagerly.*] How much?

Widow. Six thousand—

Harry. Six?

Widow. Which I meant to have disposed of, but—

Harry. No, no! I'll dispose of it, dear Widow! [*Kisses her.*] I'll dispose of it in a twinkling! [*Elated.*] Doubt not my gratitude—Let this and this—[*Kissing.*]

Widow. Fie! You are a sad man. But I'll bring you a draft!

Harry. Do, my blooming Widow! Empress of the golden isles, do.

Widow. But, remember, this trifle is for your own use.

Harry. No, my pearl unparalleled! My father! My father's. Save but my father, and I will kiss the ground which thou treadest, and live and breathe but on thy bounty! [*With self-indignation.*

[*Exit* WIDOW, R.

At least till time and fate shall means afford
Somewhat to perform, worthy of man and me.

Enter JENNY, L. *peeping.*

Jenny. Sir!

Harry. Ah, ha! my merry maid of May!

Jenny. I suppose you are waiting to see Miss Sophy, now you have got rid of the old lady.

Harry. Got rid of the old lady? Thou brazen pinplacer! thou virgin of nine-and-twenty years occupation! No! I have not got rid of the old lady! the old lady is to be my blooming, youthful bride! and I, happy youth, am written and destined in the records of eternity her other half! Heigho!

Jenny. Lord, sir, what rapturation:—but stay a little, and I'll tell Miss Sophy her mamma wants her, here; so then—Hush!—

[JENNY *retires,* L. *making a sign.*

Re-enter the WIDOW WARREN, R.

Widow. Here's the draft.

Harry. Thanks, my Sultana!—this halcyon night the priest, pronouncing conjurations dire—

Widow. Fie! I won't look at you.

Harry. Ay, to-night we'll marry; shall we not? [*Sitting down and coquetting.*

Enter SOPHIA, *skipping,* R. U. E. *but stops short on seeing them.*

Harry. To-night shall be a night of wonder; and we'll love like—[*Aside*]—like Darby and Joan.

Widow. [*Languishing.*] I shall hate you intolerably. [SOPHIA *advancing on tip-toe,* L.

Harry. Hey for the parson's permission! Hey, my sublime Widow.

Widow. To steal thus upon one at an unguarded moment.

Harry. But here first let me kneel, and thus to Ceres pay— [*Going to kiss her hand in rapture, meets the eye of* SOPHIA.

Sophia. [*Coming between them with bursting trepidation, taking the Valentine from her bosom, and presenting it.*] There, sir.

Widow. Ah.

Sophia. There, sir—oh, pray, sir, take it, sir.

Widow. Why, minikin—

Sophia. I request, sir. I desire, sir.

Harry. [*Declining it.*] Tol de rol—

Sophia. [*Tearing the paper piecemeal, and throwing it spitefully away.*] Why then there, sir—and there, sir—and there, there, there, there, sir!

Widow. Poor minikin! I declare she is jealous.

Sophia. [*Her sobs rising.*] And I'll—I'll—Wri-i-i-ite to my—to my grandma-a-a-a directly—

Widow. Fie, child!

Sophia. And I'll go do-o-own—into Glo-o-o-ostershire—

Widow. Go up to your chamber, child!

Sophia. And I'll tell my grandma-a what a false, base, bad man you are; and she shall ha-ate you, and despise you; and I'll ha-a-ate you, and despise you myself!

Widow. Poor thing.

Sophia. And moreover I'll hate and despise all mankind! and for your sake [*With great energy*] I'll live and die a maid.

Widow. Yes, child, that I dare be sworn you will.

Harry. Widow! I'm a sad fellow! don't have me!—I'm a vile fellow! Sophy! you are right to despise me! I am going to marry your mother.

Sophia. I'll go down into Glo-o-ostershire—I wo-on't live in such a false-hearted city! And you ought to be ashamed of yourself, ma', to make yourself so ridiculous!

Harry. No, no, sweet Sylph, it is my fault! all my fault.

Widow. [*Enraged.*] Be gone, Miss.

Harry. [*Interposing.*] Sweet Widow! gentle Widow!—I've sold myself, Sophy! six thousand pounds is the earnest money paid down, for the reptile Harry Dornton!—I love you, Sophy.

Widow. How, Mr. Dornton?

Harry. I do, by heaven! take back your money, Widow. [*Offering the draft.*] I'm a sad scoundrel!

Sophia. You are a base, faithless, man, you know

you are. And you are a pitiless woman, a merciless woman, for all you are my own mother, to let my poor brother Milford go to be starved to death in a dark dungeon.

Harry. Milford in prison?

Sophia. (c.) Yes, sir; arrested by your cruel, old, ugly father! I'm sure he is ugly! though I never saw him in my life, I'm sure he is an ugly, hideous, ugly monster. [*Exit*, R.

Harry. [*Rising.*] Is this true, Widow?

Widow. [*Rising—stammering.*] Sir—

Harry. Arrested by my father?—squandering her money, on a ruined reprobate, and won't release her husband's son.

Widow. Nay but, dear Mr. Dornton.

Harry. I'll be with you again presently, Widow! presently, presently. [*Exit*, L.

Widow. [*Speaking after him.*] To-night, you know, Mr. Dornton—!

Enter JENNY, L.

Jenny. Mr. Goldfinch is coming up, ma'am.

Widow. I have no time to waste with Mr. Goldfinch. I'll presently send him about his business. Mr. Dornton talks I don't know how, Jenny. Says it must be to-night.

Enter GOLDFINCH, L.

Gold. (L.) Well, Widow?

Widow. Not so free, sir!

[*Walks to the* R. *disdainfully.*

Jenny. [*Aside to* GOLDFINCH.] Have you got the licence?

Gold. No.

Jenny. No!

Gold. No—been to Tattersall's.

Jenny. And not for the licence?

Gold. Tellee I've been to Tattersall's!

Jenny. Ah! it's all over!

Gold. Made sure of the Eclipse colts!—must not lose 'em!

Jenny. [*Aside.*] Stupid booby!

Widow. [*Advancing.*] What is your present business, sir?

Gold. My business? ha, ha, ha! that's a good one! I'll tell you my business—

[*Approaching with open arms.*

Widow. [*Haughtily.*] Keep your distance, sir!

Gold. Dis'ance, Widow? No; that's not the way. I should be double distanced if I did.

Widow. Were you indeed a man of deportment and breeding—!

Gold. Breeding?—Look at my spurs!

Widow. Had you the manner, the spirit, the—! But no, you are no gentleman—

Gold. Whew! no gentleman? [*Claps on his hat, and takes a lounging impudent swagger.*] Dammee, that's a good one!—Charles Goldfinch no gentleman?—Ask in the box-lobby! inquire at the school.

[*In a boxing attitude.*

Widow. Sir, you are a tedious person: your company is troublesome.

Gold. Turf or turnpike, keep the best of cattle—walk, trot, or gallop—Run, amble, or canter—laugh at every thing on the road—Give 'em all the go-by.—Beat the trotting butcher!—Gentleman!—That's your sort!

Jenny. [*Aside to* GOLD.] Follow me. [*Exit,* R.

Widow. I beg, sir, I may not be intruded upon with you or your horse-jockey jargon any more. [*Exit,* R.

Gold. Here's a kick up—dish'd again—I knew I should have no luck—started badly in the morning—d—n all dancing-masters and their umbrellas. [*Exit,* L.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at the House of a Sheriff's Officer.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, *with an* OFFICER, R.

Harry. Dispatch, man! dispatch! Tell Jack Milford I can't wait a moment!—hold—write an acquittal instantly for the thousand pounds. But say not a word to him of my intention.

Officer. A thousand, sir; it is almost five thousand!

Harry. Impossible!

Officer. There are detainers already lodged to that amount.

Harry. Five thousand?

Officer. Must I write the acquittal for the sum total?

Harry. No—yes, write it, however. Have it ready. Early to-morrow morning it shall all be paid.

Officer. In the mean time there may be more detainers.

Harry. Damnation! What shall I do?—run, send him!—and do you hear, a bottle of champaign and two rummers!—Rummers! Mind!—Not a word to him!—[*Exit* OFFICER, R.

Five thousand?—And more detainers!

Enter OFFICER, R. *with a Bottle and Glasses, and* MILFORD *following.*

Mil. [*With surprise.*] Mr. Dornton!

Harry. [*Lying on a table in the back ground.*] How now, Jack! What's your wonder? I can't stay a moment with you, but I could not pass without giving you a call. Your hand, my boy, cheer up!

Mil. (R.) [*Coolly.*] Excuse me, sir!

Harry. Why, Jack!—Pshaw! cast away this gloom and be—Honest Jack Milford! You are now in tribulation; what of that? Why, man, the blessed sun himself is sometimes under a cloud! wait but till to-morrow!—Where is the wine! [*Fills the rummers.*] Come, drink and wash away grief! 'Sblood, never look frosty and askance, man, but drink, drink, drink.

Mil. [*Abruptly.*] Sir! I am not disposed to drink.

Harry. Here's confusion to all sorrow and thinking!—I could a tale unfold—! But won't afflict you—I must fly—Yet I can do no good to-night—Hurrah! Jack! Keep up your spirits! Be determined, like me!—I am the vilest of animals that crawl the earth—Yet I won't flag!—I'll die a bold-faced villain!—I have sold myself—Am disinherited—Have lost—Ah, Sophia!—Hurrah, Jack!—Keep it up!—Round let the great globe whirl! and whirl it will, though I should happen to slide from its surface into infinite nothingness—Drink, my noble soul!

Mil. Your mirth is impertinent, sir!

Harry. So it is, Jack—Damned impertinent! But ruin is around us, and it is high time to be merry!

Mil. Sir? I must inform you that, though I have been betrayed by you, and imprisoned by your father, I will not be insulted!

Harry. Betrayed by me?

Mil. Ay, sir; I have had full information of your

mean arts! It was necessary I should be out of the way, that your designs on Mrs. Warren might meet no interruption.

Harry. [*Gets off the table.*] Pshaw. Good day, Jack, good day. [*Going*, R.

Mil. (C.) And pray, sir, inform your father I despise his meanness, and spurn at his malice!

Harry. (R.) [*Darting back to* MILFORD.] Jack Milford—Utter no blasphemy against my father! I am half mad! I came your friend——

Mil. (C.) I despise your friendship.

Harry. (C.) That's as you please. Think all that is vile of me. I defy you to exceed the truth.—But utter not a word against my father!

Mil. Deliberately, pitifully malignant! Not satisfied with the little vengeance he himself could take, he has sent round to all my creditors!

Harry. 'Tis false!

Mil. False!

Harry. A vile, eternal falsehood!

Enter OFFICER, R. *with papers and writs.*

Officer. (R.) Gentlemen, did you call?

Harry. [*Interrupting him.*] Leave the room, sir.

Officer. But——

Harry. [*Angrily.*] We are busy, sir!

Officer. I thought——

Harry. I tell you we are busy, and must not be interrupted! [*Exit* OFFICER, R.] Mr. Milford, you shall hear from me immediately. [*Exit* HARRY, R.

Mil. (L.) [*After a pause.*] What were those papers? Surely I have not been rash! Nobody but his father could have brought my creditors thus on me all at once! He seemed half drunk or half frantic: said he was ruined, disinherited. Talked something of to-morrow. What could the purport of his coming be?

Enter OFFICER, R.

Well, sir?

Officer. (R. C.) Here is a note, sir.

Mil. From whom?

Officer. The young gentleman.

Mil. [*Reads, aside.*] "I understand you are at liberty." How! at liberty! [*The* OFFICER *bows.*—*Reads.*] "I shall walk up to Hyde Park: you will

find me at the ring at six. Exactly at six." At liberty!

Officer. Your debts are all discharged.

Mil. Impossible! Which way? By whom?

Officer. Why, sir—that is——

Mil. No hesitation, but tell me by whom!

Officer. Sir—I thought I perceived some anger between you and the young gentleman?

Mil. Ask no questions, sir; make no delays. Tell me who has paid my debts? Tell me the truth. Consequences you do not suspect depend upon your answer.

Officer. I perceive, sir, there has been some warmth between you; and though the young gentleman made me promise silence and secrecy——

Mil. [*Astonishment.*] What then it was Mr. Dornton? [OFFICER, R. *bows*] Madman! what have I done! [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*The House of Dornton.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, *followed by* MR. SMITH, L.

Harry. (L.) And the danger not yet past?

Mr. Smith. (L.) Far from it. Mr. Sulky has twice brought us supplies, and is gone a third time.

Harry. (C.) Brave spirit! He would coin his heart! My father supports it nobly!

Mr. Smith. (R. C.) He is anxious only for you.

Harry. Well, well. Ha, ha, ha! Tol-lol—I'll bring him relief. Comfort him, assure him of it. Ay, hear me, heaven, and——To-night is too late, but to-morrow all shall be well—excellent well!

Mr. Smith. [*Significantly.*] You will marry the Widow.

Harry. Have you heard? Ay, boy, ay—We'll marry. I will go and prepare her; we'll marry early in the morning, that all may be safe. I have told her the truth. She knows all—Why ay. [*Looking at his watch.*] The proctor's, the lawyer's, the Widow's, and—[*Starts.*]—at six!—The ring!—at six!—Fiends! Who can say what may——What, leave my father to perish? I'll not go; though all hell should brand me for a coward, I'll not go. Mr. Smith, take care of my father. Mark me, I recommend my father to you.

[*Exit*, L.

Enter MR. DORNTON, R.

Dorn. (R.) Where is Harry? (C.) Did not I hear his voice?

Mr. Smith. He is this moment gone, sir.

Dorn. Gone!—where?

Mr. Smith. Do you not suspect where, sir?

Dorn. [*Alarmed.*] Suspect! What? Speak!

Mr. Smith. To the Widow Warren's.

Dorn. For what purpose?

Mr. Smith To marry her.

Dorn. Marry! The Widow Warren!

Mr. Smith. And save the house by her fortune.

Dorn. Generous Harry! Noble, affectionate boy! I'd perish first! [*Walks about.*

Mr. Smith. He seems very resolute. He has already had six thousand pounds of her.

Dorn. Marry her! I shall go mad! Where is Mr. Sulky? [*Extremely agitated.*

Mr. Smith. He is just returned. I hear him in the counting-house.

Dorn. Tell him I wish to speak with him. [*Exit* MR. SMITH, L.] Harry Dornton and the Widow Warren! I shall die in Bedlam!

Enter MR. SULKY, L. *a pen in his hand.*

Are we safe, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. (C.) For to-day, perhaps.

Dorn. (C.) What bank have we to begin to-morrow?

Sulky. I can't tell: I fear not thirty thousand.

Dorn. Mr. Sulky, you—you—you—have this day shewn yourself an active partner, and a sincere friend.

Sulky. Humph.

Dorn. I have long esteemed you! I esteem you more and more.

Sulky. Humph.

Dorn. My son, Harry—[*Hesitating.*] You are a very good man, Mr. Sulky; a compassionate man, though you don't look so.

Sulky. Humph.

Dorn. 'Tis pity to see so noble a youth—I am sure you would not wish him any harm, Mr. Sulky! I am sure you would not!

Sulky. Whom?

Dorn. Harry Dornton. Would you? Would you? Would you, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. A kind question.

Dorn. Nay, I did not mean to be unkind, Mr. Sulky; you know I did not. Shall we not venture one step more to save him?

Sulky. Save! Impossible! Ruin only can reform him! Total ruin.

Dorn. You mistake, Mr. Sulky. His own misfortunes little affected him, but mine. He is struck to the heart! I know him!

Sulky. So do I.

Dorn. Struck to the heart! I'm sure on't! He'll be a good man! A great man!

Sulky. Humph.

Dorn. You know the Widow Warren, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. Don't you?

Dorn. I never saw her in my life. I hear she is full forty, her manners absurd, her character cruel, and her morals——

Sulky. Bad enough.

Dorn. Six thousand pounds at this moment is a great sum! I own it! But do you think I ought not to venture?

Sulky. Venture what!

Dorn. To—to take it from our bank.

Sulky. For what?

Dorn. For—for the—the relief of Harry Dornton.

Sulky. What you please! Take all! What is it to me?

Dorn. Nay, but, Mr. Sulky, you surely don't see the thing in the right light?

Sulky. I can starve, like the rest!

Dorn. Very well, Mr. Sulky!—Very well! I perceive you can be interested, and—and——

Sulky. And what?

Dorn. Very well, Mr. Sulky! Very well!

Sulky. I can stare bankruptcy in the face as steadfastly as you can.

Dorn. Ay, ay, no doubt! The world is all alike! I am an old fool, and so shall live and die!

Sulky. Why do you ask my advice? Take the money! Empty the coffers! Pour it all into his hat! Give him guineas to play at chuck-farthing, and bank bills to curl his hair!

Dorn. Very well, Mr. Sulky! Friendship, generosity, a sense of justice! Oh, it's all a farce!

[*Walks about.*

Sulky. Humph.

Dorn. [*Rings.*] Very well, sir! Very well!

Enter SERVANT, L.

Is the carriage ready?

Serv. It's at the door, sir. [*Exit*, L.

Dorn. [*Going* L. *turns back.*] So, Mr. Sulky, you would see him married to this widow, to whom you have so often as well as now given the worst of characters, rather than incur a little more risk for your friend?

Sulky. Marry!

Dorn. Yes, marry!

Sulky. Whom?

Dorn. The Widow Warren, I tell you.

Sulky. Harry Dornton!

Dorn. Yes, Harry Dornton!

Sulky. When? Where?

Dorn. Immediately! With unexampled affection, to save me who am old and worthless, he would devote his youth, his great qualities, and his noble heart, to all the torments which such a marriage and such a woman can inflict!

Sulky. Take the money!

Dorn. Are you serious, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. Take the money! Away! Begone! I would indeed starve, inchmeal, rather than he should marry her!

Dorn. Mr. Sulky, you are a worthy man, a true friend!

Sulky. Curse compliments! Make haste!

[*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Widow Warren's.*

Enter SOPHIA, L. JENNY, R.

Jenny. (R. C.) So, miss! Here's your mamma just coming down.

Sophia. (L. C. *Much agitated.*) Is she dressed?

Jenny. Oh yes!—I have decorated her out like any king's coach-horse!

Sophia. It's very well.

Jenny. With her ribands and ringlets stuck about and dangle-ating down her back; and all her——

Sophia. It's very well. It's all very well. But it will be no wedding.—

Jenny. [*Aside.*] I hope not.

Sophia. He told her to her face that he loved me, and offered to give her the money back. He'll never have her. And, if he does, I don't care. I know I shall die broken-hearted, but I don't care. I'll tell all to my dear grandma', for I'll not stay in this wicked city. No! He shan't see me pine away. I know my ghost will haunt him; but I can't help it. I never wished him any harm, and had he but been true-hearted and have waited for me, I would——But it's no matter.—He shan't see a tear that I shed, nor hear the least sigh that I heave.

Enter the WIDOW WARREN, R.

Jenny. [*Admiring her.*] Well, ma'am—I declare you're a pictur——

Widow. (C.) Do you think I look tolerably, Jenny? [*Walking and surveying herself.*] Shall I do execution? What is the matter, child?

Sophia. Mark my words, he'll never have you.

Widow. Poor thing.

Sophia. He never will.

[*Knocking at the street-door,* L.

Widow. Run, Jenny, see who it is. [*Exit* JENNY, L.] Go up to your chamber, child.

Sophia. [*Much agitated.*] No, I will stay here.

Widow. Begone to your chamber, I say, miss.

Sophia. Beat me, if you please, kill me, but I will not.

Re-enter JENNY, L.

Jenny. Here's an elderly gentleman, ma'am, asks to speak to you.

Widow. Will you begone, miss?

Sophia. Since it is not he, I don't want to stay. I only want to look him in the face once more. [*Exit*, R.

Widow. How is he dressed?

Jenny. In grey, ma'am.

Widow. In grey?

Jenny. Yes, ma'am.

Widow. In dark grey?

Jenny. Yes, ma'am.

Widow. [*Eagerly.*] Does he look like a parson, Jenny?

Jenny. Why, ma'am, he is a soberly, snug, jobation-looking man enough.

Widow. Let him be shown in. [*Exit* JENNY, L.] I dare say it is the divine.

Enter JENNY, L. *introducing* Mr. DORNTON.

Dorn. (L.) Your humble servant, madam!

Widow. Sir, your very most humble servant. [*With great respect.*

Dorn. (L. C.) I presume you are unacquainted with me?

Widow. [R. C. *With a simpering air.*] I believe I can penetrate, sir—

Dorn. Can you, madam?

Widow. [*Holding her fan before her face.*] You—You come on the—part of—young Mr. Dornton?

Dorn. [*Surprised.*] I do.

Widow. [*Aside.*] It is the parson?—Would you be so indulgent as to be seated, sir.

Dorn. Excuse me, madam.

Widow. Would you be pleased to take any refreshment, sir?

Dorn. Madam!

Widow. A morsel of seed-cake, a French biscuit, a bit of orange-loaf, a glass of Constantia, or a jelly? I know these little cordial comforts are agreeable consolations to gentlemen of your cloth.

Dorn. [*Surveying himself.*] Cloth!

Widow. No offence, I hope? I participate in them myself.

Dorn. Hem! No doubt.

Widow. You are acquainted with Mr. Dornton?

Dorn. Why—Yes—I am, I believe, one of his oldest acquaintance.

Widow. Then I dare say you have a great regard for him?

Dorn. Hem!—Yes—I—had a—sort of a friendship for him even before he was born.

Widow. Sir!—Oh,—you are intimate with the family?

Dorn. Yes—yes, madam!

Widow. And know his father?

Dorn. Hem—[*Shrugs.*] Why—Though I have kept him company from the day of his birth to this very hour, they tell me I don't know him yet!

Widow. Ay, indeed! Is he so odd?

Dorn. Sometimes—To my great regret, I have sometimes found him a very absurd old gentleman!

Widow. I am sorry for it!—Because as I am soon to become—hymeneally—his intimate—relation—I—I!

[*With affected coyness.*

Dorn. You would wish for a sensible indulgent—Papa.— [*Smiling.*

Widow. It's natural, sir. [*Simpering.*

Dorn. Ha! I dare not say too much in his favour.

Widow. Nay, though I have a vast—hum—ha—regard for young Mr. Dornton—I own I have no great predilection of opinion for the father!

Dorn. [*Acrimoniously.*] Nor he for you, madam!

Widow. Do you think so?

Dorn. I am sure so!

Widow. I warrant, sir, he is, as you say, a very precise acrimonious old gentleman!

Dorn. I said no such thing, madam!

Widow. Ah! A little caution, sir, to be sure, becomes gentlemen of your cloth.

Dorn. Cloth again!—I don't know what you mean by my cloth! but Mr. Dornton, madam, is little older than yourself; nor does he think himself half so repugnant.

Widow. Sir!

Dorn. [*Recollecting himself.*] Madam!—I beg pardon!—I— [*Bowing.*

Widow. [*Knocking*, L.] Oh! Here I dare say comes the bridegroom! [*Enraptured crosses to* L.

Dorn. [*Aside*] My curst vivacity! I can never tell her after this who I am. [*Retires up the stage.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, *in haste*, L.

Widow. [*Eagerly meeting him.*] Oh you rover! [*Crosses to* R.

Harry. Well, my kind Widow! [*Mr Dornton gradually approaches.*] My loving, compassionate Widow! (c.) I am come post haste to cast myself once more on your bounty.

Widow. (c.) Hush!

Harry. To entreat instant commiseration, and aid!

Widow. Hem! Hem! [*Aloud.*

Harry. I have not a minute to spare!

Widow. (*Whispers.*) He's here! He's come! A waspish, tetchy!—Hem!—[*Aloud.*] Your friend has been here some time, Mr. Dornton!

Harry. My friend! What friend?

Widow. Your friend the clergyman. [*Pointing to* Mr. DORNTON.

Harry. Clergyman! [*Turns and sees his Father close at his elbow.*]—My father!

Widow. His father! [*A pause.*

Dorn. (L. C.) Well, Harry, why do you look so blank? I am glad you are here. Your coming, and the mutual sincerity with which this lady and I have just spoken our sentiments, will save all circumlocution.—At present we understand each other.

Widow. Sir—I—

Dorn. Oh, madam, never retract. Let us continue the like plain honest dealing—

Widow. But—sir—Mr. Dornton's affection—

Dorn. Ha, ha, ha! Affection, madam!—

Harry. Sir—

Dorn. Harry, I know your motives. Will never forget them. But the cause of them has ceased.

Harry. Sir, beware! No false compassion! Remember not the vile reprobate that was your son. I spurn at the existence that is coupled with your misery.

Dorn. Harry, our danger is over.

THE ROAD

...d better give for the old scoundrel! I'm a ...yes will have double every inch! I'm the lad for ...ort!

om. Will they? ...ll be very angry with you.

Enter Gou...ck.

Gold. (L.) Where's the ...dy, ye minutes! ...promise first!

Jenny. (L. C.) Hush! ...te it. Come, dissembler,

...te now for a licence! [*Exit languishing*, R.

...inch! But I knew I should take

Me flinch? Gad

Hush!

...D, L.

ne.

Mr. ...

Re-enter the ... *to the Widow.*

Harry. [*Looking at his watch.*]

Widow. ...g your pardon—And if Mr. Dornton—

Dorn. (R.) Why ...old, ... you speak, Harry? Where are you going? [HARRY DORNTON *crosses hastily to* L.] Come back, Harry!—Stay, I say!

Harry. I cannot stay! I must fly! My honour is at stake! [*Exit*, L.

Dorn. [*Alarmed.*] His honour! His honour at stake!—Here, here, madam!— [*Offering money.*

Widow. Nay, sir—

Dorn. 'Sdeath, madam, take your money. [*Exit*, L.

Widow. Cruel usage! Faithless men—Blind! Stupid! I'll forsake and forswear the whole sex! [*Weeps.*

Enter JENNY L. *with great glee, and stands unperceived*, L.

Jenny. L. Ma'am! ma'am! Mr. Goldfinch, ma'am!

Widow. Hay! Mr. Goldfinch! Was that what you said, Jenny? [*Brightens up.*] Where?

Jenny. Below, ma'am. I persuaded him to come up, but he is quite surly.

Widow. Oh! He is coming. Well, I think I will see him—Yes—I think I will.

Jenny. I always told you, ma'am, Mr. Goldfinch for me.

Widow. Did you?

Jenny. But he says he will have your written promise this very night, or never speak to you more. I hear him. [*Adjusting the Widow's dress.*] La,

Dorn. [*Recollecting himself*] A few touches—Hereabout don!—I—e the spirit and fire.

Widow. [*Knocking*, L.] O' [*Exit*, R.
the bridegroom!

Dorn. [*Aside*] My curst DFINCH, L.
her after this who I am.

Dowager?

Enter HARRY DO lad what I said to you—It is

Widow. [*Eagerly meet*', so be sure get the promise—

Harry. Well, my kin me to the back-bone! [*Exit*, R.
dually approaches.] M
dow! (c.) I am come p WIDOW WARREN, R.
more on your bounty.

I am once more, Widow.

Widow. (R.) Ah, rambler!

Gold. Are you cured of the tantrums?

Widow. (c.) Nay, Mr. Goldfinch——

Gold. (c.) Must I keep my distance?

Widow. Unkind!

Gold. (L. c.) Am I a gentleman now?

Widow. Killing!

Gold. Look you, Widow, I know your tricks. Skittish! Won't answer to the whip! Run out of the course! Take the rest.—So give me your promise.

Widow. My promise!

Gold. Signed and sealed.

Widow. Naughty man. You shan't; I won't let you tyrannise over a palpitating heart.

Gold. Palpi—What does she say?

Widow. Go, intruder.

Gold. Oh! What you won't?

Widow. I'll never forgive you.

Gold. I'm off. [*Going*, L.

Widow. Cruel man!

Gold. (L.) I'm off.

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch! [*Calling.*

Gold. I'm off—

Widow. You shall have the promise!

Gold. Oh, ho! Why then I pull up— [*Returning.*

Widow. Barbarous youth! Could you leave me?—But I must send to Mr. Silky.

Gold. (L. c.) No, no! Let me have the promise directly! I'll go myself to Silky.

Widow. Will you, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. (c.) Will I not? Take a hack, mount the box

—Hayait!—Scud away for the old scoundrel! I'm a deep one! Know the course every inch! I'm the lad for the Widow! That's your sort!

Widow. Saucy man! I'll be very angry with you.

Gold. (L. C.) Soon be back.

Widow. Adieu! Fly swiftly, ye minutes!

Gold. But I must have the promise first!

Widow. I will go and write it. Come, dissembler, come! [*Exit languishing*, R.

Gold. She's an old courser! But I knew I should take her at the double.

Enter MILFORD, L.

Mil. (L.) So, Charles; where's the Widow?

Gold. The Widow's mine!

Mil. (L. C.) Yours?

Gold. I'm the lad! All's concluded—Going post for old Silky.

[*Attempting to go, but is stopped by* MILFORD.

Mil. Silky did you say?

Gold. Am to pay the miserly rascal fifty thousand pounds down. But mum! That's a secret.

Mil. You are raving.

Gold. (L. C.) Tellee he has her on the hip; she can't marry without his consent.

Mil. (C.) But why?

Gold. Don't know. The close old rogue won't tell. Has got some deed, he says—Some writing.

Mil. Indeed!

Gold. Yes—But it's a secret! I shall be a higher fellow than ever, Jack! Go to the second spring meeting—Take you with me—Come down a few to the sweaters and trainers—The knowing ones—The lads—Get into the secret—Lay it on thick—Seven hundred to five favourite against the field!—Done!—I'll do it again!—Done!—Five times over—ditto repeated!—Done, done!—Off they go!—Winner lays by—Pretends to want foot—Odds rise high! Take 'em—Winner whispered lame—Lags after—Odds higher—and higher. Take 'em—Creeps up—Breathes 'em over the flat—Works 'em up hill—Passes the distance post—Still only second—Betting chair in an uproar!—Neck to neck!—Lets him out—Shows him the whip!—Shoots by like an arrow—Oh damme a hollow thing! (L.) That's your sort. [*Exit*, L.

Mil. (c.) Fifty thousand to Silky for his consent because of some instrument, some writing?—If it should be the—? It must—By heaven it must.

[*Exit hastily*, L.

SCENE II.—*The Ring in Hyde Park.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, R. U. E. *looking at his Watch.*

Harry. How long must I wait? I see nothing of Milford—I'll cut off that bailiff's ears if he has betrayed me.

Enter MR. DORNTON, R. *out of breath.*

Dorn. (R.) So, Harry!

Harry. (C.) My father again.

Dorn. What do you do here, Harry?

Harry. Sir—I—I want air.

Dorn. So do I—A pretty dance you have led me.—What brought you hither?—Where's the money you had of the Widow? Where is the money, Harry?

Harry [*Reluctantly.*] Gone, sir.

Dorn. Gone!

Harry. Most of it.

Dorn. (C.) And your creditors not paid? [*Pause.*] And your creditors not paid?

Harry. No, sir.

Dorn. (R.) [*Rises his hands.*] I suspected—I forebodied this! [HARRY DORNTON *walks about in the back ground.*] He has been at some gaming-house, lost all, quarrelled, and come here to put a miserable end to a miserable existence! Oh, who would be a father!

[*With extreme emotion.*

Enter WAITER, R.

Waiter. (L.) [*Surveying* MR. DORNTON.] Pray—sir—Is your name Dornton?

Dorn. (C.) It is.

Waiter. Then I am right—Mr. Milford, sir, has sent me with this note. [*Exit*, R.

Harry. [*Advancing.*] It is for me, sir!

Dorn. How do you know, Harry?

Harry. (R. C.) Sir, I am certain!—I must beg—!

Dorn. This is no time for ceremony!—[*Reads.*]—

"Dear Harry, forgive the provocation I have given you; forgive the wrong I have done your father"—Me!—"I will submit to any disgrace rather than lift my hand against your life—I would have come and apologised even on my knees, but am prevented—

"J. MILFORD."

[*Stands a moment contemplating the Letter.*]—Why, Harry!—What?—What is this?—Tell me—Tell me. Is it in paying Milford's debts you have expended the money?

Harry. It is, sir.

Dorn. [*Endeavouring to repress his feelings.*] But how had he wronged me?—Why did you come here to fight him?

Harry. Sir—He—he spoke disrespectfully of you.

[*A pause.*

Dorn. [*Looking with powerful emotion on his son, then suddenly taking his hand.*] Harry!

Harry. [*Taking his father's hand, but turning to conceal his agitation*] My father! [*A pause.*

Dorn. Harry! Harry!

Harry. Dear sir, let us fly to console poor Milford!

Dorn. What you will, Harry! Do with me what you will—Oh, who would not be a father!

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

Enter MILFORD *and* MR. SULKY, L.

Mil. (L. C.) That fool, Goldfinch, himself informed me, sir, that Silky is to receive fifty thousand pounds for his consent!

Sulky. (C.) Fifty thousand! Zounds! Why then the old scoundrel must have got possession of the will.

Mil. Which is indubitably meant to be destroyed. Goldfinch is just returned with Silky. They are now with the Widow; all in high glee, and are coming up here immediately, no doubt to settle the business in private.

Sulky. What can be done?

Mil. We must hide ourselves somewhere, and spring upon them.

Sulky. I hate hiding! It's deceit, and deceit is the resource of a rascal.

Mil. But there is no avoiding it! We cannot get legal assistance in time! Here are two closets—Do you go into one, and I'll shut myself up in the other. We shall hear what they are about, and can burst upon them at the proper moment.

Sulky. Well, if it must be so—But it's a vile, paltry refuge!

Mil. I hear them coming! Make haste.

[*Exeunt* SULKY *and* MILFORD *into the closets.*

Enter SILKY, WIDOW, *and* GOLDFINCH, L.

Sil. [*First.*] Ha, ha, ha! I told you, madam, I should hear from you when you wanted me! I knew it must come to that. But you are a lucky man, Mr. Goldfinch! and I'm a lucky man! ay, and you are a lucky woman too, madam! We are all in luck.

Gold. (C.) [*Arm in arm with the* WIDOW.] Ay, dammee, old one, you have been concerned in many a good thing in your time.

Sil. (R.) Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha! To be sure I have! I must provide for my family, Mr. Goldfinch.

Widow. (L.) It is indeed a fortunate event! Do you not participate my raptures, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. To be sure—Its a deep scheme! Its knowing a thing or two! Ha, old one? Pigeoning the green horns.

Sil. (R. C.) All so safe too, so snug! I am so pleased, and so happy! Its all our own! Not a soul will know of it but our three selves.

Gold. Oh, yes—One more, old one—

Sil. [*Alarmed.*] Ay! Who? Who?

Gold. Your father—Belzebub.

Sil. Lord! Mr. Goldfinch, don't terrify me!

Widow. (L. C.) To be sure, it must be owned you are a shocking old rogue, Mr. Silky! But there is no doing without you. So make haste with your deeds and your extortions! for really we should be very glad to be rid of your company—

Sil. Well, well, I'm ready—I'll not long interrupt your amorous haste. I am a man of business; I expected how it would be, and have a legal instrument here, ready drawn up by my own hand; which, when it is signed and sealed, will make all safe.

Widow. But where is the will?

Sil. [*All three sit at a table in* C.] Oh, I have it—

First, however, let us be secure. [*Locks both the chamber doors; is going to read, but looks round, sees the closet doors, and with great anxiety and cunning, locks them too.*

Gold. You're an old trader in sin! There's no being too deep for you!

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think so, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. But I should like to see you on your deathbed! [*A blow from one of the closets.*

Sil. Bless my soul!—What's that?

Gold. Zounds! Odd enough! I believe he's coming for you before your time!

Widow. It was very strange.

Sil. I declare I am all of a tremble!

Widow. Come, come, let us get the shocking business over!—Where is the will?

Gold. Don't shake so, man!

Sil. Well, well! First sign the bond. [WIDOW *and* GOLDFINCH *going to sign, another knock heard.*] Lord have mercy upon me!

Gold. I smell sulphur.

Widow. Save me, Mr. Goldfinch!

Sil. The candles burn blue! [*A pause.*

Gold. Pshaw! Zounds, it's only some cat in the closet!

Sil. I heard it in both the closets.

Gold. Why then there are two cats! Come! I'll sign. [WIDOW *and* GOLDFINCH *sign the Bond.*

Sil. Where's the promise?

Gold. Here it is. [*Laying it on the Table.*

Sil. And here is the will, which, that all may be safe, we will immediately commit to the flames. [*Is going to burn it at the candle. Four successive loud knocks are heard, one from each of the doors.* SILKY *starts, drops one candle, and overturns the other. The stage dark.*] Lord have mercy upon us!

Gold. My hair stands an end.

Widow. (*Violent knocking at both closets and at the doors.*) Save me, Mr. Goldfinch! Protect me! Ah! [*Shrieks.*

(SULKY *and* MILFORD *burst open the closets and seize on the bond and promise: then open the chamber doors; at* L. *enter* JENNY *with lights, and at the other* SOPHIA, HARRY DORNTON, *and* MR. DORNTON.)

Sophia. (L.) Dear, ma', what's the matter?

Sulky. Where is the will? *(SILKY recovers himself and snatches it up.)* Give it me, you old scoundrel! Give it me this instant, or I'll throttle you!

[*Wrests it from him.*

Mil. (c.) So, gentlemen! You are a pretty pair of knaves.

Sulky. (c.) And you are a very worthy lady.

Widow. (L. c.) Don't talk to me, man!—Don't talk to me!—I shall never recover my senses again.

[*Retires up the stage.*

Harry. What has happened, gentlemen? How came you thus all locked up together?

Dorn. Are you here, Mr. Silky?

Sulky. Yes; There's the honest, grateful, friendly Mr. Silky! Who would betray his friends, plunder the living, and defraud the dead, for the ease of his conscience, and to provide for his family.

Gold. Old one! You're done up!

Sulky. And here is the girlish old coquette, who would rob her daughter and leave her husband's son to rot in a dungeon, that she might marry the first fool she could find.

Gold. Widow! you are dished! *(SULKY examines the will.)* Lost your last chance!

Dorn. (L.) A broken gamester, nurtured in idleness, ignorance, and dissipation, whose ridings, racings, and drivings are over, and whose whole train of horses, dogs, curricles, phaetons, and fooleries must come to the hammer, immediately, is no great loss.

Sophia. Oh, la.

Dorn. I knew your father, sir: 'tis happy for him that he is dead; If you will forsake these courses and apply to trade—

Gold. (c.) Damn trade! Who's for the spring meeting? Cross 'em and wind 'em! Seven to five you don't name the winner! (L.) I'm for life and a curricle! A cut at the caster, and the long odds! Damn trade! The four aces, a back hand, and a lucky nick! I'm a deep one! That's your sort! [*Exit,* L.

Sulky. (R.) And now, madam—

Widow. *(Comes forward.)* Keep off, monster! You smell of malice, cruelty, and persecution.

Sulky. No, madam: I smell of honesty! A drug you nauseate, but with which you must forcibly be dosed!—I have glanced over the will, and find I have the power.

Last name Dorn as last name of Hamlet

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

The Gamester.

Beverley. How speaks the world of me, Jarvis?

Jarvis. As of a good man dead—Of one who, walking in a dream, fell down a precipice. The world is sorry for you.

Act II. Scene I.

THE GAMESTER.

A TRAGEDY,

In Five Acts.

By EDWARD MOORE, 1712 - 17[illegible]

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITCAL.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—EXITS AND ENTRANCES,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As now performed at the

THEATRES-ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

By Mr. WHITE, from a Drawing by Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

REMARKS.

This tragedy unfolds an appalling picture of domestic distress.

Of all the improprieties of which a man can be guilty, few exceed in turpitude that of neglecting a lovely and sweet-tempered wife, to waste his time and consume his health in bad society; while, on the other hand, the virtue of the female character never displays more of its celestial attributes than when patiently waiting the return of such a husband, to his home.

Could men but see that their fancied superiority consists in little more than animal strength; could they be brought to estimate things according to their real value, they would find that, in all the essentials of human dignity, they are exceeded by the softer sex. Could they but see and feel the force of patient, mild, and unreproving looks, there never could happen such a scene of domestic affliction as this tragedy (too faithfully) pourtrays.

EDWARD MOORE was bred a linen-draper, but being a man of talents and correct literary taste, he quitted the counter for avocations more congenial to his feelings. His "*Trial of Selim, the Persian*," and his "*Fables for the Female Sex*," are remark-

able not only for the freedom and ease of the versification, but also for the forcefulness of the moral and the poignancy of the satire, which approach nearer to the manner of Gay, than any of the numerous imitations of that author which have been attempted since the publication of his celebrated *Fables*.

Moore wrote four dramatic pieces, which by no means met with the success they merited. *The Gamester* is the only one which maintains a place amongst the stock pieces at our theatres, and this tragedy met with a cold reception, for no other apparent reason but because it too nearly touched a favourite and fashionable vice. On the whole, his plots are interesting, his characters well drawn, his sentiments delicate, and his language poetical and pleasing; and all his pieces have a tendency to promote morality and virtue. Mr. Moore married a lady of the name of Hamilton, who had herself a very poetical turn, and it is said assisted him in writing this tragedy. He collected the whole of his works, including his celebrated papers called *The World*, and printed them in one volume, in 1756. He died soon after, Feb. 28, 1757.

Costume.

BEVERLEY.—Full court dress coat of purple velvet, embroidered, white satin waistcoat, ditto, black breeches, gold knee-bands, shoes and buckles; sword.

STUKELY.—Full (brown) court dress; ditto.

LEWSON.—Do.

DAWSON.—Plain court dress.

BATES.—Plain black.

JARVIS.—Plain grey.

MRS. BEVERLEY.—Plain white muslin.

CHARLOTTE.—White muslin, trimmed.

Cast of the Characters in the Tragedy of THE GAMESTER, *at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.* (1823.)

Mr. Beverley	Mr. Young.
Lewson	Mr. C. Kemble.
Stukely	Mr. Cooper.
Jarvis	Mr. Chapman.
Bates	Mr. Baker.
Dawson	Mr. Claremont.
Mrs. Beverley	Mrs. Bartley.
Charlotte	Miss Beaumont.
Lucy	Miss Bates.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a *Character* appears upon the Stage, the point of *Entrance*, as well as every subsequent change of *Position*, till its *Exit*, is noted, with a fidelity which may in all cases be relied on; the object being, to establish this Work as a *Standard Guide to the Stage business*, as now conducted on the London boards.

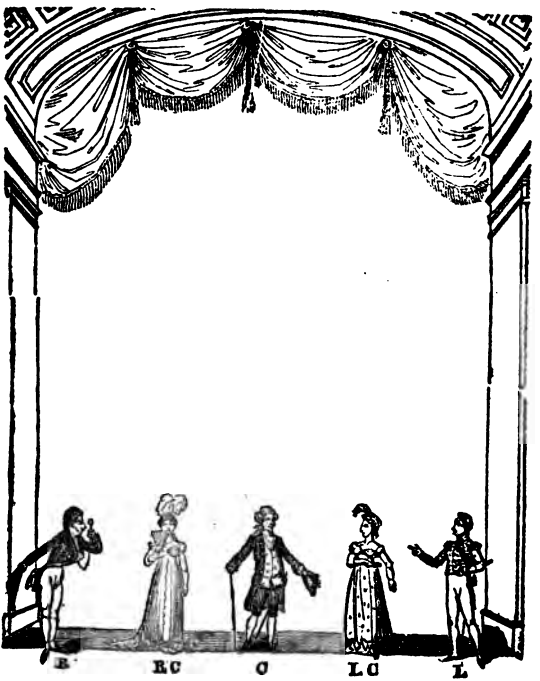
EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*. The following view of the Stage with Five Performers in front, will, it is presumed, fully demonstrate the *Relative Positions*.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*



THE GAMESTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY, *followed by* CHARLOTTE, R.

Mrs. Bev. (C.) Be comforted, my dear, all may be well yet. And now, methinks, the lodging begins to look with another face. Oh, sister, sister, if these were all my hardships: if all I had to complain of were no more than quitting my house, servants, equipage, and show, your pity would be weakness.

Char. (R. C.) Is poverty nothing, then?

Mrs. Bev. Nothing in the world, if it affected only me. While we had a fortune, I was the happiest of the rich; and now 'tis gone, give me but a bare subsistence and my husband's smiles, and I'll be the happiest of the poor. To me, now, these lodgings want nothing but their master!—Why do you look so at me?

Char. That I may hate my brother.

Mrs. Bev. Don't talk so, Charlotte.

Char. Has he not undone you?—Oh, this pernicious vice of gaming! But methinks his usual hours of four or five in the morning might have contented him, 'twas misery enough to wake for him till then. Need he have staid out all night?—I shall learn to detest him.

Mrs. Bev. Not for the first fault. He never slept from me before.

Char. Slept from you! No, no, his nights have nothing to do with sleep. How has this one vice driven him from every virtue! Nay, from his affections too! The time was, sister——

Mrs. Bev. And is. I have no fear of his affections. 'Would I knew that he were safe!

Char. From ruin and his companions. But that's impossible. His poor little boy, too! What must become of him?

Mrs. Bev. Why, want shall teach him industry.—From his father's mistakes he shall learn prudence, and from his mother's resignation, patience. Poverty has no such terrors in it as you imagine. There's no condition of life, sickness and pain excepted, where happiness is excluded. The husbandman, who rises early to his labour, enjoys more welcome rest at night for't. His bread is sweeter to him; his home happier; his family dearer; his enjoyments surer. The sun that rouses him in the morning, sets in the evening to release him. All situations have their comforts, if sweet contentment dwell in the heart. But my poor Beverley has none. The thought of having ruined those he loves, is misery for ever to him. 'Would I could ease his mind of that!

[*Goes* R.

Char. (C.) If he alone were ruined 'twere just he should be punished. He is my brother, 'tis true; but when I think of what he has done, of the fortune you brought him, of his own large estate too, squandered away upon this vilest of passions, and among the vilest of wretches! Oh, I have no patience! [MRS. B. *returns.*] My own little fortune is untouched, he says. 'Would I were sure on't!

Mrs. Bev. (R. C.) And so you may—'twould be a sin to doubt it.

Char. I will be sure on't—'twas madness in me to give it to his management. But I'll demand it from him this morning. I have a melancholy occasion for it.

Mrs. Bev. What occasion?

Char. (R. C.) To support a sister. [*Takes her hand.*

Mrs. Bev. No; I have no need on't. Take it and reward a lover with it. The generous Lewson deserves much more. Why won't you make him happy?

Char. Because my sister's miserable.

Mrs. Bev. You must not think so. I have my jewels left yet. And when all's gone, these hands shall toil for our support. [*Part.*] The poor should be industrious. Why those tears, Charlotte?

Char. They flow in pity for you.

Mrs. Bev. All may be well yet. When he has nothing to lose, I shall fetter him in these arms again; and then what is it to be poor?

Char. Cure him but of this destructive passion, and my uncle's death may retrieve all yet.

Mrs. Bev. Ay, Charlotte, could we cure him! But the disease of play admits no cure but poverty; and the loss of another fortune would but increase his shame and his affliction. Will Mr. Lewson call this morning?

Char. He said so last night. He gave me hints too, that he had suspicions of our friend Stukely.

Mrs. Bev. Not of treachery to my husband? That he loves play, I know, but surely he's honest.

Char. He would fain be thought so; therefore I doubt him. Honesty needs no pains to set itself off.

Enter LUCY, L.

Lucy. (L.) Your old steward, madam. I had not the heart to deny him admittance, the good old man begg'd so hard for't. [*Exit* LUCY, L.

Enter JARVIS, L.

Mrs. Bev. (C.) Is this well, Jarvis? I desired you to avoid me.

Jar. (L.) Did you, madam? I am an old man, and had forgot. Perhaps, too, you forbade my tears; but I am old, madam, and age will be forgetful.

Mrs. Bev. The faithful creature! how he moves me! [*To* CHARLOTTE.

Jar. I have forgot those apartments too. I remember none such in my young master's house; and yet I have live in't these five-and-twenty years. His good father would not have dismissed me.

Mrs. Bev. (L. C.) He had no reason, Jarvis.

Jar. I was faithful to him while he lived, and when he died he bequeathed me to his son. I have been faithful to him too.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, Jarvis, I know it.

Jar. I am an old man, madam, and have not a long time to live. I asked but to have died with him, and he dismissed me.

Mrs. Bev. [*Laying her hand on his* R. *arm.*] Pr'ythee no more of this! [*Weeping.*] 'Twas his poverty that dismissed you.

Jar. Is he indeed so poor then? Oh! he was the joy of my old heart. But must his creditors have all? And have they sold his house too? His father built it

when he was but a prating boy. The times that I have carried him in these arms! And, Jarvis, says he, when a beggar has asked charity of me, why should people be poor? You sha'nt be poor, Jarvis; if I were a king nobody should be poor. Yet he is poor. And then he was so brave! Oh, he was a brave little boy. And yet so merciful, he'd not have hurt the gnat that stung him.

Mrs. Bev. (C.) Speak to him, Charlotte, for I cannot.

Jar. (L, C.) I have a little money, madam; it might have been more, but I have loved the poor. All that I have is yours.

Mrs. Bev. No, Jarvis; we have enough yet. I thank you though, and will deserve your goodness.

Jar. But shall I see my master? And will he let me attend him in his distresses? I'll be no expense to him; and 'twill kill me to be refused.——Where is he, madam?

Mrs. Bev. Not at home, Jarvis. You shall see him another time. [*Goes up the Stage, and sits.*

Char. (L. C.) To-morrow, or the next day.—Oh, Jarvis! what a change is here! [*Apart to* JARVIS.

Jar. A change indeed, madam! my old heart aches at it. And yet, methinks——But here's somebody coming. [*Retires up the* L. *side of the Stage.*

Enter LUCY, *with* STUKELY, L.

Lucy. Mr. Stukely, madam. [*Exit*, L.

Stuke. (L.) Good morning to you, ladies. Mr. Jarvis, your servant. Where's my friend, madam?

[*To* MRS. BEVERLEY, *who rises, and advances*, R.

Mrs. Bev. I should have asked that question of you. Have you seen him to-day?

Stuke. (L. C.) No, madam.

Char. (C.) Nor last night?

Stuke. Last night! Did he not come home then?

Mrs. B. (R. C.) No.—Were you not together?

Stuke. At the beginning of the evening, but not since. Where can he have staid?

Char. You call yourself his friend, sir, why do you encourage him in this madness of gaming?

Stuke. You have asked me that question before, madam; and I told you my concern was, that I could not

save him; Mr. Beverley is a man, madam; and if the most friendly entreaties have no effect upon him, I have no other means. My purse has been his, even to the injury of my fortune. If that has been encouragement, I deserve censure; but I meant it to retrieve him.

Mrs. Bev. I don't doubt it, sir, and I thank you. But where did you leave him last night?

Stuke. At Wilson's, madam, if I ought to tell, in company I did not like. Possibly he may be there still. Mr. Jarvis knows the house, I believe.

Jar. [*Coming forward*, L.] Shall I go, madam?

Mrs. Bev. No, he may take it ill.

Char. (R. C.) He may go as from himself.

Stuke. And, if he pleases, madam, without naming me. I am faulty myself, and should conceal the errors of a friend. But I can refuse nothing here.

[*Bowing to the Ladies.*

Jar. (L.) I would fain see him, methinks.

Mrs. Bev. (L.) Do so, then; but take care how you upbraid him—I have never upbraided him.

Jar. Would I could bring him comfort! [*Exit*, L.

Stuke. (C.) Don't be too much alarmed, madam. All men have their errors, and their times of seeing them. Perhaps my friend's time is not come yet. But he has an uncle; and old men don't live for ever. You should look forward, madam; we are taught how to value a second fortune by the loss of a first. [*Knocking*, L.

Mrs. Bev. (L. C.) Hark! No—that knocking was too rude for Mr. Beverley. Pray Heaven he be well!

Stuke. Never doubt it, madam. You shall be well too. Every thing shall be well. [*Knocking again.*

Mrs. Bev. The knocking is a little loud though.—Who waits there? Will none of you answer? None of you, did I say? Alas, what was I thinking of! I had forgot myself. [*Retires back weeping—sits.*

Char. (R. C.) I'll go, sister—But don't be alarmed so. [*Exit*, L.

Stuke. [*Goes back to* MRS. BEV.] What extraordinary accident have you to fear, madam?

Mrs. Bev. [*Rising and advancing* R. C.] I beg your pardon; but 'tis ever thus with me in Mr. Beverley's absence. No one knocks at the door, but I fancy it is a messenger of ill news.

Stuke. (R. C.) You are too fearful, madam; 'twas

but one night of absence; and if ill thoughts intrude (as love is always doubtful), think of your worth and beauty, and drive them from your breast.

Mrs. Bev. What thoughts? I have no thoughts that wrong my husband.

Stuke. Such thoughts indeed would wrong him. The world is full of slander; and every wretch that knows himself unjust charges his neighbour with like passions, and by the general frailty hides his own—If you are wise, and would be happy, turn a deaf ear to such reports. 'Tis ruin to believe them.

Mrs. Bev. Ay, worse than ruin. 'Twould be to sin against conviction. Why was it mentioned?

Stuke. To guard you against rumour. The sport of half mankind is mischief; and for a single error they make men devils. If their tales reach you, disbelieve them.

Mrs. Bev. What tales? What told? By whom? I have heard nothing—or, if I had, with all his errors, my Beverley's firm faith admits no doubt—It is my safety, my seat of rest and joy, while the storm threatens round me. I'll not forsake it. [STUKELY *sighs, and looks down.*] Why turn you, sir, away? and why that sigh?

Stuke. (c.) I was attentive, madam; and sighs will come, we know not why. Perhaps I have been too busy —If it should seem so, impute my zeal to friendship, that meant to guard you against evil tongues. Your Beverley is wronged, slandered most vilely—My life upon his truth.

Mrs. Bev. And mine too. Who is't that doubts it? But no matter—I am prepared, sir——Yet why this caution?—You are my husband's friend; I think you mine too; the common friend of both. [*Pauses.*] I had been unconcerned else.

Stuke. For Heaven's sake, madam, be so still! I meant to guard you against suspicion, not to alarm it.

Mrs. Bev. Nor have you, sir. Who told you of suspicion? I have a heart it cannot reach.

Stuke. Then I am happy—I would say more—but am prevented. [*Looking* L.]

Enter CHARLOTTE, L.

Char. (L.) What a heart has that Jarvis! A creditor, sister. But the good old man has taken him

away—"Don't distress his wife—Don't distress his sister," I could hear him say. (L. C.) "'Tis cruel to distress the afflicted"——And when he saw me at the door, he begged pardon that his friend had knocked so loud.

Stuke. (L. C.) I wish I had known of this. Was it a large demand, madam?

Char. (C.) I heard not that; but visits such as these we must expect often—Why so distressed, sister? This is no new affliction.

Mrs. Bev. No, Charlotte; but I am faint with watching—quite sunk and spiritless—Will you excuse me, sir? I'll to my chamber, (R.) and try to rest a little.

[*Exit*, R.

Stuke. Good thoughts go with you, madam. My bait is taken then. [*Aside.*]—Poor Mrs. Beverley! How my heart grieves to see her thus!

Char. Cure her, and be a friend then.

Stuke. How cure her, madam?

Char. Reclaim my brother.

Stuke. Ay, give him a new creation, or breathe another soul into him. I'll think on't, madam. Advice, I see, is thankless.

Char. (R. C.) Useless I am sure it is, if, through mistaken friendship, or other motives, you feed his passion with your purse, and sooth it by example. Physicians, to cure fevers, keep from the patient's thirsty lip the cup that would inflame him. You give it to his hands. [*A knocking*, L.] Hark, sir!—These are my brother's desperate symptoms——Another creditor!

Stuke. One not so easily got rid of—What, Lewson!

Enter LEWSON, L.

Lew. (L.) Madam, your servant——Yours, sir. I was inquiring for you at your lodgings.

Stuke. This morning! You had business then?

Lew. You'll call it by another name, perhaps. Where's Mr. Beverley, madam? (C.)

Char. We have sent to inquire for him.

Lew. Is he abroad then? He did not use to go out so early.

Char. No, nor stay out so late.

Lew. Is that the case? I am sorry for it. But Mr. Stukely, perhaps, may direct you to him.

Stuke. I have already, sir. But what was your business with me?

Lew. To congratulate you upon your late successes at play. Poor Beverley!—But you are his friend: and there's a comfort in having successful friends.

Stuke. And what am I to understand by this?

Lew. That Beverley's a poor man, with a rich friend; that's all.

Stuke. Your words would mean something, I suppose. Another time, sir, I shall desire an explanation.

Lew. And why not now? I am no dealer in long sentences. A minute or two will do for me.

Stuke. But not for me, sir. I am slow of apprehension, and must have time and privacy. A lady's presence engages my attention. (L.) Another morning I may be found at home.

Lew. Another morning, then, I'll wait upon you.

Stuke. I shall expect you, sir. Madam, your servant. [*Exit*, L.

Char. What mean you by this?

Lew. To hint to him that I know him.

Char. How know him? Mere doubt and supposition!

Lew. I shall have proof soon.

Char. And what then? Would you risk your life to be his punisher?

Lew. My life, madam! Don't be afraid. But let it content you that I know this Stukely——'Twould be as easy to make him honest as brave.

Char. (C.) And what do you intend to do?

Lew. (C.) Nothing, till I have proof.—But, methinks, madam, I am acting here without authority. Could I have leave to call Mr. Beverley brother, his concerns would be my own. Why will you make my services appear officious? [*Takes her hand.*

Char. You know my reasons, and should not press me. But I am cold, you say; and cold I will be while a poor sister's destitute.—Misfortunes press too hard upon her; yet, till to-day, she has borne them nobly. Till I see her condition ameliorated, love has no joys for me.

Lew. Where is she?

Char. Gone to her chamber. Her spirits failed her.

Lew. I hear her coming. *(Part.)* Let what has passed with Stukely be a secret—She has already too much to trouble her.

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY, R.

Mrs. Bev. (R.) Good morning, sir; I heard your voice, and, as I thought, inquiring for me. Where's Mr. Stukely, Charlotte?

Char. This moment gone—You have been in tears, sister; but here's a friend shall comfort you.

Lew. Ov, if I add to your distresses, I'll beg your pardon, madam. The sale of your house and furniture was finished yesterday.

Mrs. Bev. (R. C.) I know it, sir; I know too your generous reasons for putting me in mind of it. But you have obliged me too much already.

Lew. There are trifles, madam, which I know you have set a value on; those I have purchased, and will deliver. I have a friend too, that esteems you—He has bought largely, and will call nothing his, till he has seen you. If a visit to him would not be painful, he has begged it may be this morning.

Mrs. Bev. Not painful in the least. My pain is from the kindness of my friends. Why am I to be obliged beyond the power of return?

Lew. You shall repay us at your own time. I have a coach waiting at the door—Shall we have your company, madam? [*To* CHAR.

Char. (R. C.) No; my brother may return soon; I'll stay and receive him.

Mrs. Bev. (To CHAR.*)* He may want a comforter, perhaps. But don't upbraid him, Charlotte. We sha'n't be absent long. Come, sir, since I must be so obliged.

Lew. 'Tis I that am obliged. An hour, or less, will be sufficient for us. We shall find you at home, madam? [*Exeunt* LEW. *and* MRS. BEV. L. CHAR. R.

SCENE II.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter STUKELY, R.

Stuke. (Crossing.) That Lewson suspects me, 'tis too plain. Yet why should he suspect me? (L. C.) I appear the friend of Beverley as much as he. But I am rich, it seems; and so I am, thanks to another's folly and my own wisdom. To what use is wisdom, but to take advantage of the weak? (C.) This Beverley's my

fool; I cheat him, and he calls me friend. But more business must be done yet——His wife's jewels are unsold; so is the reversion of his uncle's estate: I must have these too. And then there's a treasure above all—I love his wife——Before she knew this Beverley I loved her; but, like a cringing fool, bowed at a distance, while he stepped in and won her——Never, never will I forgive him for it. My pride, as well as love, is wounded by this conquest. Those hints this morning were well thrown in—Already they have fastened on her. If jealousy should weaken her affections, want may corrupt her virtue; my heart rejoices in the hope!——These jewels may do much——He shall demand them of her; which, when mine, shall be converted to special purposes—What now, Bates?

Enter BATES, L.

Bates. (L. C.) Is it a wonder then to see me? The forces are all in readiness, and only wait for orders. Where's Beverley?

Stuke. (R. C.) At last night's rendezvous, waiting for me. Is Dawson with you?

Bates. Dressed like a nobleman; with money in his pocket, and a set of dice that shall deceive the devil.

Stuke. That fellow has a head to undo a nation; but for the rest, they are such low-mannered, ill-looking dogs, I wonder Beverley has not suspected them.

Bates. No matter for manners and looks. Do you supply them with money, and they are gentlemen by profession——The passion of gaming casts such a mist before the eyes, that the nobleman shall be surrounded with sharpers, and imagine himself in the best company.

Stuke. There's that Williams too. It was he, I suppose, that called at Beverley's with the note this morning. What directions did you give him?

Bates. To knock loud and be clamorous. Did not you see him?

Stuke. (C) No, the fool sneaked off with Jarvis. Had he appeared within doors, as directed, the note had been discharged. I waited there on purpose. I want the women to think well of me; for Lewson's grown suspicious; he told me so himself.

Bates. What answer did you make him?

Stuke. A short one——That I would see him soon for further explanation.

Bates. We must take care of him. But what have we to do with Beverley? Dawson and the rest are wondering at you.

Stuke. Why, let them wonder. I have designs above their narrow reach. They see me lend him money, and they stare at me. But they are fools. I want him to believe me beggared by him.

Bates. And what then?

Stuke. Ay, there's the question; but no matter; at night you may know more. He waits for me at Wilson's—I told the women where to find him.

Bates. To what purpose?

Stuke. To save suspicion. It looked friendly, and they thanked me.—Old Jarvis was dispatched to him.

Bates. And may entreat him home——

Stuke. No; he expects money from me; but I'll have none. His wife's jewels must go—Women are easy creatures, and refuse nothing where they love. Follow to Wilson's, (L.) but be sure he sees you not. You are a man of character, you know; of prudence and discretion. Wait for me in an outer room; I shall have business for you presently.—Come, sir.

Let drudging fools by honesty grow great;
The shorter road to riches is deceit. [*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Gaming House, with table, box, dice, &c.*

BEVERLEY *discovered sitting in back ground.*

Bev. (Rises and comes forward, C.*)* Why, what a world is this! The slave that digs for gold receives his daily pittance, and sleeps contented; while those for whom he labours convert their good to mischief, making abundance the means of want. O shame! shame! Had fortune given me but little, that little had still been my own. But plenty leads to waste; and shallow streams maintain their currents, while swelling rivers beat down their banks, and leave their channels empty. What had I to do with play? I wanted nothing—My wishes and my means were equal. The poor followed me with blessings, love scattered roses on my pillow, and morning waked me to delight—Oh, bitter thought, that, leads to what I was, by what I am! I would forget both—Who's there?

Enter a WAITER, L.

Wait. (L.) A gentleman, sir, inquires for you.

Bev. He might have used less ceremony. Stukely, I suppose?

Wait. No, sir, a stranger.

Bev. Well, show him in. *(Exit* WAITER, L.*)* A messenger from Stukely then; from him that has undone me! yet all in friendship—And now he lends me his little, to bring back fortune to me.

Enter JARVIS, L.

Jarvis!—Why this intrusion?—Your absence had been kinder.

Jar. (L. C.) I came in duty, sir. If it be troublesome—

Bev. It is—I would be private—hid even from myself. Who sent you hither?

Jar. One that would persuade you home again. My mistress is not well—her tears told me so.

Bev. Go with thy duty there then—I have no business for thee.

Jar. Yes, sir; to lead you from this place. I am your servant still. Your prosperous fortune blessed my old age: If that has left you, I must not leave you.

Bev. Not leave me! Recall past time, then; or, through this sea of storms and darkness, show me a star to guide me.—But what canst thou?

Jar. The little that I can I will. You have been generous to me.—I would not offend you, sir—but—

Bev. No. Think'st thou I'd ruin thee too? I have enough of shame already——My wife! my wife! Wouldst thou believe it, Jarvis? I have not seen her all this long night—I, who have loved her so, that every hour of absence seemed as a gap in life! But other bonds have held me—Oh, I have played the boy! dropping my counters in the stream, and reaching to redeem them, lost myself!

Jar. For pity's sake, sir!—I have no heart to see this change.

Bev. Nor I to bear it—How speaks the world of me, Jarvis?

Jar. As of a good man dead—Of one who, walking in a dream, fell down a precipice. The world is sorry for you.

Bev. Ay, and pities me—Says it not so? But I was born to infamy. I'll tell thee what it says; it calls me villain, a treacherous husband, a cruel father, a false brother, one lost to nature and her charities; or, to say all in one short word, it calls me—gamester. Go to thy mistress—I'll see her presently.

[*Runs back and sits.*

Jar. And why not now? *(Following him.)* Rude people press upon her; loud, bawling creditors; wretches who know no pity—I met one at the door—he would have seen my mistress: I wanted means of present payment, so promised it to-morrow: But others may be pressing, and she has grief enough already. Your absence hangs too heavy on her.

Bev. Tell her I'll come then. But what hast thou to do with my distresses? Thy honesty has left thee poor. Keep what thou hast; lest, between thee and the grave, misery steal in. I have a friend shall counsel me—This is that friend.

Enter STUKELY, L.

Stuke. (C.) How fares it, Beverley? (BEV. *rises and advances* R. C.) Honest Mr. Jarvis, well met. That viper, Williams! Was it not he that troubled you this morning?

Jar. My mistress heard him then? I am sorry that she heard him.

Bev. And Jarvis promised payment.

Stuke. That must not be. Tell him I'll satisfy him.

Jar. Will you, sir? Heaven will reward you for it.

Bev. Generous Stukely! Friendship like yours, had it ability like will, would more than balance the wrongs of fortune.

Stuke. You think too kindly of me. Make haste to Williams; his clamours may be rude else. [*To* JAR.

Jar. (L.) And my master will go home again. Alas! sir, we know of hearts there breaking for his absence. [*Exit*, L.

Bev. (R.) 'Would I were dead!

Stuke. (C.) Pr'ythee, be a man, and leave dying to disease and old age. Fortune may be ours again; at least we'll try for't.

Bev. (R. C.) No; it has fooled us on too far.

Stuke. Ay, ruined us; and therefore we'll sit down contented. These are the despondings of men without money; but let the shining ore chink in the pocket, and folly turns to wisdom. We are Fortune's children. True, she's a fickle mother; but shall we droop because she's peevish? No; she has smiles in store, and these her frowns are meant to brighten them.

Bev. Is this a time for levity? But you are single in the ruin, and, therefore, may talk lightly of it: with me 'tis complicated misery.

Stuke. You censure me unjustly; I but assumed these spirits to cheer my friend. Heaven knows, he wants a comforter.

Bev. What new misfortune?

Stuke. I would have brought you money, but lenders want securities. What's to be done? All that was mine is yours already.

Bev. And there's the double weight that sinks me, I have undone my friend too; one who, to save a drowning wretch, reached out his hand, and perished with him.

Stuke. Have better thoughts.

Bev. Whence are they to proceed? I have nothing left.

Stuke. [*Sighing.*] Then we're indeed undone—— What! nothing? No moveables, nor useless trinkets! Baubles locked up in caskets, to starve their owners? I have ventured deeply for you.

Bev. Therefore this heart-ache; for I am lost beyond all hope.

Stuke. No; means may be found to save us. Jarvis is rich—who made him so? This is no time for ceremony.

Bev. And is it for dishonesty? The good old man! Shall I rob him too? My friend would grieve for't. No; let the little that he has buy food and clothing for him.

Stuke. Good morning then. [*Going* L.

Bev. So hasty! why, then, good morning.

Stuke. (L.) And when we meet again, upbraid me. Say it was I that tempted you. Tell Lewson so, and tell him, I have wronged you. He has suspicions of me, and will thank you.

Bev. No; we have been companions in a rash voyage, and the same storm has wrecked us both: Mine shall be self-upbraidings.

Stuke. And will they feed us? You deal unkindly by me. I have sold and borrowed for you while land or credit lasted: and now, when fortune should be tried, and my heart whispers me success, I am deserted—turned loose to beggary, while you have hoards.

Bev. What hoards? Name them, and take them!

Stuke. (R.) Jewels.

Bev. And shall this thriftless hand seize them too? My poor, poor wife? Must she lose all? I would not wound her so.

Stuke. Nor I, but from necessity. One effort more, and fortune may grow kind. I have unusual hopes.

Bev. Think of some other means then.

Stuke. I have, and you rejected them.

Bev. Pr'ythee let me be a man.

Stuke. Ay, and your friend a poor one. But I have done: And for these trinkets of a woman, why, let her keep them, to deck out pride with, and shew a laughing world that she has finery to starve in.

Bev. (L. C.) No; she shall yield up all. My friend demands it. But need we have talked lightly of her? The jewels that she values are truth and innocence. Those will adorn her ever; and, for the rest, she wore them for a husband's pride, and to his wants will give them. Alas! you know her not. Where shall we meet?

Stuke. No matter; I have changed my mind. Leave me to a prison; 'tis the reward of friendship.

Bev. Perish mankind first! Leave you to a prison! No! fallen as you see me, I'm not that wretch: Nor would I change this heart, o'ercharged as 'tis with folly and misfortune, for one most prudent and most happy, if callous to a friend's distresses.

Stuke. You are too warm.

Bev. In such a cause, not to be warm is to be frozen. Farewell—I'll meet you at your lodgings.

Stuke. Reflect a little. The jewels may be lost—better not hazard them—I was too pressing.

Bev. And I ungrateful. Reflection takes up time—I have no leisure for't—within an hour expect me.

[*Exit*, L.

Stuke. (C.) The thoughtless, shallow prodigal! We shall have sport at night, then—but hold—the jewels are not ours yet—the lady may refuse them—the husband may relent too—'tis more than probable—I'll write a note to Beverley, and the contents shall spur him to demand them. But am I grown this rogue through avarice? No; I have warmer motives, love and revenge. Ruin the husband, and the wife's virtue may be bid for.

Enter BATES, R.

Look to your men, Bates; there's money stirring. We meet to-night upon this spot. (R.) Hasten, and tell them. Beverley calls upon me at my lodgings, and we return together. Hasten, I say, the rogues will scatter else.

Bates. Not till their leader bids them.

Stuke. Come on, then—give them the word, and follow me; I must advise with you. This is a day of business. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter BEVERLEY *and* CHARLOTTE, R.

Char. (R. C.) Your looks are changed too; there's wildness in them. My wretched sister! How will it grieve her to see you thus!

Bev. (L. C.) No, no; a little rest will ease me. And for your Lewson's kindness to her it has my thanks; I have no more to give him.

Char. Yes; a sister and her fortune. I trifle with him, and he complains. My looks, he says, are cold upon him. He thinks too—

Bev. (C.) That I have lost your fortune. He dares not think so.

Char. Nor does he; you are too quick at guessing. He cares not if you had. That care is mine; I lent it you to husband, and now I claim it.

Bev. You have suspicions then?

Char. Cure them, and give it me.

Bev. To stop a sister's chidings?

Char. To vindicate her brother.

Bev. How if he needs no vindication?

Char. I would fain hope so.

Bev. Ay, would and cannot—Leave it to time, then; 'twill satisfy all doubts.

Char. Mine are already satisfied.

Bev. 'Tis well. And when the subject is renewed, speak to me like a sister, and I will answer like a brother.

Char. To tell me I'm a beggar. Why, tell it now. I, that can bear the ruin of those dearer to me—the ruin of a sister and her infant, can bear that too.

Bev. No more of this—you wring my heart.

Char. Unthinking rioter! whose home was heaven to him! an angel dwelt there, and a little cherub, that crown'd his days with blessings. How he has lost this heaven, to league with devils!

Bev. Forbear, I say; reproaches come too late; they search. but cure not. And, for the fortune you demand, we'll talk to-morrow on't—our tempers may be milder.

Char. (L. C.) Or, if 'tis gone, why, farewell all. But I'll upbraid no more. What heaven permits, perhaps it may ordain. Yet, that the husband, father,

brother, should be its instruments of vengeance! 'Tis grievous to know that!

Bev. (R. C.) If you're my sister, spare the remembrance—it wounds too deeply. To-morrow shall clear all; and when the worst is known, it may be better than your fears. Comfort my wife—and for the pains of absence I'll make atonement.

Char. She comes! Look cheerfully upon her.—Affections such as hers are prying, and lend those eyes that read the soul.

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY *and* LEWSON, L.

Mrs. Bev. (L. C.) My life! [*Embrace.*

Bev. My love! how fares it? I have been a truant husband.

Mrs. Bev. But we meet now, and that heals all.—Doubts and alarms I have had; but in this dear embrace I bury and forget them. My friend here, [*Pointing to* LEWSON] has been indeed a friend. Charlotte, 'tis you must thank him: your brother's thanks and mine are of too little value.

Bev. Yet what we have we'll pay. I thank you, sir, and am obliged. I would say more, but that your goodness to the wife upbraids the husband's follies. Had I been wise, she had not trespassed on your bounty.

Lew. (L.) Nor has she trespassed. The little I have done acceptance overpays.

Char. (C.) So friendship thinks——

Mrs. Bev. And doubles obligations by striving to conceal them—We'll talk another time on't—You are too thoughtful, love.

Bev. No, I have reason for these thoughts.

Char. And hatred for the cause—'Would you had that too!

Bev. I have——The cause was avarice.

Char. And who the temper?

Bev. A ruined friend—ruined by too much kindness.

Lew. Ay, worse than ruined; stabbed in his fame, mortally stabbed—riches can't cure him.

Bev. Or, if they could, those I have drained him of. Something of this he hinted in the morning—that Lewson had suspicions of him——Why these suspicions? [*Angrily.*

Lew. At school we knew this Stukely. A cunning, plodding boy he was, sordid and cruel, slow at his task,

but quick at shifts and tricking. He schemed out mischief, that others might be punished; and would tell his tale with so much art, that for the lash he merited, rewards and praise were given him. Show me a boy with such a mind, and time, that ripens manhood in him, shall ripen vice too——I'll prove him, and lay him open to you——Till then, be warned—I know him, and therefore shun him.

Bev. As I would those that wrong him. You are too busy, sir.

Mrs. Bev. No, not too busy—Mistaken, perhaps—That had been milder.

Lew. No matter, madam. I can bear this, and praise the heart that prompts it. Pity such friendship should be so placed!

Bev. Again, sir! But I'll bear too. You wrong him, Lewson, and will be sorry for't.

Char. Ay, when 'tis proved he wrongs him. The world is full of hypocrites.

Bev. And Stukely one—so you would infer, I think. I'll hear no more of this—my heart aches for him—I have undone him.

Lew. The world says otherwise.

Bev. The world is false then. I have business with you, love. [*To* MRS. BEVERLEY.] We'll leave them to their rancour.

Char. (R.) No; we shall find room within for't. Come this way, sir. [*To* LEWSON.

Lew. (R.) Another time my friend will thank me; that time is hastening too.

[*Exeunt* LEWSON *and* CHARLOTTE, R.

Bev. (C.) They hurt me beyond bearing. Is Stukely false! Then honesty has left us! 'Twere sinning against heaven to think so.

Mrs. Bev. (C.) I never doubted him.

Bev. No; you are charity. Meekness and ever-during patience live in that heart, and love that knows no change. Why did I ruin you?

Mrs. Bev. You have not ruined me. I have no wants when you are present, nor wishes in your absence, but to be blest with your return. Be but resigned to what has happened, and I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Bev. My generous girl!—But memory will be busy;

still crowding on my thoughts, to sour the present by the past. I have another pang too.

Mrs. Bev. Tell it, and let me cure it.

Bev. That friend—that generous friend, whose fame they have traduced—I have undone him too. While he had means, he lent me largely: and now a prison must be his portion.

Mrs. Bev. No; I hope otherwise.

Bev. To hope must be to act. The charitable wish feeds not the hungry. Something must be done.

Mrs. Bev. What?

Bev. In bitterness of heart he told me, just now he told me, I had undone him. Could I hear that, and think of happiness? No; I have disclaimed it while he is miserable.

Mrs. Bev. The world may mend with us, and then we may be grateful. There's comfort in that hope.

Bev. Ay; 'tis the sick man's cordial, his promised cure; while, in preparing it, the patient dies. What now?

Enter LUCY, L.

Lucy. (L.) A letter, sir. [*Delivers it, and exit.*

Bev. (R. C.) The hand is Stukely's.

[*Opens it, and reads it to himself.*

Mrs. Bev. (L.C.) And brings good news—at least I'll hope so——What says he, love?

Bev. Why this—too much for patience. Yet he directs me to conceal it from you. [Reads.] "Let your haste to see me be the only proof of your esteem for me. I have determined, since we parted, to bid adieu to England; chusing rather to forsake my country, than owe my freedom in it to the means we talked of. Keep this a secret at home, and hasten to the ruined

"R. STUKELY."

Ruined by friendship! I must relieve or follow him.

[*Going* R. *in a state of distraction.*

Mrs. Bev. Follow him, did you say? Then I am lost, indeed!

Bev. (C.) Oh, this infernal vice! how has it sunk me. A vice, whose highest joy was poor to my domestic happiness. Yet how have I pursued it! turned all my comforts to bitterest pangs, and all my smiles to tears. Damned, damned infatuation!

Mrs. Bev. (R. C.) Be cool, my life! What are the means the letter talks of? Have you—have I those means? Tell me, and ease me. I have no life while you are wretched.

Bev. No, no; it must not be. 'Tis I alone have sinned; 'tis I alone must suffer. You shall reserve those means, to keep my child and his wronged mother from want and wretchedness.

Mrs. Bev. What means?

Bev. I came to rob you of them—but cannot—dare not. Those jewels are your sole support: I should be more than monster to request them.

Mrs. Bev. My jewels! Trifles, not worth speaking of, if weighed against a husband's peace; but let them purchase that, and the world's wealth is of less value.

[*Embraces.*

Bev. How little do I seem before such virtues!

Mrs. Bev. No more, my love. I kept them till occasion called to use them; now is the occasion, and I'll resign them cheerfully.

Bev. Why, we'll be rich in love then. But this excess of kindness melts me. Yet for a friend one would do much. He has denied me nothing.

Mrs. Bev. Come to my closet—But let him manage wisely. We have no more to give him.

Bev. Where learnt my love this excellence? 'Tis Heaven's own teaching: that Heaven, which to an angel's form has given a mind more lovely. I am unworthy of you, but will deserve you better.

Henceforth my follies and neglects shall cease,
And all to come be penitence and peace;
Vice shall no more attract me with her charms,
Nor pleasure reach me, but in these dear arms.

[*Exeunt,* R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter STUKELY *and* BATES, R.

Stuke. (C.) So runs the world, Bates. Fools are the natural prey of knaves; Nature designed them so, when she made lambs for wolves. The laws, that fear and policy have framed, Nature disclaims; she knows but two, and those are force and cunning. The nobler law is force; but then there's danger in't; while cunning, like a skilful miner, works safely and unseen.

Bates. (R. C.) And therefore wisely. Force must have nerves and sinews; cunning wants neither. The dwarf that has it shall trip the giant's heels up.

Stuke. And bind him to the ground. Why, we'll erect a shrine for Nature, and be her oracles. Conscience is weakness; fear made it, and fear maintains it. (L. C.) The dread of shame, inward reproaches, and fictitious burnings swell out the phantom. Nature knows none of this; her laws are freedom.

Bates. (C.) Sound doctrine, and well delivered!

Stuke. We are sincere, too, and practice what we teach. Let the grave pedant say as much. But now to business. (R. C.) The jewels are disposed of; and Beverley again worth money. If my design succeeds, this night we finish with him. Go to your lodgings, and be busy. You understand conveyances, and make ruin sure.

Bates. Better stop here. The sale of this reversion may be talked of. There's danger in it.

Stuke. No, 'tis the mark I aim at. We'll thrive and laugh. You are the purchaser, and there's the payment. [*Giving him a Pocket-book.*] He thinks you rich; and so you shall be. Inquire for titles, and deal hardly; 'twill look like honesty.

Bates. How if he suspects us?

Stuke. Leave it to me. I study hearts, and when to work upon them. Go to your lodgings; and if we come, be busy over papers. Talk of a thoughtless age, of gaming and extravagance; you have a face for't.

Bates. A feeling too that would avoid it. (R.) We

push too far; but I have cautioned you. If it ends ill, you'll think of me—and so, adieu. [*Exit*, R.

Stuke. (C.) This fellow sins by halves; his fears are conscience to him. I'll turn these fears to use. Rogues that dread shame, will still be greater rogues to hide their guilt. Lewson grows troublesome—We must get rid of him—He knows too much. I have a tale for Beverley. He shall call Lewson to account—If it succeeds, 'tis well; if not, we must try other means. [*Knocking*, L.] But here he comes—I must dissemble.

Enter BEVERLEY, L.

Look to the door there! [*In a seeming Fright.*]—My friend! I thought of other visitors.

Bev. No; these shall guard you from them. [*Offering Notes.*] Take them, and use them cautiously. The world deals hardly by us.

Stuke. And shall I leave you destitute? No; your wants are the greatest. Another climate may treat me kinder. The shelter of to-night takes me from this.

Bev. Let these be your support then. Yet is there need of parting? I may have means again; we'll share them, and live wisely.

Stuke. No: I should tempt you on. Habit is nature in me; ruin can't cure it. Even now I would be gaming. Taught by experience as I am, and knowing this poor sum is all that's left us, I am for venturing still; and say I am to blame. Yet will this little supply our wants? No, we must put it out to usury. Whether 'tis madness in me, or some restless impulse of good fortune, I yet am ignorant; but——

Bev. (R. C.) Take it, and succeed then. I'll try no more.

Stuke. (R. C.) 'Tis surely impulse; it pleads so strongly. But you are cold—We'll e'en part here then. And for this last reserve, keep it for better uses; I'll have none on't. I thank you though, and will seek fortune singly. One thing I had forgot——

Bev. What is it?

Stuke. Perhaps, 'twere best forgotten. But I am open in my nature, and zealous for the honour of my friend. Lewson speaks freely of you.

Bev. Of you I know he does.

Stuke. I can forgive him for't; but, for my friend, I'm angry.

Bev. What says he of me?

Stuke. That Charlotte's fortune is embezzled. He talks on't loudly.

Bev. He shall be silenced, then. How heard you of it?

Stuke. From many. He questioned Bates about it. You must account with him, he says.

Bev. Or he with me—and soon, too.

Stuke. Speak mildly to him. Cautions are best.

Bev. I'll think on't—But whither go you?

Stuke. From poverty and prisons—No matter whither. If fortune changes, you may hear from me.

Bev. May these be prosperous, then. [*Offering the Notes, which he refuses.*] Nay, they are yours—I have sworn it, and will have nothing. Take them, and use them.

Stuke. Singly I will not. My cares are for my friend; for his lost fortune and ruined family. All separate interests I disclaim. Together we have fallen; together we must rise. My heart, my honour, and affections, all will have it so.

Bev. I am weary of being fooled.

Stuke. (L. C.) And so am I. Here let us part, then. These bodings of good fortune shall all be stifled; call them folly, and forget them—farewell.

Bev. (C.) No; stay a moment. How my poor heart's distracted? I have these bodings too; but whether caught from you, or prompted by my good or evil genius, I know not. The trial shall determine. And yet, my wife——

Stuke. Ay, ay, she'll chide.

Bev. No; my chidings are all here.

[*Pointing to his Heart.*

Stuke. I'll not persuade you.

Bev. I am persuaded; by reason too; the strongest reason, necessity. Oh, could I but regain the height I have fallen from, Heaven should forsake me in my latest hour, if I again mixed in these scenes, or sacrificed the husband's peace, his joy, and best affections, to avarice and infamy.

Stuke. I have resolved like you; and, since our motives are so honest, why should we fear success?

Bev. Come on, then. Where shall we meet?

Stuke. (C.) At Wilson's. Yet if it hurts you, leave me: I have misled you often.

Bev. We have misled each other. But come! Fortune is fickle, and may be tired with plaguing us.—There let us rest our hopes.

Stuke. Yet think a little———

Bev. I cannot—thinking but distracts me.

When desperation leads, all thoughts are vain;
Reason would lose what rashness may obtain.

[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY *and* CHARLOTTE, R.

Char. (R.) 'Twas all a scheme, a mean one; unworthy of my brother.

Mrs. Bev. (C.) No, I am sure it was not. Stukely is honest too; I know he is. This madness has undone them both.

Char. (R. C.) My brother irrecoverably. You are too spiritless a wife. A mournful tale, mixed with a few kind words, will steal away your soul. The world's too subtle for such goodness. Had I been by, he should have asked your life sooner than those jewels.

Mrs. Bev. He should have had it, then. [*Warmly.*] I live but to oblige him. She who can love, and is beloved like me, will do as much. Men have done more for mistresses, and women for a base betrayer: and shall a wife do less? Your chidings hurt me, Charlotte.

Char. And come too late; they might have saved you else. How could he use you so?

Mrs. Bev. 'Twas friendship did it. His heart was breaking for a friend.

Char. The friend that has betrayed him.

Mrs. Bev. Pr'ythee don't think so.

Char. To-morrow he accounts with me.

Mrs. Bev. And fairly—I will not doubt it.

Char. Unless a friend has wanted. I have no patience—Sister! sister! we are bound to curse this friend.

Mrs. Bev. My Beverley speaks nobly of him.

Char. And Lewson truly. But I displease you with this talk. To-morrow will instruct us.

Mrs. Bev. Stay till it comes then—I would not think so hardly.

Char. Nor I, but from conviction. Yet we have

hope of better days. My uncle is infirm, and of an age that threatens hourly: or if he live, you never have offended him; and for distresses so unmerited he will have pity.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, and am cheerful.

Char. My Lewson will be kind too. While he and I have life and means you shall divide with us. And see, he's here!

Enter LEWSON, L.

We were just speaking of you.

Lew. (L.) 'Tis best to interrupt you then. Few characters will bear a scrutiny; and where the bad outweighs the good, he's safest that's least talked of. What say you, madam? [*To* CHARLOTTE.

Char. That I hate scandal, though a woman—therefore talk seldom of you.

Mrs. Bev. Or, with more truth, that, though a woman, she loves to praise—therefore talks always of you. I'll leave you to decide it. [*Exit*, R.

Lew. [C. *Taking her hand.*] How good and amiable! I came to talk in private with you, of matters that concern you.

Char. (C) What matters?

Lew. First answer me sincerely to what I ask.

Char. Propose your question.

Lew. 'Tis now a tedious twelvemonth since, with an open and kind heart, you said you loved me. And when, in consequence of such sweet words, I pressed for marriage, you gave a voluntary promise that you would live for me.

Char. You think me changed, then? [*Angrily.*

Lew. I did not say so.

Char. Why am I doubted?

Lew. My doubts are of myself. I have my faults, and you have observation. If, from my temper, my words or actions, you have conceived a thought against me, or even a wish for separation, all that has passed is nothing.

Char. Why, now I'll answer you. Your doubts are prophecies—I am really changed. [*They part.*

Lew. Indeed!

Char. I could torment you now, as you have me; but it is not in my nature. That I am changed, I own; for what at first was inclination, is now grown reason

in me; and from that reason, had I the world, nay, were I poorer than the poorest, and you too wanting bread—I would be yours, and happy.

Lew. My kindest Charlotte! [*Taking her hand.*] Thanks are too poor for this, and words too weak! But if we loved so, why should our union be delayed?

Char. For happier times. The present are too wretched.

Lew. I may have reasons that press it now.

Char. What reasons?

Lew. The strongest reasons: unanswerable ones.

Char. Be quick and name them.

Lew. First promise, that to-morrow, or the next day, you will be mine for ever.

Char. I do—though misery should succeed.

Lew. Thus then I seize you! And with you every joy on this side heaven!

Char. Now, sir, your secret.

Lew. Your fortune's lost.

Char. My fortune lost! [*Part.*] Where learned you this sad news?

Lew. From Bates, Stukely's prime agent. I have obliged him, and he's grateful. He told it me in friendship, to warn me from my Charlotte.

Char. 'Twas honest in him, and I'll esteem him for it.

Lew. He knows much more than he has told.

Char. For me it is enough. And for your generous love, I thank you from my soul. If you'd oblige me more, give me a little time.

Lew. Why time? It robs us of our happiness.

Char. I have a task to learn first. The little pride this fortune gave me must be subdued; and for a life of obligations, I have not learned to bear it.

Lew. Mine is that life. You are too noble.

Char. Leave me to think on't.

Lew. To-morrow then you'll fix my happiness?

Char. All that I can I will.

Lew. It must be so; we live but for each other. Keep what you know a secret; and when we meet to morrow, more may be known. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* CHAR. R.; LEW. L.

SCENE III.—*A Room, with a Gaming-house in the back scene.*

Enter BEVERLEY *and* STUKELY, M. D.

Bev. Whither would you lead me? [*Angrily.*

Stuke. (R. C.) Where we may vent our curses.

Bev. (C.) Ay, on yourself, and those damned counsels that have destroyed me. A thousand fiends were in that bosom, and all let loose to tempt me—I had resisted else.

Stuke. Go on, sir. I have deserved this from you.

Bev. And curses everlasting. Time is too scanty for them—— [*Drawing his sword.*

Stuke. What have I done?

Bev. What the arch-devil of old did—soothed with false hopes for certain ruin.

Stuke. Myself unhurt; nay, pleased at your destruction—so your words mean. Why, tell it to the world. I am too poor to find a friend in't.

Bev. A friend! What's he? I had a friend.

Stuke. And have one still.

Bev. Ay; I'll tell you of this friend. He found me happiest of the happy. Fortune and honour crowned me; and love and peace lived in my heart. One spark of folly lurked there; that too he found; and by deceitful breath blew it into flames, that have consumed me. This friend were you to me.

[*Walks about extremely agitated.*

Stuke. A little more, perhaps. The friend, who gave his all to save you; and not succeeding, chose ruin with you. But no matter, I have undone you, and am a villain.

Bev. No; I think not. The villains are within.

Stuke. What villains?

Bev. Dawson and the rest. We have been dupes to sharpers.

Stuke. How know you this? I have had doubts as well as you; yet still as fortune changed I blushed at my own thoughts. But you have proofs, perhaps!

Bev. Ay, damned ones. Repeated losses. Night after night, and no reverse. Chance has no hand in this.

Stuke. I think more charitably; yet I am peevish in my nature, and apt to doubt. The world speaks fairly of this Dawson; so it does of the rest. We have

watched them closely too. But 'tis a right usurped by losers, to think the winners knaves. We'll have more manhood in us.

Bev (R. C.) I know not what to think——This night has stung me to the quick—blasted my reputation too. I have bound my honour to these vipers; played meanly upon credit, till I tired them; and now they shun me, to rifle one another. What's to be done?

Stuke. Nothing. My counsels have been fatal.

Bev. By Heaven I'll not survive this shame. Traitor! 'tis you have brought it on me. [*Seizing his throat and forcing him*, L.] Show me the means to save me, or I'll commit a murder here, and next upon myself.

Stuke. Why, do it then, and rid me of ingratitude.

Bev. (C.) Pr'ythee forgive this language—I speak I know not what. Rage and despair are in my heart, and hurry me to madness. My home is horror to me—I'll not return to it. Speak quickly; tell me, if, in this wreck of fortune, one hope remains? Name it, and be my oracle. [*Falling on his knees.*

Stuke. (C.) To vent your curses on. You have bestowed them liberally. Take your own counsel; and should a desperate hope present itself, 'twill suit your desperate fortune. I'll not advise you.

Bev. What hope? By Heaven I'll catch at it, however desperate. I am so sunk in misery, it cannot lay me lower.

Stuke. You have an uncle.

Bev. [*Rises.*] Ay, what of him?

Stuke. Old men live long by temperance; while their heirs starve on expectation.

Bev. What mean you?

Stuke. That the reversion of his estate is yours; and will bring money to pay debts with. Nay, more, it may retrieve what's past.

Bev. Or leave my child a beggar.

Stuke. And what's his father? A dishonourable one; engaged for sums he cannot pay. That should be thought of.

Bev. It is my shame. The poison that inflames me. Where shall we go? To whom? I'm impatient till all's lost.

Stuke. All may be yours again. Your man is Bates.

He has large funds at his command, and will deal justly by you.

Bev. I am resolved. Tell them within we'll meet them presently; and with full purses, too. Come, follow me.

Stuke. No; I'll have no hand in this; nor do I counsel it. Use your discretion, and act from that. You'll find me at my lodgings.

Bev. Succeed what will, this night I'll dare the worst.
'Tis loss of fear to be completely curst.

[*Exit*, L.

Stuke. (L. C.) [*Looking after him.*] Why, lose it then for ever. Fear is the mind's worst evil: and 'tis a friendly office to drive it from the bosom. Thus far has fortune crowned me. Yet Beverley is rich; rich in his wife's best treasure, her honour and affections. I would supplant him there too. (R.) But 'tis the curse of thinking minds to raise up difficulties. Fools may conquer women. Fearless of dangers which they see not, they press on boldly, and, by persisting, prosper. Yet may a tale of art do much. Charlotte is sometimes absent. The seeds of jealousy are sown already. If I mistake not, they have taken root too. Now is the time to ripen them, and reap the harvest. The softest of her sex, if wronged in love, or thinking that she's wronged, becomes a tygress in revenge—I'll instantly to Beverley's. No matter for the danger. When beauty leads us on, 'tis indiscretion to reflect, and cowardice to doubt.

[*Exit*, L.

SCENE IV.—*Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY *and* LUCY, R.

Mrs. Bev. (C.) Did Charlotte tell you any thing?

Lucy. (L. C.) No, madam.

Mrs. Bev. She looked confused, methought; said she had business with her Lewson; which when I pressed to know, tears only were her answer.

Lucy. She seemed in haste too. Yet her return may bring you comfort.

Mrs. Bev. No, my kind girl; I was not born for it. But why do I distress thee? Thy sympathizing heart bleeds for the ills of others. What pity that thy mis-

tress can't reward thee! But there's a Power above, that sees, and will remember all. [*Knocking*, L.] Hark! there's some one entering.

Lucy. Perhaps 'tis my master, madam. [*Exit*, L.

Mrs. Bev. Let him be well too, and I am satisfied.—[*Goes to the door, and listens.*] No, 'tis another's voice.

Enter LUCY *and* STUKELY, L.

Lucy. Mr. Stukely, madam. [*Exit*, L.

Stuke. (C.) To meet you thus alone, madam, was what I wished. Unseasonable visits, when friendship warrants them, need no excuse—therefore I make none.

Mrs. Bev. (R. C.) What mean you, sir? And where is your friend?

Stuke. Men may have secrets, madam, which their best friends are not admitted to. We parted in the morning, not soon to meet again.

Mrs. Bev. You mean to leave us then—to leave your country too? I am no stranger to your reasons, and pity your misfortunes.

Stuke. Your pity has undone you. Could Beverley do this? That letter was a false one; a mean contrivance to rob you of your jewels. I wrote it not.

Mrs. Bev. Impossible! Whence came it then?

Stuke. Wronged as I am, madam, I must speak plainly.

Mrs. Bev. Do so, and ease me. Your hints have troubled me. Reports, you say, are stirring. Reports of whom? You wished me not to credit them. What, sir, are these reports?

Stuke. I thought them slander, madam; and cautioned in friendship, lest from officious tongues the tale had reached you with double aggravation.

Mrs. Bev. Proceed, sir.

Stuke. It is a debt due to my fame; due to an injured wife too. We are both injured.

Mrs. Bev. How injured? And who has injured us?

Stuke. My friend—your husband.

Mrs. Bev. You would resent for both then; but know, sir, my injuries are my own, and do not need a champion.

Stuke. Be not too hasty, madam. I come not in resentment, but for acquittance. You thought me poor;

and to the feigned distresses of a friend gave up your jewels.

Mrs. Bev. I gave them to a husband.

Stuke. Who gave them to a——

Mrs. Bev. What? whom did he give them to?

Stuke. A mistress.

Mrs. Bev. No; on my life he did not.

Stuke. Himself confessed it, with curses on her avarice.

Mrs. Bev. I'll not believe it. He has no mistress; or, if he has, why is it told to me?

Stuke. To guard you against insults. He told me, that, to move you to compliance, he forged that letter, pretending I was ruined, ruined by him too. The fraud succeeded; and what a trusting wife bestowed in pity was lavished on a wanton.

Mrs. Bev. Then I am lost indeed! And my afflictions are too powerful for me. His follies I have borne without upbraiding, and saw the approach of poverty without a tear. My affections, my strong affections, supported me through every trial.

Stuke. Be patient, madam.

Mrs. Bev. Patient! The barbarous, ungrateful man! And does he think that the tenderness of my heart is his best security for wounding it? But he shall find that injuries such as these can arm my weakness for vengeance and redress. [*Goes* L.

Stuke. [*Going* R.] Ha! then I may succeed. [*Aside.*] Redress is in your power.

Mrs. Bev. (L. C.) What redress?

Stuke. (C.) Forgive me, madam, if, in my zeal to serve you, I hazard your displeasure. Think of your wretched state. Already want surrounds you—Is it in patience to bear that? To see your helpless little one robbed of his birthright? (L. C.) A sister too, with unavailing tears, lamenting her lost fortune? No comfort left you, but ineffectual pity from the few, out-weighed by insults from the many.

Mrs. Bev. Am I so lost a creature? Well, sir, my redress?

Stuke. To be resolved is to secure it. The marriage vow, once violated, is; in the sight of Heaven, dissolved—Start not, but hear me. 'Tis now the summer of your youth: time has not cropped the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long has washed them: then use

your beauty wisely, and, freed by injuries, fly from the cruellest of men, for shelter with the kindest.

Mrs. Bev. And who is he?

Stuke. A friend to the unfortunate; a bold one too, who, while the storm is bursting on your brow, and lightning flashing from your eyes, dares tell you that he loves you. [*Kneels*, c.

Mrs. Bev. (L. c.) 'Would that these eyes had Heaven's own lightning, that, with a look, thus I might blast thee! Am I then fallen so low? Has poverty so humbled me, that I should listen to a hellish offer, and sell my soul for bread? Oh, villain! villain! [*He rises.*] But now I know thee, and thank thee for the knowledge.

Stuke. If you are wise, you shall have cause to thank me.

Mrs. Bev. (R.) An injured husband too shall thank thee.

Stuke. (R. c.) Yet know, proud woman, I have a heart as stubborn as your own! as haughty and imperious; and, as it loves, so can it hate.

Mrs. Bev. Mean, despicable villain! I scorn thee and thy threats. Was it for this that Beverley was false?—that his too-credulous wife should, in despair and vengeance, give up her honour to a wretch? But he shall know it, and vengeance shall be his.

Stuke. Why, send him for defiance then—Tell him I love his wife; but that a worthless husband forbids our union. I'll make a widow of you, and court you honourably.

Mrs. Bev. Oh, coward, coward! thy soul will shrink at him: yet, in the thought of what may happen, I feel a woman's fears. [*Rings.*] Keep thy own secret, and begone. [*Goes to him* c.] Your absence, sir, would please me.

Stuke. I'll not offend you, madam. [*Exit*, L.

Mrs. Bev. Why opens not the earth, to swallow such a monster? Be conscience, then, his punisher, till Heaven, in mercy, gives him penitence, or dooms him in its justice. [*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter STUKELY, L. *and* BATES, R. *meeting.*

Bates. Where have you been?

Stuke. (L. C.) Fooling my time away—playing my tricks, like a tame monkey, to entertain a woman. No matter where—I have been vexed and disappointed.—Tell me of Beverley; how bore he his last shock?

Bates. (R. C.) Like one (so Dawson says) whose senses had been numbed with misery. When all was lost, he fixed his eyes upon the ground, and stood some time, with folded arms, stupid and motionless; then snatching his sword, that hung against the wainscot, he sat him down, and, with a look of fixed attention, drew figures on the floor. At last, he started up, looked wild, and trembled; and, like a woman, seized with her sex's fits, laughed out aloud, while the tears trickled down his face—so left the room.

Stuke. Why, this was madness.

Bates. The madness of despair.

Stuke. We must confine him then—A prison would do well. [*A Knocking*, L.] Hark, that knocking may be his—Go that way down. [*Exit* BATES, R.] Who's there?

Enter LEWSON, L.

Lew. (L.) An enemy—an open and avowed one.

Stuke. (R. C.) Why am I thus broke in upon? This house is mine, sir, and should protect me from insult and ill manners.

Lew. (C.) Guilt has no place of sanctuary: wherever found, 'tis virtue's lawful game. The fox's hold, and tyger's den, are no security against the hunter.

Stuke. Your business, sir?

Lew. To tell you that I know you. Why this confusion? That look of guilt and terror? Is Beverley awake, or has his wife told tales? The man, that dares like you, should have a soul to justify his deeds, and

courage to confront accusers: not, with a coward's fear, to shrink beneath reproof.

Stuke. Who waits there? [*Aloud, and in confusion.*

Lew. By Heaven, he dies, that interrupts us!—[*Throwing away his hat, and drawing his sword.*]—You should have weighed your strength, sir; and then, instead of climbing to high fortune, the world had marked you for what you are—a little, paltry villain!

Stuke. You think I fear you.

Lew. I know you fear me—This is to prove it.—[*Strikes him on the Breast.*] You wanted privacy—A lady's presence took up your attention. Now we are alone, sir. Why, what a wretch! [*Flings him from him.*] The vilest insect in creation will turn when trampled on; yet has this thing undone a man!—by cunning and mean arts undone him! But we have found you, sir; traced you through all your labyrinths. If you would save yourself, fall to confession, no mercy will be shown else.

Stuke. (R. C) First prove me what you think me; till then your threatenings are in vain—And for this insult vengeance may yet be mine.

Lew. Infamous coward! why, take it now then—[*Threatening*—STUKELY *retires*, R.] Alas, I pity thee! Yet, that a wretch like this should overcome a Beverley! It fills me with astonishment! A wretch, so mean of soul, that even desperation cannot animate him to look upon an enemy. You should not have thus soared, sir, unless, like others of your black profession, you had a sword, to keep the fools in awe your villainy has ruined.

Stuke. Villainy! 'Twere best to curb this license of your tongue—for know, sir, while there are laws, this outrage on my reputation will not be borne with.

Lew. Laws! Darest thou seek shelter from the laws—those laws, which thou and thy infernal crew live in the constant violation of! Talk'st thou of reputation too, when, under friendship's sacred name, thou hast betrayed, robbed, and destroyed?

Stuke. Ay, rail at gaming—'tis a rich topic, and affords noble declamation. Go, preach against it in the city—you'll find a congregation in every tavern. If they should laugh at you, fly to my lord, and sermonize it there: he'll thank you, and reform.

Lew. And will example sanctify a vice? No, wretch; the custom of my lord, or of the cit that apes him, cannot excuse a breach of law, or make the gamester's calling reputable.

Stuke. Rail on, I say. But is this zeal for beggared Beverley? Is it for him that I am treated thus? No; he and his wife might both have groaned in prison, had but the sister's fortune escaped the wreck, to have rewarded the disinterested love of honest Mr. Lewson.

Lew. How I detest thee for the thought. But thou art lost to every human feeling. Yet, let me tell thee, and may it wring thy heart, that, though my friend is ruined by thy snares, thou hast, unknowingly, been kind to me.

Stuke. Have I? It was, indeed, unknowingly.

Lew. Thou hast assisted me in love——given me the merit that I wanted: since, but for thee, my Charlotte had not known 'twas her dear self I sighed for, and not her fortune.

Stuke. Thank me, and take her then.

Lew. And as a brother to poor Beverley, I will pursue the robber that has stripped him, and snatch him from his gripe.

Stuke. Then know, imprudent man, he is within my gripe; and should my friendship for him be slandered once again, the hand that has supplied him shall fall and crush him.

Lew. Why, now there's spirit in thee! This is, indeed, to be a villain! But I shall reach thee yet—Fly where thou wilt, my vengeance shall pursue thee—And Beverley shall yet be saved—be saved from thee, thou monster! nor owe his rescue to his wife's dishonour.

[*Exit*, L.

Stuke. [*Pausing.*] Then ruin has enclosed me!——Curse on my coward heart! I would be bravely villainous; but 'tis my nature to shrink at danger, and he has found me. Yet fear brings caution, and that, security. More mischief must be done, to hide the past. Look to yourself, officious Lewson—there may be danger stirring. How now, Bates?

Enter BATES, R.

Bates. (R.) What is the matter? 'Twas Lewson, and

not Beverley, that left you—I heard him loud—You seem alarmed too.

Stuke. (c.) Ay, and with reason. We are discovered.

Bates. I feared as much, and, therefore, cautioned you; but you were peremptory.

Stuke. Thus fools talk ever; spending their idle breath on what is past, and trembling at the future. We must be active; Beverley, at worst, is but suspicious; but Lewson's genius, and his hate to me, will lay all open. Means must be found to stop him.

Bates. What means?

Stuke. Dispatch him——Nay, start not—Desperate occasions call for desperate deeds—We live but by his death.

Bates. You cannot mean it?

Stuke. I do, by Heaven!

Bates. Good-night, then. [*Going*, L.

Stuke. (c.) Stay—I must be heard, then answered.—Perhaps the motion was too sudden; and human weakness starts at murder, though strong necessity compels it. I have thought long of this, and my first feelings were like yours; a foolish conscience awed me, which soon I conquered. The man that would undo me, nature cries out, undo. Brutes know their foes by instinct; and, where superior force is given, they use it for destruction. Shall man do less? Lewson pursues us to our ruin! and shall we, with the means to crush him, fly from our hunter, or turn, and tear him? 'Tis folly even to hesitate.

Bates. He has obliged me, and I dare not.

Stuke. Why, live to shame, then—to beggary and punishment. You would be privy to the deed, yet want the soul to act it. Nay, more, had my designs been levelled at his fortune, you had stepped in the foremost—And what is life without its comforts?—Those you would rob him of, and, by a lingering death, add cruelty to murder. Henceforth, adieu to half-made villains—There's danger in them. What you have got is yours—keep it, and hide with it—I'll deal my future bounty to those that merit it.

Bates. What's the reward?

Stuke. Equal division of our gains. I swear it, and will be just.

Bates. Think of the means then.

Stuke. He's gone to Beverley's—Wait for him in the street—'Tis a dark night, and fit for mischief—A dagger would be useful.

Bates. No more.

Stuke. Consider the reward. When the deed's done, I have other business with you. Send Dawson to me.

Bates. Think it already done—and so, farewell.

[*Exit*, L.

Stuke. Why, farewell, Lewson, then; and farewell to my fears. This night secures me—I'll wait the event within. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*The Street.*—*Stage darkened.*

Enter BEVERLEY, L. U. E.

Bev. (C.) How like an outcast do I wander! Loaded with every curse that drives the soul to desperation! The midnight robber, as he walks his rounds, sees, by the glimmering lamp, my frantic looks, and dreads to meet me. (R.) Whither am I going? My home lies there: all that is dear on earth it holds too; yet are the gates of death more welcome to me—I'll enter it no more—Who passes there? 'Tis Lewson—He meets me in a gloomy hour; and, memory tells me, he has been meddling with my fame.

Enter LEWSON, L.

Lew. Beverley! well met. I have been busy in your affairs.

Bev. So I have heard, sir: and now I must thank you as I ought.

Lew. To-morrow I may deserve your thanks. Late as it is, I go to Bates. Discoveries are making that an arch villain trembles at.

Bev. Discoveries are made, sir, that you should tremble at. Where is this boasted spirit, this high demeanour, that was to call me to account? You say I have wronged my sister——Now say as much. But, first be ready for defence as I am for resentment. [*Draws.*

Lew. (C.) What mean you? I understand you not.

Bev. The coward's stale acquaintance! who, when he spreads foul calumny abroad, and dreads just ven-

geance on him, cries out, "What mean you? I understand you not."

Lew. Coward and calumny! Whence are those words? But I forgive and pity you.

Bev. Your pity had been kinder to my fame: but you have traduced it—told a vile story to the public ear, that I have wronged my sister.

Lew. 'Tis false! Show me the man that dares accuse me.

Bev. I thought you brave, and of a soul superior to low malice; but I have found you, and will have vengeance. This is no place for argument.

Lew. Nor shall it be for violence. Imprudent man! who, in revenge for fancied injuries, would pierce the heart that loves him! But honest friendship acts from itself, unmoved by slander. You know me not.

Bev. Yes, for the slanderer of my fame—buzzing in every ear foul breach of trust, and family dishonour.

Lew. Have I done this? Who told you so?

Bev. The world—'Tis talked of every where. It pleased you to add threats too—You were to call me to account—Why, do it now, then: I should be proud of such an arbiter.

Lew. (R.) Put up your sword, and know me better. I never injured you. The base suggestion comes from Stukely: I see him and his aims.

Bev. What aims? I'll not conceal it—'twas Stukely that accused you.

Lew. To rid him of an enemy—Perhaps of two—He fears discovery, and frames a tale of falsehood, to ground revenge and murder on.

Bev. I must have proof of this.

Lew. Wait till to-morrow then.

Bev. I will.

Lew. Good night—I go to serve you—Forget what's past, as I do; and cheer your family with smiles—To-morrow may confirm them, and make all happy.

[*Exit*, L.

Bev. [*Pausing.*] How vile and how absurd is man! His boasted honour is but another name for pride, which easier bears the consciousness of guilt, than the world's just reproofs! But 'tis the fashion of the times; and in defence of falsehood and false honour, men die martyrs. I knew not that my nature was so bad.

[*Stands musing.*

Enter BATES *and* JARVIS, L.

Jar. (L.) This way the noise was; and yonder's my poor master.

Bates. I heard him at high words with Lewson.

Jar. I heard him too. Misfortunes vex him.

Bates. Go to him, and lead him home. I'll not be seen by him. [*Exit*, L.

Bev. [*Starting.*] What fellow's that? [*Seeing* JARVIS.] Art thou a murderer, friend? Come, lead the way—I have a hand as mischievous as thine; a heart as desperate too——Jarvis! to bed, old man—the cold will chill thee.

Jar. (L. C.) Why are you wandering at this late hour? Your sword drawn too? For Heaven's sake sheathe it, sir—the sight distracts me.

Bev. Whose voice was that? [*Wildly.*

Jar. 'Twas mine, sir: Let me entreat you to give the sword to me.

Bev. Ay, take it—quickly take it.—Perhaps I am not so cursed, but Heaven may have sent thee at this moment to snatch me from perdition.

Jar. Then I am blessed.

Bev. Continue so, and leave me—my sorrows are contagious. No one is blessed that's near me.

Jar. I came to seek you, sir.

Bev. And now thou hast found me, leave me—My thoughts are wild, and will not be disturbed.

Jar. Such thoughts are best disturbed.

Bev. I tell thee that they will not. Who sent thee hither?

Jar. My weeping mistress. Alas, sir, forget your griefs, and let me lead you to her. The streets are dangerous.

Bev. Be wise, and leave me then. The night's black horrors are suited to my thoughts. These stones shall be my resting-place. [*Lies down.*] Here shall my soul brood o'er it's miseries; till, with the fiends of hell, and guilty of the earth, I start and tremble at the morning's light.

Jar. For pity's sake, sir! [*Kneels and endeavours to raise him.*] Upon my knees I beg you to quit this place, and these sad thoughts. Let patience, not despair, possess you. Rise, I beseech you. There's not

a moment of your absence that my poor mistress does not groan for.

Bev. Have I undone her, and is she still so kind? [*Starting up.*] It is too much. My brain can't hold it. Oh, Jarvis, how desperate is that wretch's state, which only death or madness can relieve.

Jar. [*Rising.*] Appease his mind, good Heaven, and give him resignation. Alas, sir! could beings in the other world perceive the events of this, how would your parents' blessed spirits grieve for you, even in Heaven.—Let me conjure you, by their honoured memories—by the sweet innocence of your yet helpless child, and by the ceaseless sorrows of my poor mistress, to rouse your manhood, and struggle with these griefs!

Bev. Thou virtuous, good old man. Thy tears and thy entreaties have reached my heart, through all its miseries.

Jar. Be but resign'd, sir, and happiness may yet be your's.—Hark! I hear voices—Come this way: we may reach home unnoticed.

Bev. Well, lead me then—unnoticed didst thou say? Alas! I dread no looks, but of those wretches I have made at home. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter STUKELY *and* DAWSON.

Stuke. (c.) Come hither, Dawson; my limbs are on the rack, and my soul shivers in me, till this night's business be complete.—Tell me thy thoughts! is Bates determined, or does he waver?

Daw. (c.) At first he seemed irresolute;—wished the employment had been mine: and muttered curses on his coward hand, that trembled at the deed.

Stuke. And did he leave you so?

Daw. No; we walked together, and, sheltered by the darkness, saw Beverley and Lewson, in warm debate; but soon they cooled, and then I left them, to hasten hither; but not till 'twas resolved Lewson should die.

Stuke. Thy words have given me life. That quarrel too was fortunate; for, if my hopes deceive me not, it promises a grave to Beverley.

Daw. You misconceive me—Lewson and he were friends.

Stuke. But my prolific brain shall make them enemies. If Lewson falls, he falls by Beverley. Ask me no question, but do as I direct. This writ, [*Takes out a Pocket-book*] for some days past I have treasured here, till a convenient time called for its use.—That time is come; take it, and give it to an officer.—It must be served this instant. [*Gives a paper.*

Daw. On Beverley!

Stuke. Look at it.—It is for the sums that I have lent him.

Daw. Must he to prison then?

Stuke. I ask obedience, not replies. This night a gaol must be his lodging. 'Tis probable he's not gone home yet.—Wait at his door, and see it executed.

Daw. Upon a beggar! He has no means of payment.

Stuke. Dull and insensible. If Lewson dies, who was it killed him? Why, he that was seen quarrelling with him: and I, that knew of Beverley's intents, arrested him in friendship.—A little late, perhaps; but 'twas a virtuous act, and men will thank me for it. Now, sir, you understand me.

Daw. Most perfectly; and will about it.

Stuke. Haste, then; and when 'tis done, come back, and tell me.

Daw. Till then, farewell. [*Exit,* R.

Stuke. Now tell thy tale, fond wife; and, Lewson, if again thou canst insult me,

Not avarice now, but vengeance fires my breast,
And one short hour must make me curst or bless'd.

[*Exit,* R.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter STUKELY, BATES, *and* DAWSON, R.

Bates. (R.) Poor Lewson! But I told you enough last night. The thought of him is horrible to me.

Stuke. (R. C.) In the street, did you say? and no one near him?

Bates. (C.) By his own door; he was leading me to his house. I pretended business with him, and stabbed him to the heart, while he was reaching at the bell.

Stuke. And did he fall so suddenly?

Bates. The repetition pleases you, I see.—I told you he fell without a groan.

Stuke. What heard you of him this morning?

Bates. That the watch found him in their rounds, and alarmed the servants. I mingled with the crowd just now, and saw him dead in his own house.—The sight terrified me.

Stuke. Away with terrors, till his ghost rise, and accuse us. We have no living enemy to fear, unless 'tis Beverley; and him we have lodged safe in prison.

Bates. Must he be murdered too?

Stuke. No; I have a scheme to make the law his murderer. At what hour did Lewson fall?

Bates. The clock struck twelve as I turned to leave him.—'Twas a melancholy bell, I thought, ringing for his death.

Stuke. The time was lucky for us—Beverley was arrested at one, you say? [*To* DAWSON.

Daw. (R. C.) Exactly.

Stuke. Good. We'll talk of this presently. The women were with him, I think.

Daw. And old Jarvis. I would have told you of them last night, but your thoughts were too busy.—'Tis well you have a heart of stone; the tale would melt it else.

Stuke. Out with it, then.

Daw. I traced him to his lodgings; and, pretending pity for his misfortunes, kept the door open while the officers seized him. 'Twas a damned deed! but no matter—I followed my instructions.

Stuke. And what said he?

Daw. He upbraided me with treachery, called you a villain, acknowledged the sums you had lent him, and submitted to his fortune.

Stuke. And the women—

Daw. For a few minutes astonishment kept them silent. They looked wildly at one another, while the tears streamed down their cheeks. But rage and fury soon gave them words; and then, in the very bitter-

ness of despair, they cursed me, and the monster that had employed me.

Stuke. (c.) And you bore it with philosophy?

Daw. (R.) Till the scene changed, and then I melted. I ordered the officers to take away their prisoner. The women shrieked, and would have followed him; but we forbade them. 'Twas then they fell upon their knees, the wife fainted, the sister raving, and both, with all the eloquence of misery, endeavouring to soften us. I never felt compassion till that moment; and, had the officers been moved like me, we had left the business undone, and fled with curses on ourselves. But their hearts were steeled by custom. The sighs of beauty, and the pangs of affection, were beneath their pity. They tore him from their arms, and lodged him in prison, with only Jarvis to comfort him.

Stuke. There let him lie, till we have farther business with him. You saw him quarrelling with Lewson in the street, last night? [*To* BATES.

Bates. I did: his steward, Jarvis, saw him too.

Stuke. And shall attest it; here's matter to work upon—An unwilling evidence carries weight with him. Something of my design I have hinted t'you before.—Beverley must be the author of this murder, and we the parties to convict him. But how to proceed will require time and thought. Come along with me—the room within is fitted for privacy. But no compassion, sir! [*To* DAWSON.] We want leisure for't. This way. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*Beverley's Lodgings.*—MRS. BEVERLEY *and* CHARLOTTE *discovered sitting.*

Mrs. Bev. No news of Lewson yet?

Char. None. He went out early, and knows not what has happened.— [*Clock strikes.*

Mrs. Bev. The clock strikes eight. [*Rising.*] I'll wait no longer.

Char. [*Rising.*] Stay but till Jarvis comes. He has sent twice to stop us till we see him.

Mrs. Bev. (R. C.) Oh, what a night was last night! I would not pass another such to purchase worlds by it. My poor Beverley, too! What must he have felt? I

wanted love for him, or they had not forced him from me. They should have parted soul and body first. —I was too tame. [*Goes* R.

Char. (C.) You must not talk so.—All that we could we did: and Jarvis did the rest. The faithful creature will give him comfort. See where he comes. His looks are cheerful too.

Enter JARVIS, L.

Mrs. Bev. (R.) Are tears then cheerful! Alas, he weeps! Speak to him, Charlotte, I have no tongue to ask him questions.

Char. How does your master, Jarvis?

Jar. (L. C.) I am old and foolish, madam; and tears will come before my words. But don't you weep; [*To* MRS. BEV.] I have a tale of joy for you.

Mrs. Bev. (R. C.) Say but he's well, and I have joy enough.

Jar. (C.) All shall be well. I have news for him that will make his poor heart bound again. Fie upon old age! How childish it makes me! I have a tale of joy for you, and my tears drown it.

Mrs. Bev. What is it, Jarvis?

Jar. (L.) Yet why should I rejoice when a good man dies? Your uncle, madam, died yesterday.

Mrs. Bev. My uncle!—Oh, Heavens!

Char. How heard you of his death?

Jar. His steward came express, madam. I met him in the street, inquiring for your lodgings. I should not rejoice, perhaps; but he was old, and my poor master a prisoner. Now he shall live again. Oh, 'tis a brave fortune! and, 'twas death to me to see him a prisoner.

Char. How did he pass the night, Jarvis?

Jar. Like a man dreaming of death and horrors. When they led him to his cell, he flung himself upon a wretched bed, and lay speechless till day-break. I spoke to him, but he would not hear me; and when I persisted, he raised his hand at me, and knit his brow so—I thought he would have struck me. I bid him be of comfort—Begone, old wretch, says he—My wife! my child! my sister! I have undone them all, and will know no comfort! Then, falling upon his knees, he imprecated curses upon himself.

Mrs. Bev. This is too horrible! But we have staid too long. Let us haste to comfort him, or die with him. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Prison.*—BEVERLEY *is discovered sitting in the back ground.*

Bev. Why, there's an end then; I have judged deliberately, and the result is death! How the self-murderer's account may stand, I know not. [*Rises.*] But this I know—the load of hateful life oppresses me too much. The horrors of my soul are more than I can bear. [*Offers to kneel*, R. C.] Father of mercy!—I cannot pray—Despair has laid his iron hand upon me, and sealed me for perdition. Conscience! conscience! thy clamours are too loud! Here's that shall silence thee. [*Takes a Phial out of his pocket, and looks at it.*] Thou art most friendly to the miserable. Come, then, thou cordial for sick minds—Come to my heart. [*Drinks.*] Oh, that the grave would bury memory as well as body! For, if the soul sees and feels the sufferings of those dear ones it leaves behind, the Everlasting has no vengeance to torment it deeper—I'll think no more on't—Reflection comes too late—Once there was a time for't—but now 'tis past.—Who's there?

Enter JARVIS, L.

Jar. (L.) One, that hoped to see you with better looks. Why do you turn so from me? I have brought comfort with me. And see who comes to give it welcome!

Bev. My wife and sister! Why, 'tis but one pang more, then, and farewell, world! [*Aside.*

Enter MRS. BEVERLEY *and* CHARLOTTE, L.

Mrs. Bev. (L.) Where is he? [*Runs and embraces him.*] Oh, I have him! I have him! And now they shall never part us more. I have news, love, to make you happy for ever.—Alas, he hears us not!—Speak to me, love. I have no heart to see you thus.

Bev. (R. C.) This is a sad place.

Mrs. Bev. (C.) We come to take you from it—to tell you the world goes well again—that Providence has

seen our sorrows, and sent the means to help them.—Your uncle died yesterday.

Bev. My uncle! No, do not say so! Oh, I am sick at heart!

Mrs. Bev. Indeed! I meant to bring you comfort.

Bev. Tell me he lives, then. If you would bring me comfort, tell me he lives!

Mrs. Bev. And if I did—I have no power to raise the dead—He died yesterday.

Bev. And I am heir to him?

Jar. To his whole estate, sir. But bear it patiently—pray, bear it patiently.

Bev. Well, well. [*Pausing.*] Why, fame says I am rich then?

Mrs. Bev. And truly so. Why do you look so wildly?

Bev. Do I? The news was unexpected. But has he left me all?

Jar. All, all, sir. He could not leave it from you.

Bev. I am sorry for it.

Mrs. Bev. Why are you disturbed so?

Bev. Has death no terrors in it?

Mrs. Bev. Not an old man's death. Yet, if it troubles you, I wish him living.

Bev. And I, with all my heart. For I have a tale to tell shall turn you into stone; or, if the power of speech remain, you shall kneel down and curse me.

Mrs. Bev. Alas! what tale is this? And why are we to curse you? I'll bless you for ever.

Bev. No; I have deserved no blessings. The world holds not such another wretch. All this large fortune, this second bounty of Heaven, that might have healed our sorrows, and satisfied our utmost hopes, in a cursed hour I sold last night.

Mrs. Bev. Impossible!

Bev. That devil, Stukely, with all hell to aid him, tempted me to the deed. To pay false debts of honour, and to redeem past errors, I sold the reversion—sold it for a scanty sum, and lost it among villains.

Char. Why, farewell all then!

Bev. Liberty and life—Come, kneel and curse me.

Mrs. Bev. Then hear me, Heaven! [*Kneels.*] Look down with mercy on his sorrows! Give softness to his looks, and quiet to his heart! On me, on me, if misery must be the lot of either, multiply misfortunes! I'll

bear them patiently, so he is happy! These hands shall toil for his support! And every duty of a fond and faithful wife be doubly done, to cheer and comfort him! So hear me! so reward me! [*Rises.*

Bev. I would kneel too, but that offended Heaven would turn my prayers into curses. For I have done a deed to make life horrible to you——

Mrs. Bev. What deed?

Jar. Ask him no questions, madam. This last misfortune has hurt his brain. A little time will give him patience.

Enter STUKELY, L.

Bev. Why is this villain here?

Stuke. (L. C.) To give you liberty and safety.—There, madam, is his discharge. [*Giving a paper to* MRS. BEVERLEY.] The arrest last night was meant in friendship, but came too late.

Char. (L. C.) What mean you, sir?

Stuke. The arrest was too late, I say; I would have kept his hands from blood, but was too late.

Mrs. Bev. (C.) His hands from blood! Whose blood?

Stuke. From Lewson's blood.

Char. No, villain! Yet what of Lewson? Speak quickly.

Stuke. You are ignorant then! I thought I heard the murderer at confession.

Char. What murderer? And who is murdered? Not Lewson? Say he lives, and I'll kneel and worship you.

Stuke. In pity, so I would; but that the tongues of all cry murder. I came in pity, not in malice, to save the brother, not kill the sister. Your Lewson's dead.

Char. Oh, horrible.

Bev. Silence, I charge you. Proceed, sir.

Stuke. No. Justice may stop the tale—and here's an evidence.

Enter BATES, L.

Bates. (L.) The news, I see, has reached you. But take comfort, madam. [*To* CHAR.] There's one without inquiring for you. Go to him, and lose no time.

Char. O misery! misery! [*Exit,* L.

Mrs. Bev. Follow her, Jarvis. If it be true, that Lewson's dead, her grief may kill her.

Bates. Jarvis must stay here, madam. I have some questions for him.

Stuke. Rather let him fly. His evidence may crush his master.

Bev. Why ay; this looks like management.

Bates. He found you quarrelling with Lewson in the streets last night. [*To* BEVERLEY.

Mrs. Bev. No; I am sure he did not.

Jar. Or if I did——

Mrs. Bev. 'Tis false, old man. They had no quarrel; there was no cause for quarrel.

Bev. Let him proceed, I say. Oh! I am sick! sick! Reach a chair. [*He sits.*

Mrs. Bev. You droop and tremble, love. Yet you are innocent! If Lewson's dead, you killed him not.

Enter DAWSON, L.

Stuke. (C.) Who sent for Dawson?

Bates. 'Twas I. We have a witness too you little think of—without there!

Stuke. What witness?

Bates. A right one. Look at him.

Enter LEWSON *and* CHARLOTTE, L.

Stuke. [*Running distracted into the back ground.*] Lewson! O villains! villains! [*To* BATES *and* DAWSON.

Mrs. Bev. Risen from the dead! Why, this is unexpected happiness!

Char. Or is it his ghost? [*To* STUK.] That sight would please you, sir.

Jar. What riddle's this?

Bev. Be quick and tell it. My minutes are but few.

Mrs. Bev. Alas! why so? You shall live long, and happily.

Lew. (L.) While shame and punishment shall rack that viper! [*Pointing to* STUKELY.] The tale is short. I was too busy in his secrets, and therefore doomed to die. Bates, to prevent the murder, undertook it. I kept aloof to give it credit——

Char. (C.) And gave me pangs unutterable.

Lew. I felt them all, and would have told you—But vengeance wanted ripening. The villain's scheme was but half executed. The arrest by Dawson followed the

supposed murder. And now, depending on his once wicked associates, he comes to fix the guilt on Beverley.

Mrs. Bev. Oh! execrable wretch!

Bates. (L. C.) Dawson and I are witnesses of this.

Lew. And of a thousand frauds. His fortune ruined by sharpers and false dice; and Stukely sole contriver and possessor of all.

Daw. Had he but stopt on this side murder, we had been villains still.

Lew. How does my friend? [*To* BEVERLEY.

Bev. [*Still sitting.*] Why, well. Who's he that asks me?

Mrs. Bev. 'Tis Lewson, love. Why do you look so at him?

Bev. They told me he was murdered. [*Wildly.*

Mrs. Bev. Ay; but he lives to save us.

Bev. Lend me your hand. The room turns round.

Mrs. Bev. O heaven!

Lew. This villain here disturbs him. Remove him from his sight—And, for your lives, see that you guard him. [STUKELY *is taken off*, L. *by* DAWSON *and* BATES.] How is it, sir?

Bev. 'Tis here—and here. [*Pointing to his head and heart.*] And now it tears me.

Mrs. Bev. You feel convulsed too——What is't disturbs you?

Bev. O! I have been too hasty! A furnace rages in this heart——Down, restless flames! [*Laying his hand on his heart.*] Down to your native hell——There ye shall rack me. Oh! for a pause from pain! Where's my wife? Can you forgive me, love?

Mrs. Bev. Alas! for what?

Bev. For meanly dying.

Mrs. Bev. No—do not say it.

Bev. As truly as my soul must answer it.——Had Jarvis staid this morning all had been well. But pressed by shame—pent in a prison—tormented with my pangs for you—driven to despair and madness—I took the advantage of his absence, corrupted the poor wretch he left to guard me, and—swallowed poison.

Lew. O, fatal deed!

Bev. Ay, most accursed. And now I go to my account. Bend me, and let me kneel. [*Kneels*, C.] I'll pray for you too. Thou Power that madest me, hear me! If for a life of frailty, and this too hasty deed of

death, thy justice dooms me, here I acquit the sentence; but if, enthroned in mercy where thou sittest, thy pity has beheld me, send me a gleam of hope, that in these last and bitter moments my soul may taste of comfort! and for these mourners here, Oh! let their lives be peaceful, and their deaths happy! Now I die.

Mrs. Bev. (c.) Restore him, heaven! Oh, save him! save him! or let me die too.

Bev. No; live, I charge you. We have a little one. Though I have left him, you will not leave him. To Lewson's kindness I bequeath him. Is not this Charlotte? We have lived in love, though I have wronged you. Can you forgive me, Charlotte?

Char. (c.) Forgive you! Oh, my poor brother!

Bev. Lend me your hand, love—so—raise me—No—'twill not be! my life is finish'd. Oh! for a few short moments, to tell you how my heart bleeds for you. That even now, thus dying as I am, dubious and fearful of hereafter, my bosom-pang is for your miseries! Support her, heaven! And now I go. Oh, mercy! mercy! [*Dies.*

Lew. How is it, madam!

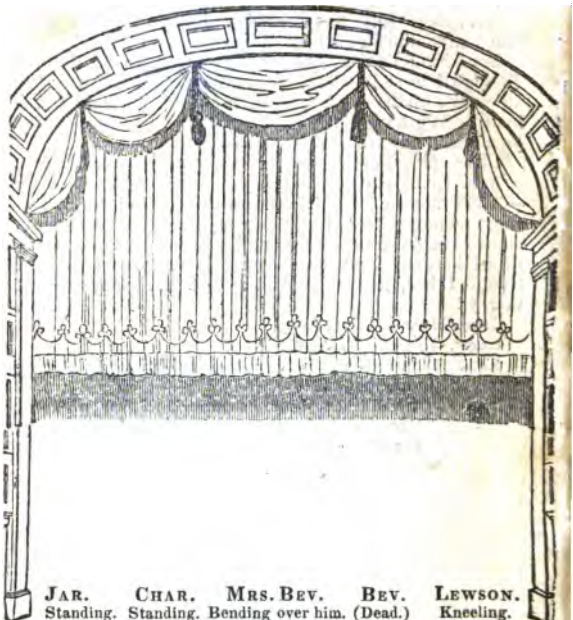
Char. Her grief is speechless.

Lew. Remove her from this sight. Some ministering angel bring her peace!

[CHARLOTTE *and* JARVIS *lead her off to* R. *She suddenly returns and falls down by the side of* BEVERLEY.

THE END.

POSITIONS OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN:



JAR. Standing. CHAR. Standing. MRS. BEV. Bending over him. BEV. (Dead.) LEWSON. Kneeling.

R.——R C.——C.——L. C.——L.

DOLBY, Printer, 299, Strand, London.